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HAND-BOOK
OF
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
LITERATURE.

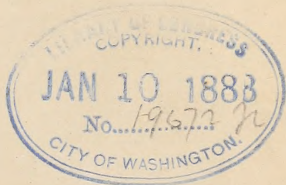
*HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF
THE WRITINGS OF EACH SUCCESSIVE PERIOD.*

For the Use of Schools and Academies.

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BY

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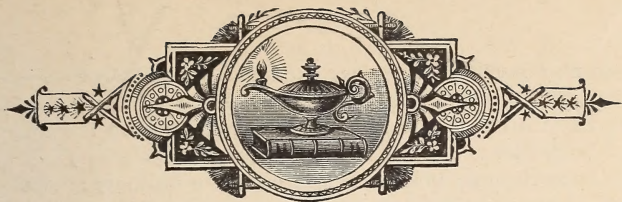
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TO THE READER.

THE study of literature is the study of the works of an author, not the study of the criticisms of his works, nor details of his personal history. Some knowledge of the latter, however, is humanizing in its influence, and adds greatly to the pleasure derived from the study.

It is impossible to appreciate the literature of any period without some knowledge of the every-day life of the people. In the present work, in order to bring the student into sympathy with the writers of the past, brief glimpses of the manners and customs of each successive period have been given, letting the writers themselves, wherever it was possible, present "the age and body of the time."

The pupil cannot be too strongly recommended to study well the great founders of our literature. A love for the simple Saxon tongue may readily be acquired, and, for one who intends to make literature a study, the old writers should be considered first. If the teacher has to create a taste for literature, it would not be amiss to begin with some writers of the present day, and so lead the pupil back to the "well of English undefyled."

One of the most important lessons that the genuine student learns is that of sifting. It is impossible to remember everything, but it is of the utmost importance to learn to generalize, to take in as nearly as possible the general and prominent features of a subject, and leaving details for a more thorough and minute examination of some portion or portions of the subject. I have doubted, sometimes, the wisdom of assigning short lessons, unless the lesson cover some one subject. A mere paragraph in a text-

book may serve for a lesson, expanded by reference to other works, or by observations from the teacher, for he who confines himself or his pupils to a text-book, is not teaching the subject, but the dictum of the one book.

"Going through" a book, according to the ordinary acceptance of the term, is no more proof of having acquired an acquaintance with the subject, than going through a picture-gallery would ensure a knowledge of art. Absurd as the phrase is as applied to any subject, it is beyond expression absurd when applied to literature.

The pupil may, however, with judicious training, have a fair glimpse of the outlines of the History of English Literature in a very few lessons, and these outlines may be filled in at discretion by the teacher, or by the student himself who studies with no other guide than books. The course of study will be determined by the amount of time the pupil has to devote to the subject. I would offer the following suggestions:

1. As the work is a connected history, and the character of each subsequent period is in a degree dependent on the preceding period, it is extremely desirable that any one intending to take "a course" in literature should *begin at the beginning*. The work is divided into seventeen chapters, each chapter representing an era. If the prominent features of each era could be given in one lesson, enabling the pupil to get through the outline of the subject in a few lessons,—merely the outline,—and then returning, take up whatever period may be deemed the most serviceable, the profit would be infinitely greater than studying with painful accuracy from the beginning to the end of the book, with the aim merely of "getting through."

Suppose the era selected for especial study, after the outline preparation, be the Elizabethan period. If in a term at school the pupil gains a lively interest in that one age, and a tolerable knowledge of the character of its literary productions, he has gained enough to grow upon; his knowledge will not die there. And what, after all, can a school-training do but cultivate the soil for future "increase"?

2. Or, let the pupil whose time is limited devote himself only to the representative writers of a period, for instance, to CHAUCER, SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE, GOLDSMITH, BURNS, BYRON, WORDSWORTH, MRS. BROWNING, TENNYSON, IRVING, BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, EMERSON, etc., associating the author as far as possible with contemporary events and characters.

3. Or, if a taste has to be created, as before suggested, begin with

any of the interesting writers of the present day, and insensibly lead the pupil up to the fountain's source, or dwell with him longer on modern writers alone.

4. If the time will admit of detailed study, and the love for literature be already kindled, the best possible plan is the simplest and most natural one of beginning at the beginning, studying thoroughly, and with every aid which the earnest student knows how to bring around him—dictionaries, maps, charts, and other works of reference, and continuing to the end, forming his own judgment of the merits of the writings under consideration. He will find his interest growing as he proceeds, perceiving that each age has been the stepping-stone to the next.

5. It sometimes adds interest to a lesson to divide it into topics, letting each pupil find out all he can under one head. For instance, the teacher will say; For the next lesson A. will tell us what he has learned about the early inhabitants of Britain; B. will tell us where the English people came from; C. all that he knows or can find out about the first Anglo-Saxon poem; D. all concerning the first Anglo-Saxon poet, etc. Thus, each pupil coming with a budget of facts or ideas on his own topic, and all the class giving minute attention to his recital—each pupil being responsible, in fact, for all that has been given by the whole class—the lesson may be made more profitable and interesting than for all to take the whole chapter.

6. Another equally interesting exercise is to conduct a review by having the pupils themselves ask the question. Give, for instance, a certain period to be reviewed, and request each pupil to come prepared with, say ten questions upon that period, prepared, also, to answer them. The asking of a question frequently indicates the state of knowledge better than the answering.

7. I would especially discourage teachers from dwelling too long upon minute details. Teach, rather, that

“Not to know some trifles is a praise.”

For instance, the dates bounding the life of the chief representative of a period being known, it is not desirable to attempt to burden the memory with the dates of the birth and death of contemporaries. It shows more intelligence and knowledge of the subject to know *about* what time a minor author lived than to know the exact dates of his existence. There are comparatively few dates that should be committed to memory. These few being stamped indelibly on the mind, the student will learn to associate

minor ideas and events with the central, leading circumstances or character. Thus, Milton's dates are 1608-1674. The great events of this time are the Civil War, the execution of Charles I., etc. Learning the position which Milton assumed in the struggle for liberty, his unceasing labors in behalf of his country, that his friends were the friends of Cromwell, of the Commonwealth, of Parliament, of Liberty, and Puritanism—against these the pupil will mentally array the King and his friends, the Royalists, the Church of England, and the writers who represented that party. He will recall, also, contemporary events in American history, how this same struggle for freedom of conscience in England planted the seeds of Liberty in New England. Identifying the writers with the events of the time, it would be but insignificant study to attempt to memorize individual dates. If a pupil is required to dwell too minutely on these smaller facts, the grander objects of the study will be sacrificed, and the power of generalizing will be left uncultivated.

8. After pupils have gained a respectable knowledge of several authors, it is a good exercise to let them bring in brief extracts from these authors—a striking sentence in prose, or a line or stanza of poetry—selecting judiciously—and recite them in class, letting the class recognize the author, either from memory of the lines quoted or from a knowledge of the general style of the writer. They should also know from what work the lines are extracted, and all that it is possible to know about them. *Encourage pupils to make their own criticisms of an author's style.*

In the first conception of this volume, the intention was to give more copious illustrations of the literature of each period; but the present limits of the work precluding this, if I have succeeded, by giving a taste, to cause the student to wish for more, and to send him to the author's own works, and not to text-books about them, one aim has been accomplished.

ESTHER J. TRIMBLE LIPPINCOTT.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 27, 1882.





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A CHART

OF THE

ARYAN FAMILY OF LANGUAGES.



<i>THE ARYAN, INDO-GERMANIC OR INDO-EUROPEAN LANGUAGES.</i>	INDIC	{ Sanscrit and other languages of India.
	IRANIC	{ Zend and other languages of Iran and Persia.
	CELTIC	{ Cymric { Welsh, Breton, { Cornish. { Gaelic { Highland Scotch, { Irish, Manx.
	HELLENIC	{ Ancient and Modern Greek.
	ROMANIC	{ Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, etc.
	SCLAVONIC	{ Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Bulgarian, etc.
	TEUTONIC	{ Scandinavian { Icelandic, Norwegian, { Swedish, Danish. { Germanic { High German { German. { Low German { Dutch, { Flemish, { ENGLISH.



A
HISTORY
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I.

First Period of English History and Literature.
Origin of the English Language.

INTRODUCTORY.

LITERATURE is the recorded expression of knowledge and fancy. In its widest sense, it includes all the written thoughts of mankind ; in its more restricted sense, it excludes all technical works and embraces only those departments of thought in which all mankind have a common interest. The study of literature, therefore, implies the study of the works of poets, dramatists, novelists, philosophers, theologians, historians, essayists, and critics.

A history of literature consists of a chronological, systematic review of the literary productions of a nation, with the causes which mould the thoughts, feelings, and expressions of each successive period of time.

The history of English literature begins in the seventh century after Christ. The history of the English language begins ages before the Christian era, when our ancestors tilled their lands and fed their flocks in the heart of Asia.

The English language, a branch of the Teutonic, is one of the numerous offsprings of the great Aryan family, whose descendants reach from India in the east to the remotest portions of Europe in the west.* India, Persia, and the borders of the Caspian and Aral Seas formed the original seat of the Aryan race, and from this oriental home the tidal wave of immigration began; but what were the countless causes to create out of the common parent language all the various tongues of the Aryan family, we must leave to the philologist, remembering that languages flourish or decay in proportion as they are well or carelessly used.

We can gain an idea of the verbal changes that centuries may produce, when we notice the changes in our own language. In the speech of the old-fashioned, we hear the faint echoes of a departing language. The possessive *its* was not in use until the latter part of the seventeenth century. It seldom occurs in the earliest editions of Shakespeare, not once in the Bible, translated in 1611, and is rarely used by Milton. He says:

"His form had yet not lost
All *her* original brightness."

The pronunciation and signification of words likewise undergo changes. The word *let*, which now means *permit*, once signified *hinder*.

"I will *let* that hunting *gif*† that I may."‡
I will *hinder* that hunting *if* that I may.

So, likewise, the word *prevent* has lost its original meaning of *anticipate*. We find:

"Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches, that I might meditate in thy word." §

The regeneration of a language or its decay depends upon the influences brought to bear upon it. If the speech of the educated prevail, the language will grow in strength and symmetry. In no way is corruption or decay more hastened than by the dropping of consonant sounds in words. In the course of time the English language, if learned from the uneducated or careless, and by the ear alone, would contain such words as "*chile*," "*mounh'n*," "*weel*," instead of *child*, *mountain*, *wheel*.

The seven great branches of the Aryan family are: 1. The Indic, or the language of India (its most ancient form the San-

* From the names of these two extremities the Aryan language is sometimes called Indo-European. It is also called Indo-Germanic, because the German or Teutonic element forms so large a portion of the family.

† *Gif* was the old form of *if*.

‡ From the Ballad of *Chevy Chase*.

§ Psalm cxix. 148.

scrit); 2. The Iranic, or language of Persia; 3. The Hellenic, or Greek; 4. Italic, or Latin; 5. Teutonic, or Germanic; 6. Celtic, or Irish, Welsh, and Scotch; 7. Slavonic, or the language of Russia, Poland, etc.

We need go no farther back in time than the first century before Christ, to find our ancestors resting, in their journey westward, on the banks of the Black Sea,* occupying a district east of the river Don or Tanais, as it was then called. The great leader of these people was Odin† or Woden. This home of Odin and his people, on the banks of the Tanais or Don, was called Asgard or Godheim, the home of the Gods or Aesir people. But Odin, it is said, dreamed that far to the west or north-west he should find a home for his people‡—a Manheim. So again this great “seething people” take up their westward or north-westward course, and reach the shores of the Baltic and North Seas. They passed through the low-lying country of Saxe-land, immediately north of the Elbe River, and made settlements, over which the sons of Odin ruled. Angle-land lay just north of Saxe-land, and here Odin established his son Baldur, “the beautiful.” Others of the tribe passed on to Jute-land, immediately north of Angle-land, and corresponding to the present Jutland, as Angle-land corresponds to Schleswig, and Saxe-land to Holstein. Odin himself crossed over to the land of the Teutons, and established there his capital, Odens-œe § (Odin’s Isand), still the capital of

* It will give increased interest to the subject to follow with a geographical map the migratory footsteps of these early ancestors.

† There was probably a historic Odin, as well as the mythological deity Odin, the latter corresponding to the Zeus, or Jupiter, of the Greeks and Romans. In all these accounts we have to sift history from mythology, but the student has probably discovered that one of the most important lessons in life is to learn to extract the true from the false, the wheat from the chaff.

‡ In the first century B. C. they were disturbed by the encroachments of the then all-conquering Roman.

§ From this abode Odin sent envoys across the sound into Gothland or Sweden, and on arriving they transformed some of the giants (jotuns, a name signifying rudeness) into reindeer, and with them ploughed off a piece of land nearest Odins-œe. As it floated off they called it Selund (Zealand). Odin soon passed over into Sweden, and fixed his abode and temples for sacrifice near the present capital, Stockholm. Upsala and other towns of Sweden are also said to have been established by this great leader.

the island of Funen, and known as Odense.* And now in their sea-girt home, we will leave the sons of Odin for a time, and trace the parallel course of another great leader.

Before the middle of the first century before Christ, near the time that Odin and his people began their north-westward journey, Julius Caesar made his march of conquest through Gaul, and, crossing the channel, entered Britain. This was in 55 B. C., and with this event the authentic history of England begins.

The inhabitants of Britain were Celts (Kelts), who had migrated to this western home long before the great Gothic or Teutonic nation had left the common parent home in the east. Caesar did not take actual possession of the country, and it was not made a Roman province for nearly a hundred years after his invasion. The Romans were never able to conquer the whole of Britain. The wild, untamable Picts in the north of the island, with their allies, the Scots, from Ireland, kept their strongholds among the mountains. But when, in the fifth century, the Roman troops were recalled to Italy, to help defend her from the invading Goths, the warlike Scots and Picts left their Highland fastnesses and poured down in lawless numbers upon their defenceless kinsmen.

Long dependence on Roman arms had enfeebled the southern Britons. Alone they were unable to defend themselves against their powerful northern foes. So with no hope of the Romans' return, they sent for aid to the *English* people, whom we left five hundred years before in Angle-land, Saxe-land, and Jutland. They needed no second invitation. Indeed, they knew the island of Britain, for they had become great sea-rovers, and had visited many shores. So they came, in 449, with two brothers, Hengist and Horsa, as leaders. They drove back the savage Scots and Picts; and, liking the country well, decided to conquer the southern Britons too, and plant their own nation there. The Britons had not looked for this, and stoutly they resisted. King Arthur, the semi-fabulous hero of the Celtic nation, with whose deeds romance is filled, is supposed to have lived about this time, and to have contended with great prowess against the invading Saxon. But

* The historic date of the founding of this city by Odin is 70 B. C.

the weaker Celt, like the aboriginal Indian of America, was driven to the wall. Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany became the refuge of the overpowered race of Britons. Here they treasured their traditions, their laws, and their religion; and here, from generation to generation, were told the stories of Arthur and his beautiful queen, Guenevere; and the exploits of the daring Knights of the Round Table; and here six hundred years afterwards, in the twelfth century, these stories found the light in the chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth.*

Thus exiling themselves in the remotest corners of the kingdom which they had once occupied with undisputed sway, their numbers and force became less and less; and to-day, the once warlike Celtic race of which Arthur, Sir Launcelot, and Galahad were fairest types, can be found only in the wildest parts of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, in the Isle of Man, in Wales and Cornwall, and in friendly Brittany.

The language of the Celts is nearly extinguished. Like that of the American Indian, it is represented in the English language only in the names of places once their own. The rivers especially retain the names given them by those who first wandered on their banks. *Avon* meant, in Celtic language, "running water." *Ouse*, *Eske*, *Usk*, and *Ux* are all, likewise, modifications of the Celtic word *uisce*, "water." The syllable *don*, with which many names end, is the Celtic *dun*, "a fortified rock." Likewise the *Caer*, which is found at the beginning of Welsh names, means "rock" or "stone." The *Kil*, beginning so many names in Ireland, signifies a "forest." Among the very few common words derived from the Celtic are *basket*, *button*, *clan*, *claymore*, *crag*, *funnel*, *gruel*, etc. Out of forty thousand words now in use, not one hundred are directly derived from this fast-dying language.

Returning to the new possessors of the land, the English, we find them a "race of land-holders and land-tillers," loving freedom above all things. Their manners are heartfelt, and they are as earnest in frolic as in feud. Their hospitable doors stand open, and round their ruddy fires they tell the stories of their Saxon homes; and perhaps their Scalds, or Bards, recite

* See page 32.

portions of a poem about a great Gothic hero, Beowulf, whose deeds were in every mouth; or their Saga-men tell of Odin, the Alfathir, and Thor, the thunderer, of Tiw, the God of War, and Fria, the fruitful goddess.

But the old traditions and beliefs were soon to be replaced by the Christian religion; and although our forefathers still cherished secretly the love and memory of their old heathen deities, the names of Woden, of Thor, of Fria, and Tiw are preserved only in the days of the week,—Woden's-day, Thor's-day, Fria's-day, and Tiw's-day.

In the year 597 these Angles and Saxons were formally converted to Christianity by Augustine and his followers, who had been sent thither from Rome, for that purpose, by Pope Gregory. But the pagan traditions of the Gothic race did not perish.* They were carried by the Northmen into Iceland, and there cherished, as the Celtic legends of Arthur had been in Wales and Brittany; and, like the Celtic legends, they were restored to literature in the twelfth century.

The Saxons, for so we are accustomed to call the early English, comprising the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes, were now firmly established in the island, and the name of England was adopted soon after by these "*Englisc folc*," as they called themselves. Many Saxon kings reigned, but one was truly great. ALFRED, the wise, good, and powerful king, united in himself all the qualities which fitted him to be the Father of his country, and to bear the title of the "Great." His reign (871–901) was disturbed by the Danes, who were nearly allied to the Anglo-Saxons. They inhabited the country which the "*Englisc folc*?" had left, but they were troublesome, piratical neighbors. After many attempts to secure the English throne, they at last succeeded, and from 1017 until 1041 a Danish line of kings ruled England. Being so closely allied to the English there was little change occasioned in the language. In 1041 the Anglo-Saxons conquered the Danes, and resuming their sway ruled England until the nation was conquered by the Normans in 1066.

The Normans were likewise related to the Anglo-Saxons; for

* The traditions of the Goths, together with the discourses of Odin and the story of his life, were preserved in the two *Eddas*, the sacred and historic books of the Northmen.

when, in the fifth century, the Saxons invaded and took possession of England, the Franks, another German tribe, possessed themselves of Gaul. In the ninth and tenth centuries, when the Danes were plundering the coast of England, tribes of the same people, called Northmen, Norsemen, or Normans, invaded northern France and established the dukedom of Normandy. Adopting the language of the conquered people, they formed the Norman-French language. The original people of Gaul, like those of Britain, had been Celts. Conquered by the Romans, they had learned by ear to speak the Roman language, and more readily than the Celts of Britain adopted it as their own. So, before the Gothic invasion of Gaul, the language of that nation was a corrupt Latin or Romance dialect.*

It will be seen that northern France, having a double infusion of the Gothic element, from the last Norman invaders, was more nearly allied to the Anglo-Saxon race than southern France (Provence,) which retained its Romance character. So entirely distinct, indeed, were the languages of Normandy and Provence, that one was called *Langue d'oui* and the other *Langue d'oc*; that is, the sounds of the same words were so different that *yes* in Normandy was *oui*, and in Provence it was *oc*.

THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

Poetry, or rude numbers, has been the first form of expression in the literature of every nation, and usually we find that sentiments of religion are earliest embodied in written language. The Celts had a literature of their own, quite distinct from any that followed. Their Druid bards composed the religious hymns and the war-songs of the nation.†

* The Romance languages of Southern Europe—of Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal—are merely a corrupt form of Latin, or Latin learned by the ear from the Roman soldiers as they passed through these countries or dwelt with these Celtic nations.

† The Druids were a class of people held in sacred esteem by the Celts of Gaul and Britain. They had unlimited authority in religion and in affairs of government. They were likewise teachers of the young. Their instructions were conveyed in verse, and it required twenty years of study to become conversant with the circle of the sciences they taught.

The religious ceremonies of the Druids presented two extreme phases, one typical of innocence and purity and one horrible in the extreme. They worshipped in the groves and forests, and the oak was their sacred tree. When the mistletoe was found upon it, which was regarded with especial reverence by the Druids, they made a

The earliest Celtic poets whose names are recorded in history are OSSIAN, MERLIN, and TALIESIN. Ossian probably lived in the third century, and Merlin and Taliesin in the mythical period of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table.

Ireland, with its ancient traditions extending so far back into the regions of time as to startle the curious scholar, was one of the earliest seats of learning. The poet, with his staff of office, the historian, whose calling was transmitted from generation to generation, were recognized powers in the government of Ireland as early as the third century.

Christianity was introduced into Ireland before the great Saint Patrick's time, as it was really introduced into England at a very much earlier date than that of Augustine's mission. When, in the early centuries of the Dark Ages, learning was exiled from Southern Europe, it took refuge in the monasteries of Ireland. The English people went over to this island for study and retirement, and were gratuitously supplied with everything pertaining to instruction. The Irish sent their learned men abroad as missionaries. Saint COLUMBA (520-597) carried the Christian religion to Scotland and the Hebrides, and founded the celebrated monastery of Iona. Saint COLUMBANUS (540-615) visited the continent and founded monasteries in various places. Here the monks, in careful Latin, copied and preserved the ancient manuscripts of the church and of classic writers, so that the monasteries became the conservatories of learning.

banquet beneath the limb on which it grew, and, crowning themselves with oak-leaves, performed their sacred rites. Then the Druid priest, clothed in a white robe, ascended the tree, and with a golden knife cut off the mistletoe,—the “all-heal,”—and sacrifice and feasting followed. But these simple, innocent ceremonies did not prevent those of the most cruel nature, and yearly a human sacrifice was offered. The Roman invasion extinguished this barbarous rite, and soon the Druidic power declined. The island of Anglesea (Mona) was the last refuge of the Druids. Their *cromlechs*, or rude structures of unhewn stone, which may have been reared as altars or as memorial tablets, are still to be found in Wales, Scotland, and Brittany, while that of Stonehenge, near Salisbury, in England, is the most celebrated.

ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.

450—1154.

When the “Englisc folc” came over, they brought with them their great epic poem *Beowulf*—whether as an entire poem or as different sagas, recited and sung by Sagamen and Scalds, is not clearly ascertained. The author is unknown, but he has vividly portrayed to us the life and manners of our rude ancestors. We see the “mead-hall” where hospitality was dispensed to the “table-sharers,” “hearth-enjoyers” of the chief. We hear the heartfelt welcome as the “hand-gripe” is given to the “sword-wielders,” and “far-dwellers” who have come to them over the “wave-path.”

The scenes in the story of *Beowulf* are laid in Denmark and Sweden (Gothland). The hero, Beowulf, is a Goth, who, hearing of the distress of Hrothgar, King of Denmark, owing to the nightly ravages of a monster named Grendel, goes with a company of fifteen warriors to rid the Danish lord of his dreaded foe.

þá waes on salum
 since brytta,
 gamol-feax and gúð-róf,
 geóce gelyfde
 brego beorht-Dena:
 gehýrde on Beowulfe
 folces hyrde
 faestraedne geþóht.
 þaer waes haeleþa hleahtor
 hlyn suynsode,
 word waeron wynsume,
 eóde Wealhtheow forð
 cwén Hróðgáres
 cynna gemyndig,
 grétt gold-hroden
 guman on healle
 and þá freólic wife
 ful gesealde
 aerst East-Dena
 épel-wearde

Then was rejoiced
 the distributor of treasure,
 hoar-lock'd and far-famed,
 trusted in succour
 the bright Danes' lord,
 in Beowulf heard
 the people's shepherd
 steadfast resolve.
 There was laughter of men
 the din resounded,
 words were winsome,
 Wealhtheow went forth,
 Hrothgar's queen;
 mindful of their races,
 the gold-adorned one greeted
 the men in hall,
 and then the joyous woman
 gave the cup
 first to the East-Danes'
 country's guardian;

baed hine bliðne (beón)
 aet þáere beór-bege,
 leodum leófne.

bade him (be) blithe
 at the beer drinking,
 the dear to his people.

After the feasting is over, the king and his household retire, and Beowulf awaits the coming of the nightly visitant.

þá com of móre
 under mist-hleóþum
 Grendel gongan ;

Then came from *the* moor
 under the misty hills
 Grendel stalking ;

Wód under wolcnum
 tó þaes þe he win-reced
 gold-sele gumena
 gearwost wisse
 faettum fáhne.

He strode under the clouds
 until he the wine-house,
 the golden hall of men,
 most readily perceived
 richly variegated.

After a long contest Beowulf kills the monster, and, receiving rich gifts from Hrothgar, returns to his own country—the land of the East Goths. In due season he becomes king of this country, and his last warlike encounter is with a fiery dragon that infests his own domain. Beowulf kills the dragon, but dies from venom received in the conflict.

The story of Beowulf was wholly Gothic in its original conception, and the few interpolations giving the tone of the later religion, were probably made by some monk of the seventh century. It is impossible to fix the date of the composition of this old Pagan story. It must simply stand as the first known poem in our language, or indeed in any Teutonic language.

In the seventh century lived the first English poet, CAEDMON (— 680). Little dreaming that he possessed within himself the divine gift of song, this poet's life, until he was past middle age, was spent as a simple cowherd, a calling more humble even than that of a shepherd.

We first see him seated in one of the "mead-halls" of the great, where song and mirth are resounding, and stories of great deeds, perhaps those of Beowulf, are told. It was the custom of an evening, especially on an occasion of festivity, for all, regardless of rank, to assemble in the hall, and each to take his turn to sing, accompanying his song with the harp. One evening, as the stories went round, and song and revelry

grew louder, Caedmon saw that his turn was approaching, and, ashamed of his inability to compose a song, he left the hall, and went out and lay down by his herds in the stable. There he fell asleep, and dreamed that an angel came to him and said, "Caedmon, sing!" Caedmon said, "I cannot; for that reason I left the hall." "Nay, but thou canst sing," persisted the angel, "and sing, now, the Song of Creation." Whereupon, the story goes, Caedmon opened his lips and sang such strains as he had never heard before. And when he awoke, he not only could recall the verses of his sleep, but went on making others. Near at hand was the celebrated monastery of Whitby, over which the Abbess Hilda presided. To her Caedmon went, and repeated his poem and the occurrences of the preceding night. Not daring to trust to this single evidence of his power, Hilda caused several stories from the Bible to be told to Caedmon, and then she requested him to go home and turn them into verse. This he did, and so delighted was the Abbess Hilda and the learned monks of the monastery, that they persuaded the poor cowherd to give up his occupation and enter the cloister as a monk.

Caedmon's poems are all on religious subjects, and are mostly paraphrases of the Scripture. His *Fall of Man* might be termed the framework of Paradise Lost, while his "Satan" seems to be the very archetype of Milton's "Apostate Angel." In his rebellious pride he says :

"What shall I for his favor serve?	"Who will not fail me in the strife,
Bend to him in such vassalage?	Heroes stern of mood
I may be a God as he.	They have chosen me for chief.
Stand by me strong associates	Renowned warriors!"

CAEDMON, and the unknown author of *Beowulf*, are the two great poets of the Anglo-Saxon period; but there were a few others of less note, whose names deserve to be mentioned. There was ALDHELM (656-709), the pious monk, who, in minstrel garb, sang his songs on the highways, to incite men to a holier, purer life. CYNEWULF, another Anglo-Saxon poet, whose date is uncertain, wrote several long poems on religious subjects.

Many old Anglo-Saxon poems have been preserved in two different collections, called, from the places in which they were found, the *Exeter Book*, and the *Vercelli Book*.

A celebrated song of the eleventh century is the *Canute Song*, supposed to have been sung by King Canute, the Dane, as he was rowing with his knights past the monastery of Ely :

Merie sungen the muneches binnen	Merry sung the monks that were in
Ely,	Ely
The Cnut cyning rew therby.	When Canute king rowed thereby.
Roweth enihtes noer the lant,	Row, knights, near the land,
And here we thes muneches saeng.	And hear we these monks' song.

PROSE WRITERS.

All the learned works of this time were written in Latin, so but little prose was contributed to the early English literature. The Venerable BEDE (673-735) produced many scholarly works in Latin, principal of which was his *Ecclesiastical History*. This being a history of the English Church, was likewise a history of England. Bede left, in English, an interesting *Life of Caedmon*. He died just as the last sentence of his last work was written—a translation into English of the *Gospel of St. John*. His friend and disciple, Cuthbert, was writing at his master's dictation, and when the last sentence was ended,

“It is well,” cried the venerable Bede, sitting upright on the floor of his cell, “you have said the truth ; it is ended. Receive my head into your hands, for it is a great satisfaction to me to sit facing my holy place, where I was wont to pray, that I may also, sitting, call upon my Father.” “And so,” says the chronicler, “singing ‘Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,’ when he had named the Holy Spirit he breathed his last, and so departed into the heavenly kingdom.”

The philosophy and theology of this time were represented by ALCUIN (735-804) and JOANNES SCOTUS (Erigena) (— 875). Joannes Scotus was an Irish monk, and the most profound philosopher of that age. AELFRIC (— 1006) wrote a series of *Homilies* and an English and Latin *Dictionary*. He translated into English the *Pentateuch* and the *Book of Job*, the greatest portion of the Bible that had as yet been translated.

But it is to the good and great king ALFRED (848-901) that early English prose is indebted. This excellent king lived for his people and his country. That the English language might be cultivated, he took upon himself the labor of translating and of teaching his people. The most popular works in

Latin he translated for their use, *Bede's History*, *Pope Gregory's Pastoral Rule*, and the works of two of the writers of Rome nearest his own time, *Orosius' History*, and *Boethius' Consolations of Philosophy*. He employed scholars from abroad to help him in his great work of educating the people. He established schools and monasteries, "where every free-born youth, who has the means, shall abide at his book till he can well understand English."

At the instigation of this wise ruler the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* was commenced. It was the work of different compilers in Alfred's time, and after his death was continued until 1154. It is a dry collection of the most important events in each year, beginning with the Roman invasion, 55 B. C. Sometimes one line conveys all that the chronicler deemed necessary for the history of a year; as,

"509 A. D. This year St. Benedict, the Abbot, father of all monks, went to heaven."

The last portions of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* show some little variation in the use of the language, so that the termination of this work in 1154 marks the close of the *First English or Anglo-Saxon Period*.

Illustrations of the Literature of the First English or Anglo-Saxon Period.

450—1150.



From BEOWULF.

Tha com of mór
under mist-hleoethum
Grendel gongan.

From Caedmon's *Song of Creation*.

Nú we sceolan hérian,
heofon-rices weard,
metodes mihte,
and his móð-geþhone,
wera wuldor-fader!
swa he wundra gehwaes,
ece dryhten,
ord onstealde.

Now we shall praise
the guardian of heaven,
the maker's might,
and his mind's thought,
the glory-father of men!
how he of all wonders,
the eternal lord,
formed the beginning.

He aêrst gesceop
 ylða bearnum
 heofon to hrófe,
 halig scyppend!
 tha middan-geard,
 mon-cynnes weard
 ece dryhten,
 aefter teóde,
 firum foldan,
 frea aelmihtig!

He erst created
 for earth's children
 heaven as a roof,
 the holy creator!
 then this mid-world,
 the guardian of mankind,
 the eternal lord,
 produced afterwards
 the earth for men,
 the almighty master!

From ALFRED. Preface to his *Translation of Boethius.*

Aelfred kuning waes wealhstod
 thisse bec and hie of bec Ledene
 on Englisc wende swa hio nu is
 gedon. Whilum he sette worde be
 worde, hwilum andgit of andgite,
 swa swa he hit tha sweotolost and
 andgitfullicost gereccan mihte, for
 thaem mistlicum and manigfealdum
 weoruld bisgum the hine oft aegper
 ge on mode ge on lichoman bisgo-
 dan. Tha bisgu us sint swithe ear-
 forth rime the on his dagum on tha
 ricu becomen the he underfangen
 haefde, and theah tha he thas boc
 haefde geleornode, and of Laedne
 to Engliscum spelle gewende tha
 geworhte he hi efter to leothe swa
 swa heo nu gedon is, and nu bit and
 for Godes naman healsath aelcne
 thara the thas boc raedan lyste tha
 he for hine gebidde and him ne wite
 gif he hit rihtlicor ongite thonne
 he mihte forthaemde aelc mon sceal
 be his andgites maethe and be his
 aemettan spreca thaet he spreth,
 and don thaet thaet he deth.

Alfred king was translator (of)
 this book and he (it) from book-
 latin into English turned as it now
 is done. Whiles he set word by
 word, whiles sense for sense just as
 he it the clearest and fullest of
 sense speak might for the distract-
 ing and manifold world business
 (which) him oft both in mind
 (and) in body busied. The busi-
 nesses to us are very hard to count
 which in his days on those king-
 doms came that he undertaken
 had, and yet when he this book
 had learned and from Latin into
 English speech turned (it) then
 wrought he it afterwards to (a) lay
 so as it now done is, and now prays
 and for God's name implores each
 (of) them that this book to read
 lists, that he for him pray and him
 not blame if he it rightlier under-
 stand than he might; for that each
 man should by his understanding
 measure and by his leisure speak
 that he speaketh, and do that he
 doeth.

From the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.*

449 A. D. Hêr Martianus] Ualentinus onfengon rice.] rixadon VII
 winter.] on heora dagum gelaðode Wyrtegeorn Angelcin hider.] hi

þa comon on þrim ceolum hider to Brytene on þam stede Heopwines fleot.

449 A. D. In this year Marcian and Valentinian succeeded to the empire and reigned seven winters, and in their day Vortigern invited the Anglo race hither, and they then came in their ships hither to Britain at the place named Heopwines fleot. King Vortigern gave them land in the south-east of this land on condition that they should fight against the Picts. They then fought against the Picts, and had victory whithersoever they came. They then sent to the Angles; bade them send greater aid; bade them be told of the worthlessness of the Brito-Welsh, and the excellence of the land. They then forthwith sent hither a larger army in aid of the others. Then came men from three tribes of Germany: from the Old-Saxons, from the Angles, and from the Jutes. From the Jutes came the Kentish people and the people of Wight, that is, the tribe which now dwells in Wight, and the race among the West-Saxons, which is yet called the Jute race. From the Old-Saxons came the East-Saxons and South-Saxons and West-Saxons. From Angeln—which has ever since stood waste betwixt the Jutes and Saxons—came the East-Anglians, the Middle-Anglians, the Mercians, and all the Northumbrians. Their leaders were two brothers, Hengist and Horsa. They were sons of Wihtgils. Wihtgils was son of Witta, Witta of Wecta, Wecta of Woden. From Woden sprang all our royal kin, and the Southumbrians also.



SYLLABUS.

Literature is the recorded expression of knowledge and fancy.

A history of literature is a chronological review of the literary productions of a nation.

The history of English literature begins in the seventh century.

The history of the English language begins with the remotest history of the Aryan race.

The seven great branches of the ARYAN family are the *Indic*, *Persic*, *Greek*, *Latin*, *Teutonic*, *Celtic*, and *Slavonic*.

The ENGLISH is a Teutonic or Germanic language.

The Goths migrated from the Danube to the Baltic Sea.

Odin was the great Gothic leader.

Caesar marched through Italy and Gaul in a parallel direction.

Caesar invaded Britain 55 B. C.

The Celts were the first known inhabitants of Britain.

Britain was held as a Roman province and a military outpost of Rome for about four hundred years.

In 411 the Romans were recalled to defend Italy from the Goths, who were then ravaging Southern Europe.

The Scots and Picts, the unconquered Celts of the North, took advantage of the absence of disciplined military force, and overran Southern Britain.

The helpless Britons implored the aid of the "Englisc folc" from Angle-land, Saxe-land, and Jute-land.

In 449 Hengist and Horsa came and drove back the Celts, but took possession of the island of Britain themselves.

King Arthur opposed the Saxon invaders.

The Celtic tongue is barely represented in the English language.

The Gothic race firmly established themselves, their customs, and their language in Britain, and called the island England.

They worshipped Odin, or Woden, the Al-father, Thor, the Thunderer, and all the Pagan deities of the ancestral Goth.

In 597 Pope Gregory sent Augustine from Rome to convert these people to Christianity.

Alfred established wise measures of government.

The Danes invaded Britain and Danish kings rule from 1017 to 1041.

The language was not changed by the Danes.

The Norman conquest occurred in 1066.

Poetry has usually been the first form of a nation's literature.

The Druids were the first poets in Britain.

The three great Celtic poets were Ossian, Merlin, and Taliesin.

Ireland was the seat of learning in the early centuries of the Dark Ages.

The Romans left no literature in Britain.

The "Englisc folc" brought with them to Britain their songs and national legends.

The *Lay of Beowulf* was the first English poem.

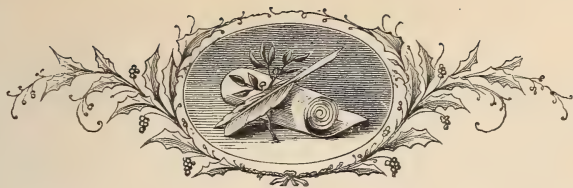
Caedmon was the first English poet.

The Venerable Bede, the first great writer of prose in England, wrote mainly in Latin.

King Alfred was the father of English prose. The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* is a memorial of his labors.

With the closing of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* the first period of English literature ends. This period, 450-1150, is usually styled the *Anglo-Saxon Period*.





CHAPTER II.

TRANSITION PERIOD.

1150—1350.

THE Norman Conquest did not produce immediate change in the language or manners of the English. The conquerors and conquered remained mutually repellent for more than a century and a half. Norman French had been adopted as the language of the court and higher circles, but Anglo-Saxon remained the language of the common people.

The twelfth century marks the first perceptible change in the language, the merging of the *Anglo-Saxon* into the *Semi-Saxon*, called, a century later, *Old English*. The period embraced within the last half of the twelfth, the whole of the thirteenth, and the beginning of the fourteenth century, may be styled the *Transition Period*.

The twelfth century is a notable landmark in the history of the English nation and literature. At this time we see the English character as well as the English language asserting itself. The stronger national feeling was about to express itself in the *MAGNA CHARTA*, and in the assembling of a House of Commons.

In the period before us we see the effects of Feudalism, which had divided the social community of Europe into distinct castes, one class subjugating the next in rank below, each exercising over the other the greatest despotism and cruelty. But as every oppressive measure, sooner or later, must react upon itself, so out of the injustice of Feudalism the generous spirit of chivalry arose. From chivalry came knighthood, and the knight, impelled by his love of justice, or adventure, or by

his vow which bound him "to succor the helpless and oppressed, to speak the truth, and never to turn back from an enemy," in the name of God and the lady of his choice, undertook deeds of the greatest peril. For every complaint made to the king of an injury received, a knight or a company of knights must be ready at the king's command, to start out to redress the wrong.

The great sports of chivalry were the joust and tournament; yet these mock combats sometimes required as much personal valor as the heroic deeds of adventure; for often, a knight, if not mortally wounded, was seriously injured, and sometimes maimed for life. In these sports it was the ladies' approbation that was the great stimulus to heroic achievements. Every knight must be in love with some "fair lady," or imagine himself to be so. To her alone he looked for approval, and from her received some "favor," to be worn upon his helmet.* At the close of the tournament the victor was crowned by the lady chosen as the most beautiful. All that a rude age could contrive of pomp and magnificence were displayed in these grand sports of chivalry.

Relieved of the necessity of labor, time unoccupied in battle hung heavily upon the hands of the feudal master, unless mirth and revelry filled up his vacant hours, and to this end games and minstrelsy, beside the grander sports of chivalry, were employed. In the hall or banqueting-room—the chief room of the manor—guests were freely entertained, each according to his social degree. On the dais, or raised platform, the table of the nobility was spread, while smaller tables were ranged round the rooms for those of less respect, until the long table came into use, and the *salt* was made the dividing line between high and low. No feast or festal occasion was ever complete without the presence of the minstrels, who frequently accompanied their songs with acting and mimicry. While the guests were feasting in the hall beggars were fed at the door, or bread† was

* The "favor" might be a glove, a rose, a jewel, a sleeve, or any article of adornment. Sometimes a page or squire would be sent to deliver the favor if the lady did not choose to give it with her own hand.

† Bread was the chief article of food. The terms "lord" and "lady" meant loaf-keeper, from *hlaf* (loaf), and *weorden* (to ward) (*hlafweard*), (laverd) (lord). *Hlafweardige* (lady) is the feminine of the same word.

thrown to them from the tables in the hall as they shared with the dogs the bones that were thrown on the floor.

The Crusades were an outgrowth of the spirit of chivalry. It had been customary from the earliest ages of the Church for Christians to take pilgrimages to Jerusalem or other hallowed places in Palestine. In the early part of the seventh century Jerusalem had been captured by the Turks, who treated with great insolence the humble pilgrims, as well as the Christians residing in the city. Peter the Hermit, of France, returning from a pilgrimage, recounted the sufferings of the Christians at Jerusalem, and, through his eloquence, the first Crusade was undertaken (1095). The Christians throughout Europe mustered to his cry of "*Deus Vult*,"* and hastened to Jerusalem to rescue from the hands of the "Infidels," through fire and bloodshed, the sacred tomb of the Prince of Peace! The Crusaders opened up a communication between the east and the west. Minstrels, accompanying their masters to the Holy Wars, borrowed of each other songs and tales of romantic adventure.

In England, as in every other country, wandering bards or minstrels were common from the earliest times. By the Celts they were called *Bards*; by the Goths, *Scalds*; by the Anglo-Saxons, *Harpers*, *Gleemen*, and *Rhymers*. They did not receive the name of Minstrel until after the Norman Conquest. To the accompaniment of a harp, these rude poets sang their songs of chivalry, or recited to enchanted listeners their *Gests*, as these romantic stories were sometimes called.

The Norman Conquest was not without its good results, and France, in the twelfth century, became the source of English culture. The schools of Paris were resorted to by the sons of the nobility from all parts of Europe. No building in Paris, it is said, could contain the crowds of Abelard's pupils. England borrowed of France, not only intellectual improvements, but social and domestic refinement. Houses were still thatched with straw, but windows and chimneys were introduced, and parlors were added to the former hall or room for general assembling. Seats were built into the masonry of the houses; the "table dormant" replaced the movable board; and the

* God wills it.

furnishing of the table was a matter of greater importance than the furnishing of the house. On occasions of festivity the wall at the upper end of the dais was hung with tapestry, and the floor was strewn with rushes. "*Books of Courtesy*" were circulated in this age, and habits of neatness enjoined.

The literatures of Normandy and Provence were as distinct as their languages. From Normandy came the Trouvères, the poets of Chivalry and Romance, from Provence came the Troubadours, or Lyric poets. The Trouvères, it may readily be imagined, accompanied the Norman Conquerors into England, and there sang or recited their tales of Romance.

In the Twelfth century a mine of wealth was opened to the literary world in Brittany, that stronghold of the ancient Britons, when they fled from the rude Saxons. This was the discovery of the *Legends of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table*, which had been carefully preserved in this little district of France during the six centuries that had elapsed since the time of that hero, if, indeed, such a hero ever existed. These romances consist of *The Holy Grail*;* *The Story of Merlin*, the Enchanter; *Lancelot of the Lake*; the *Search for the Holy Grail*; and the *Death of Arthur*. These have all been subdivided into numerous branches, and have formed themes for poets down to the present day.

Three distinct subjects of Romance were popular throughout Europe at this time—Arthur, Alexander, and Charlemagne—and their adventures were sung by Troubadour, Trouvère, and Minstrel. Other celebrated romances of chivalry of the Middle Ages are the Romance of *Horne Childe*, or the *Geste of King Horne*; *The Romance of Sir Guy*; *The Squire of Low Degree*; and the *King of Tars (Tarsus)*. The romantic adventures of *Robin Hood*, the bold outlaw who lived in the twelfth or thirteenth century, furnished subjects for innumerable ballads.

Three literary works are extant which are especially prized by philologists as showing the transitional stage in the language. They are the works of LAYAMON, the ANCREN RIWLE, and the ORMULUM. They were written probably in the thirteenth century.

* The cup out of which Jesus partook at the Last Supper.

About 1205 LAYAMON, a priest of Ernley, wrote that

“Hit com him on mode
and on his megin thonke
thet he wolde of Engle
tha aedhelaen tellen;
wat heo ihoten weoren
and wonen heo comen
tha Englene londe
aerst ahten
aefter than flode
the from drihtene com
the al her quelde
quic that he funde.”

It came to him in mind,
and in his main thought
that he would of England
the great deeds tell
what they were called,
and whence they came
that English land
first owned
after the flood
that from God came
that all here quelled (killed) (destroyed)
living that it found.

Layamon's work was a translation of a translation of the popular tradition of Britain, which had been cherished by the descendants of the old Britons in Wales and Brittany, concerning a Brutus, grandson of the Trojan Æneas, who, many centuries before the Christian era, had established his reign in Britain. This story was written in Latin by GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH, one of the chroniclers of the twelfth century; and from this Latin Chronicle, a Norman poet, WACE, wrote a rhymed version in French, called *Brut d'Angleterre*. It is this poem retranslated by LAYAMON into the spoken language of his time, and called *Brut* (Brutus), that forms one of the landmarks in the progress of the English language.

THE ANCREN RIWLE (*Anchoresses' Rule*) consists of a series of monastic instructions, written for the use of a company of anchoresses, three sisters, who, with their servants, established a nunnery at Dorsetshire.

The ORMULUM, written a few years later than the two preceding, is a series of Homilies or Scriptural instructions in verse. The author announces himself at the beginning of his work, by stating that

“Thiss boc iss nemmed Ormulum,
Forthi thatt Orm itt wrohhte.”

The doubling of the consonants after short vowel sounds was an eccentricity of spelling peculiar to Orm. There is no indication of this method having been followed by others. It was an earnest effort on the part of the zealous Orm to fix, at least, the sound of the language of the people.

RHYMING CHRONICLERS AND OTHER POETS.

LAYAMON was the first of a series of rhyming chroniclers. Nearly a century after Layamon, ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER wrote another rhymed history of England from the time of the mythical Brutus of Troy until the death of Henry III. He was followed, fifty years after, by ROBERT MANNING, or ROBERT DE BRUNNE, the last of the RHYMING CHRONICLERS.

The first imaginative poem of purely English origin belongs, also, to the thirteenth century. It is called *The Owl and the Nightingale*, and represents these two birds as setting forth their respective claims to superiority as songsters.

The first Scotch poet of whom we hear was THOMAS of ERCELDOUNE, or THOMAS the RHYMER (1250-1300), to whom was ascribed the gift of prophecy as well as of poesy. He sang the story of *Sir Tristrem*, one of the old British legends.

As a poet, WALTER MAP, or MAPE (1150 —), is best known by his Latin verses; but the service he rendered to English literature was his arrangement of the popular romances of *King Arthur*. To these old tales he added a more spiritual significance, idealizing the ruder life depicted in the originals. He wove into the series the story of the *Holy Grail*.

Many imitations of the Arthurian stories arose. The most noted was that of *Tristram and Isoud*.*

Later poets who serve as a sort of connecting link between this age and the next, were RICHARD ROLLE (1290-1348) and LAURENCE MINOT (— 1352). The former wrote a long religious poem, entitled *The Pricke of Conscience*. Minot wrote war songs, commemorating the victories of Edward III. over the Scotch and French. He was the first national song writer.

In this period the germs of the English Drama are found in the old miracle play, *St. Catharine*, written in French and played at Dunstable in 1119. The early plays were the devices of the clergy to impress upon the people the example of the lives of saints and the doctrines of the Church. Bible scenes were thus converted into dramatic representations.†

* Written by Lucas de Gast.

† See History of the Drama, page 77.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Church and Chivalry were the two most powerful institutions of the Middle Ages throughout Europe. Each left its impress on the meagre literature of the time, the former locked in a dead language, the latter revealed in tales of Romance.

Philosophy was represented by the Church, and was a philosophy of creeds and dogmas. The old spirit of inquiry which had died with the great philosophers of ancient Greece revived in Arabia more than a thousand years afterwards; and while this Mohammedan country became the seat of scientific learning, Christian Europe checked free inquiry and search into natural causes.

ROGER BACON (1214-1292), a Franciscan monk, stands as a bright light in the universal darkness of the thirteenth century. With the clear mind of the true philosopher searching into causes, he anticipated his great namesake, Francis Bacon, by more than three hundred years, foreshadowing in his *Opus Majus*, *Opus Minus*, and *Opus Tertium* some of the greatest truths taught by the philosopher of the sixteenth century. The "idols" of the latter seem almost suggested in the reasons assigned by Friar Bacon for human ignorance:—"Trust in inadequate authority, the force of custom, the opinion of the inexperienced crowd, and the hiding of one's own ignorance with the parading of a superficial wisdom." Roger Bacon urged the study of nature by experiment, which he regarded as "the root of all other sciences and a basis of religion." He encouraged the reading of the Bible and the works of Aristotle in the originals, warning against errors arising from bad translations.

ROBERT GROSSETESTE (1175-1253) was another Franciscan friar who endeavored to correct abuses and reform the Church. He was the teacher and intimate friend of Roger Bacon, and was pronounced by the latter, "perfect in divine and human knowledge."

Those who, after the Norman Conquest, represented Scholasticism better than either Bacon or Grosseteste, were LANFRANC (1005-1089); ANSELM (1033-1109); JOHN OF SALISBURY (— 1182); PETER OF BLOIS (—

1198); ALEXANDER HALES (— 1245); JOANNES DUNS SCOTUS (— 1308); WILLIAM of OCCAM (1300–1347). The last three were designated, respectively, the “Irrefragable Doctor,” the “Subtle Doctor,” the “Invincible Doctor.”

LATIN CHRONICLERS.

At the head of the list of Chroniclers of this era stands the name of GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH (— 1154), notwithstanding the fact that his “Chronicles” were romances rather than history. They were the source from which successive chroniclers drew, down to the time of Elizabeth; and they are to-day well-springs of romance and poetry.

Geoffrey of Monmouth was of Welsh parentage, and with a warm love for the old Celtic stock he made out for the British nation a heroic line of ancestors, tracing them back through King Arthur and other illustrious Celtic heroes to a Brutus, great grandson of Aeneas! In this chronicle we hear for the first time of *Arthur* and his *Knights of the Round Table*. The scene of the first English tragedy, *Ferrex and Porrex*, is taken from this work, as is also the story of *King Lear*.*

However much this prince of chroniclers was followed and believed in by succeeding ages, the plodding, truth-abiding chroniclers of his own time were outraged by his romantic stories, set down for grave facts. They said:

“That fabler with his fables shall be straightway spat out by us all, as in all things we trust Bede, whose wisdom and sincerity are beyond doubt.”

The other chroniclers of this time were WILLIAM of MALMSBURY (1095–1143); HENRY of HUNTINGDON (1154); ROGER DE HOVEDEN (1202); MATTHEW PARIS (— 1259); ROGER DE WENDOVER (— 1237); NICHOLAS TRIVET (1258–1328); RALPH HIGDEN (— 1370).

As Latin was the tongue in which all the learned works were written, and Norman French was the language of the lighter songs and romances, and was also spoken by the higher circles, while English was the language of the people, it may readily be imagined that the close of this period would present a con-

* Geoffrey of Monmouth's Latin history of the British kings was suggested by the finding in Brittany of an ancient manuscript in the Cymric tongue, purporting to be a history of Britain.

fusion of tongues. Some of the literature of the time affords illustrations of the commingling of Latin, French, and English. The poem quoted on page 35 is an example.

Illustrations of the Literature of the Transition Period.

1150—1350.



From LAYAMON's translation of *Brut d'Angleterre*.

The time co the wes icoren ;
tha wes Arthur iboren.
Sone swa he com an eorthe
aluen hine iuengen
heo bigolan that child :
mid galdere swithe stronge
heo geuē him mihte
to beon bezst alre cnihten.
heo geuen him an other thing
that he scolde beon riche king.
heo giuen hī that thridde ;
that he scolde longe libben.
heo gifen him that kine-bern
custen swithe gode
that he wes mete-custi
of alle quikemonnen.
this the alue him gef
and al swa that child ithaeh.

The time came that was chosen
then was Arthur born.
Soon as he came on earth
elves took him :
they enchanted the child
with magic most strong.
They gave him might
to be the best of all knights.
They gave him another thing,
that he should be a rich king.
They gave him the third,
that he should live long.
They gave to him—the king-born
gifts most good,
that he was most generous
of all men alive.
This the elves gave him,
and thus the child thrived.

From the *Ancren Riwele*.

Ye ne schulen eten vleschs ne
seim buten ine muchele secknesse ;
other hwo so is euer feble eteth potage
blitheliche : and wunieth ou to lutel
drunch.

Sum ancre maketh hire bord mid
hire gistes withuten. Thet is to
much ureondschipe, uor, of alle
ordres theonne is hit unkuindelukest
and mest aye ancre ordre thet
is al dead to the worlde.

. You shall not eat flesh nor lard
except in much sickness ; or whoso
is ever feeble may eat potage blithely ;
and accustom yourselves to little
drink.

Some anchoresses make their board
with their friends, without. That
is too much friendship, for of all
orders then, is it most unnatural and
most against anchoress's order, that
is all dead to the world.

From the *Ormulum*.

And siththenn o thatt yer thatt Christ	And afterwards, in the year that Christ
Wass off twelff winnterr elde	Was of twelve winters old
They comenn inntill Jerrsalaem	They come into Jerusalem
Att teyyre Passkemesse.	At their Passover,
& heldenn thaer thatt hallghe tid	And held there that holy time
O thatt Judisskenn wise.	In the Jewish wise.
& Jesu Crist wass thaer with hemm.	And Jesus Christ was there with them,
Sua summ the Goddspell kitheth	So as the Gospel saith.
& affterr thatt the tid wass gan	And after that the time was gone
They wenndenn fra the temmple	They wended from the temple,
& ferdden towarrd Nazaraeth.	And fared towards Nazareth
An dayys gang till efenn,	A day's journey till evening,
& wenndenn thatt the Laferrrd Crist	And weened that the Lord Christ
With hemm thatt gate come,	With them that way came,
& he wass the behinndenn hemm	And he was then behind them
Bilefedd att te temmple.	Remaining at the temple.

Extract from the *Owl and Nightingale*.

"The nightingale bi-gon the speche."

* * * * *

Thos word agaf the nightingale,
 And after thare longe tale
 He song so lude and so scharpe,
 Rigt so me grulde schille harpe,¹
 Thos hule² luste thider-ward,
 And hold her eye nother-ward,
 And sat to-svolle and i-bolye,³
 Also he hadd⁴one frogge i-svolye.⁴

The *Song of Summer*.

Sumer is i-cumen in	Summer is a coming in
Lhude sing, cuccu,	Loud sing, cuckoo,
Groweth sed, and bloweth med	Groweth seed, and bloweth mead
And springeth the wde nu,	And springeth the wood now,
Sing cuccu, cuccu.	Sing cuckoo, cuckoo.
Awe bleteth after lomb,	Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Llouth after calve cu,	Loweth calf after cow,
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,	Bullock starteth, buck departeth,
Murie sing, cuccu,	Merry sing, cuckoo,
Cuccu, cuccu.	Cuckoo, cuckoo.

¹ as if one were touching a shrill harp.

² owl.

³ swollen.

⁴ swallowed.

Wel singes thu cuceu,
Ne swik thu nauer nu,
Cuceu, cuceu.

Well singeth the cuckoo,
Nor cease to sing now,
Cuckoo, cuckoo.

From the prologue to the *Rhymed Chronicle* of ROBERT MANNING.

Lordynges that be now here,
If ye wille listene and lere¹
All the story of Inglande
Als Robert Mannyng wryten it fand,²
& on Inglysch has it schewed,
Not for the lerid³ bot for the lewed,⁴
For tho that in this land wonn⁵
That the Latyn no Frankys conn,⁶
For to haf solace and gamen⁷
In felowschip when thai sitt samen.⁸
And it is wisdom forto wyttē⁹
The state of the land, and haf it wryten;
What manere of folk first it won,
& of what kynde it first begon.
And gude it is for many thynges
For to here the dedis of kynges,
Whilk were foles⁹ & whilk¹⁰ were wyse.

The confusion in the language at the beginning of the fourteenth century is shown in the following, written in Latin, French, and English.

Quant honme deit parleir, videat quæ verba loquatur;
Sen covent aver, ne stultior inveniatur.
Quando quis loquitur, bote resoun reste therynne,
Derisum patitur, ant lutel so shal he wyne.
En seynt eglise sunt multi saepe priores;
Summe beoth wyse, multi sunt inferiores.

On the violation of the MAGNA CHARTA. Written in 1311.

I.

L'en peut fere et defere
Ceo fait-il trop sovent;
It nis nouthur wel ne faire;
Therefore Engelande is shent;

¹ learn.

² found.

³ learned.

⁴ unlearned.

⁵ dwell.

⁶ know.

⁷ enjoyment.

⁸ together.

⁹ fools.

¹⁰ which.

Nostre prince de Engleterre,
 Par le conseil de sa gent,
 At Westminster after the feire
 Made a gret parlement.
 La chartre fet de cyre,
 Jeo l'enteink et bien le crey,
 It was holde to neih the fire,
 And is molten al away.
 Ore ne say mès que dire,
 Tout i va à Tripolay,
 Hundred, chapitle, court, and shire,
 Al hit goth a devel way,
 Des plusages de la tere
 Ore escotez un sarmoun
 Of iij wise-men that ther were
 Whi Engelond is brouht adown.

II.

The firste seide, "I understonde
 Ne may no king wel ben in londe
 Under God Almihte,
 But he cunne himself rede,
 How he shal in londe lede
 Everi man wid rihte,
 For might is riht,
 Liht is night,
 And fiht is fliht.
 For miht is riht, the lond is lawles;
 For niht is liht, the lond is loreles;
 For fiht is fliht, the lond is nameles."

III.

That other seide a word ful god,
 "Whoso roweth agein the flod
 Of sorwe he shall drinke;
 Also hit fareth bi the unsele,
 A man shal have litel hele
 Ther agein to swinke.
 Nu on is two,
 Another is wo,
 And frend is fo,
 For on is two, that lond is streintheles,
 For wel is wo, the lond is reutheles;
 For frend is fo, the lond is loveles."

IV.

That thridde seide, "It is no wonder
 Of thise eyres that goth under
 When theih comen to londe
 Proude and stoute, and ginneth gelpe,
 Ac of thing that sholde helpe
 Have theih noht on honde
 Nu lust haveth leve,
 Thef is reve,
 And pride hath sleve.
 For lust hath leve, the lond is theweles;
 For thef is reve, the lond is penyles;
 For pride hath sleve, the lond is almusles."

V.

The ferthe seide, thet he is wod
 That dwelleth to muchel in the flod,
 For gold or for auhte;
 For gold or silver or any wele,
 Hunger or thirst, hete or chele,
 Al shal gon to nohte.
 Nu wille is red
 Wit is qued,
 And god is ded.
 For wille is red, the lond is wrecful;
 For wit is qued, the lond is wrongful;
 For god is ded, the lond is sinful.

VI.

Wid wordes as we han pleid,
 Sum wisdom we han seid
 Off olde men and yunge;
 Off many a thinge that is in londe,
 Whoso coude it understonde,
 So have I told wid tongue.

VII.

Riche and pore, bonde and fre,
 That love is god ye mai se;
 Love clepeth ech man brother;
 For it that he to blame be,
 Forgif hit him par charité,
 Al theih he do other.

VIII.

Love we God, and he us alle,
 That was born in an oxe stalle,
 And for us don on rode.
 His swete herte-blod he let
 For us, and us faire het
 That we sholde be gode.

IX.

Be we nu gode and stedefast,
 So that we muwen at the last
 Haven hevene blisse.
 To God Almihte I preie
 Lat us never in sinne deie,
 That joye for to misse.

X.

Ac lene us alle so don here,
 And leve in love and good manere,
 The devel for to shende;
 That we moten alle i-fere
 Sen him that us bouhte dere,
 In joye withoute ende. AMEN.

From the BOKE OF CURTASYE.

Another curtasye y wylle the teche,*
 Thy fadur and modur, with mylde speche,
 Thou worschip and serve with alle thy mygt,
 That thou dwelle the lengur in erthely lygt.
 To another man do no more amys,
 Then thou woldys be don of hym and hys,
 So Crist thou pleses, and gets the love
 Of menne and God that syttes above.
 Be not to meke, but in mene the holde,
 For elles a fole thou wylle be tolde.

From the *Latin Chronicle* of GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.

The island was then called Albion, and was inhabited by none but a few giants. Notwithstanding this, the pleasant situation of the places, the plenty of rivers abounding with fish, and the engaging prospect of its woods made Brutus and his company very desirous to fix their habitation in it. They therefore passed through all the provinces, forced the giants

* Some portions of the *Boke of Curtasye*, especially those passages enjoining more decent habits at table and elsewhere, give an insight into manners grosser than a refined age can imagine.

to fly into the caves of the mountains, and divided the country among them according to the directions of their commander. After this they began to till the ground and build houses, so that in a little time the country looked like a place that had been long inhabited. At last Brutus called the island after his own name Britain, and his companions Britons, for by these means he desired to perpetuate the memory of his name. From whence, afterwards, the language of the nation, which at first bore the name of Trojan, or rough Greek, was called British. But Corineus, in imitation of his leader, called that part of the island which fell to his share Corinea,* and his people Corineans, after his name; and though he had his choice of the provinces before all the rest, yet he preferred this country which is now called, in Latin, Cornubia, either from its being in the shape of a horn (in Latin *cornu*), or from the corruption of the said name.



SYLLABUS.

There was no decided change in the language of the English for more than a century and a half after the Norman Conquest.

The twelfth century marks the first change.

The Transition Period extends from 1150 to 1350.

The English character was asserted in the *Magna Charta*.

Feudalism divided society into classes or castes.

Chivalry mitigated the cruelty of Feudalism, and was refining in its influences.

The Crusades opened up a communication between the East and West.

Minstrels, Troubadours and Trouvères exchanged songs and stories.

The Norman Conquest in some respects was an advantage to English culture.

Trouvères were the poets of Normandy; Troubadours were the poets of Provence.

The *Legends of King Arthur* were discovered in Brittany in the twelfth century.

The three great subjects of Romance common through Europe were Arthur, Alexander, and Charlemagne.

Three literary works mark the transition stage of the language:—The works of Layamon, the *Ancren Riwe*, the *Ormulum*.

Layamon first told in English verse the story of Arthur.

The *Ancren Riwe* (Anchoresses' Rule), a series of rules for nuns.

The *Ormulum* was a series of Scriptural instruction in verse.

The Rhyming Chroniclers were, Layamon, Robert of Gloucester, and Robert of Manning.

* Cornwall.

The English poems of this time were *The Owl and the Nightingale*, *The Song of Summer*, *Horne Childe*, *The King of Tars* (*Tarsus*), and *Balads of Robin Hood*.

Thomas of Ercildoun was the first Scotch poet.

Wace was a Norman French poet.

Map wrote Latin verses and refined the stories of Arthur.

Richard Rolle and Laurence Minot were the last poets of this period. Minot was the first national song writer of England.

The first Drama was performed in England during this period (in 1119).

The Church and Chivalry were the dominant powers of the Middle Ages.

Roger Bacon and Robert Grosseteste were the chief philosophers of this time.

The Chronicles were all written in Latin.

The chief chroniclers were Geoffrey of Monmouth, William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon.

Towards the close of the period the language of England was in a confused state; English, French, and Latin sometimes appearing in one composition.





CHAUCEER.

CHAPTER III.

THE AGE OF CHAUCER.

1350—1400.

THE beginning of early modern English dates from the middle of the fourteenth century. The political condition of the country, no doubt, hastened the fusion of the Norman and Anglo-Saxon tongues. During the reign of Edward III. (1327–1377) the long smouldering rivalry between England and France broke out in a series of wars, which brought victory to the English. These victories being in a great degree due to the bravery of the English yeomanry, the language of the people came to be more and more respected. In 1362, Edward III. passed a law enforcing the use of English in all judicial pleadings. Such uses of the language created an impetus in the culture of the long-neglected mother-tongue.

But the chief cause of the new life of the fourteenth century was the awakening of thought, the possibility shown of intellectual freedom, by throwing off the shackles of scholasticism. In England this new birth was mainly due to the preaching of John Wycliffe, “the Morning Star of the Reformation.”

This awakening was not confined to England. It was a period of intellectual regeneration throughout Europe. In Italy the first spark of returning life was seen; and the fire of the old writers of the “Augustan Age” was revived in Dante. Thus the grave of the last writers of antiquity became the cradle of modern literature.

CHAUCER.

Seven years after the death of Dante, GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1328-1400), the "Father of English Poetry," was born, and with him was ushered in the dawn of a new era.

Comparatively little is known of the life of Chaucer. He is supposed to have been born in London, in the year 1328. He was conspicuous in the court of Edward III. as a courtier and gentleman, and was frequently employed on embassies of trust to foreign nations. In his visits to Italy he probably met with Petrarch,* and read the stories of Boccaccio.† He married Philippa Pycard, maid of honor to the queen and sister to the wife of John of Gaunt, third son of Edward III. This prince bestowed upon Chaucer not only patronage, but the warmest friendship, so that the poet's fortunes rose and fell with the fortunes of the house of Lancaster. Both Chaucer and John of Gaunt were favorable to the opinions of Wycliffe, and Chaucer in his humorous satire was not sparing of the clergy and the abuses of the church.

Chaucer was presented by Edward III. and his queen Philippa with a house at Woodstock, where he spent some of the happiest portions of his life. Here he retired after the activity of public life, and at the age of sixty began to write *The Canterbury Tales*. A short time before his death he leased a residence in the garden of the priory of Westminster, and here, in the year 1400, he died. He was the first poet buried in Westminster Abbey.

We can see the gay and childlike character of Chaucer in his writings, the best known of which are the *Canterbury Tales*. These are a series of stories told by a company of pilgrims on their journey to the tomb of Thomas à Becket.‡ No better picture of the times could be presented than this scene affords.

Whatever the object of the journey, it was customary to travel in companies, as the highways were beset by robbers; so, in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, we are introduced to

"Wel nyne and twenty in a companye of sondry folk,"

* An Italian poet, 1304-1374.

† An Italian romancer, 1313-1375.

‡ Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Henry II. He was assassinated in the Cathedral of Canterbury, 1171, and canonized three years afterwards.

who meet at the Tabard Inn, London, to rest over night, and to set out on their journey in the morning to the shrine of the martyred saint at Canterbury. These pilgrims are from every station in life. There are the Knight and his son, "a yonge Squier," a Clerk, a Nun, a Friar, a Doctor of Medicine, a man of Law, a Parson, a Miller, a Cook, a Carpenter, a Weaver, a Wife of Bath, a Prioress, a Yeoman, a Franklin or rich country gentleman, a Plowman, a Pardoner, a Haberdasher, a Manciple or steward of a college or religious house, a Reeve or bailiff, a Sompnour, an officer who summoned offenders into courts, a Dyer, a Tapisser or maker of tapestry, a Merchant, a Shipman, two or three priests, and several tradesmen. The host of the Tabard, who has ministered to their wants, proposes to accompany them on their journey; but, says he,

"Truly comfort ne mirth is noon,
To ryde by the way as domb as a stoon,"

so he proposes that each shall tell two stories going and two* returning, and that he who tells the best story shall have a supper on their return at the expense of the rest. He himself will be the judge of the excellence of the stories. To make the scene more real, Chaucer places himself among the travellers, and as they journey on they tell, amid laughter and tears, their stories of mirth and sorrow.

The genial spirit of the poet pervades all his writings; and his love for the smallest birds and flowers show how entirely his heart was attuned to nature's harmony. There is an unrivalled freshness in his spirit, which the appreciative Warton compares to a "genial day in an English spring." His love for the daisy is everywhere noticeable throughout his works, and is the subject of some of his happiest lines.†

The poetry of the time consisted of imitations. Chaucer borrowed, but, in most cases, he improved upon the original. His "Romance of the Rose" is a translation of the French

* Chaucer did not fulfil this design, and *The Canterbury Tales* consist of but twenty-five stories.

† This little flower was, in the times of chivalry, considered as an emblem of fidelity in love. Knights set out on their adventures under its protection, and at tournaments it was worn by both knights and ladies. The rose was, in like manner, honored.

allegorical poem of the same name. The earliest poems of Chaucer are all pervaded by the spirit of Provençal poetry, and Courts of Love* form an important feature.

Among the poems of Chaucer which bear the stamp of this Provençal or Romance influence are *The Court of Love*, *The Assembly of Fowles*, *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*, *The Flower and the Leaf*, and the *House of Fame*. The latter is one of the finest of Chaucer's poems, and gives evidence of much learning. Like most of his allegorical poems, it is in the form of a dream. The poet represents himself as caught up in the talons of an eagle and borne aloft to the House of Fame. Here, seated on a glittering dais, the goddess of the mansion sits, and with characteristic caprice distributes or denies her favors to the throngs of candidates who surround her throne.

While the poet stands amazed at the arbitrary decrees of Fame, wondering that some of her suppliants, who seem most worthy, are, by her commands, basely "trumpeted" by her servant Eolus, he says :

" —oon that stood right at my bak
Methought full goodly to me spak,
And seyde, 'Friend, what is thy name?
Artow come hyder to hav fame?'
'Nay, forsothe friende!' quod I,
'I cam not hyder, graunt mercy,
For no such cause by my hede!
Sufficeth me, as I were dede,
That no wight have my name in honde,
I wot myself, best, how I stonde.'"†

With true poetic instincts, Chaucer is keenly alive to all the sweet sounds, sights, and odors in nature. The spring is the season in which he especially delights :

* These courts were a species of tribunal in imitation of the higher courts of justice. A wealthy baron would invite to his castle his neighboring peers, where, for several days, the time was spent in jousts and tournaments. After the distribution of honors to those who had been decided victors in these contests, a Court of Love was opened, consisting of the most beautiful women of the castle, who distributed honors again to knights, who might enter the lists as competitors, not in arms, but in verse. In these contests questions pertaining to love were debated by the combatants, and decided by the lady who, as queen of Love, presided.

† In reading Chaucer, accent the final *e* when the next word begins with a consonant.

"When showres sweet of raine descended softe,
 Causing the ground, fele¹ times and ofte,
 Up for to give many an wholesome aire."

May is his favorite month. He says:

"And as for me, though that I konne² but lyte,³
 On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
 And to hem yeve⁴ I feyth and ful credence,
 And in myn herte⁵ heve hem in reverence
 So hertely, that ther is game noon,
 Thet fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
 But⁶ yt be seldome on the holy day;—
 Save, certeynly, when that the moneth of May
 Is comen, and that I here the foules synge,
 And that the flowres gynnen for to sprynge,
 Farewel my boke, and my devocion!"

Everything in nature inspires him with fresh delight. In the "Cuckoo and the Nightingale," after describing the songs of the birds in the early morning, that "daunceden and lepton on the spray," he says:

"And the rivere that I sate upon
 It made such a noise as it ron,
 Accordaunt with the birdes armony,
 Methought it was the best melody
 That might ben yheard of any mon."

Poets Contemporary with Chaucer.

While Wycliffe was boldly attacking the corruptions of the church, a less open, but still forcible, attack was made by an obscure writer in a poem called "*The Vision of Piers Plowman*." The author of this poem is not positively known, but is believed to have been one ROBERT or WILLIAM LANGELENDE (1333–1400), oftener called, however, by the name of the supposed dreamer, "PIERS PLOWMAN." Under the guise of an allegory, the poet discloses the abuses of the church, and his keen satire proved a powerful aid in the work begun by Wycliffe.

Piers Plowman represents himself as having fallen asleep on Malvern

¹ many

² know.

³ little.

⁴ give.

⁵ heart.

⁶ be out, except.

Hills, where, in a vision, he sees the personified evils of church and state pass before him. The four mendicant orders of Friars he thus depicts:

"I fond there freres,	Glosed the gospel,
Alle the foure ordres,	As hem good liked;
Prechyng the people	For coveitise of copes,
For profit of hemselve;	Constrewed it as thei wolde."

In like manner every form of vice is portrayed. The poem consists of about fourteen thousand lines. From various allusions it is inferred that the work was written between the years 1360 and 1370. Twenty or thirty years after the "Vision," the "*Creed of Piers Plowman*" made its appearance, but whether it was written by the same author is not known.

Another poet contemporary with Chaucer was JOHN GOWER (1320-1402), called by Chaucer the "Moral Gower." He was a man of scholarly attainments, and did much for the cultivation of the English language, but he had little of Chaucer's poetic sensibility and none of his originality. Both plot and incident of all his stories were taken from foreign sources. His principal work is the "*Confessio Amantis*," the Confessions of a Lover. It consists of a long conversation between a lover and his confessor, into which many of the stories of the age were interwoven. Some of these tales were taken from the "*Gesta Romanorum*," a compilation of ancient stories, which became very popular in this story-telling age.

JOHN BARBOUR (1326-1396) was one of the earliest poets of Scotland. He wrote a rhymed history of *Robert Bruce*, many parts of which are replete with poetic fire.

Prose Writers.

Among the prose writers of this period, JOHN WYCLIFFE (1324-1384) stands preëminent. His greatest work is the *translation of the Bible* from the Latin Vulgate into the English. Disgusted with a priestcraft that "glosed the gospel as they liked," and "construed it as they would," he determined to use his utmost endeavor to place in the hands of the people the words of comfort so long withheld from them. Who can describe the effect of these simple words of Christ, when sounded in their ears in the language that they themselves spoke: "Blessid be pore men in spirit, for the kingdom of hevenes is herun," and "Blessid ben thei that mournen, for thei schal be comfortid."

Different portions of the Bible had been at different times translated into the Anglo-Saxon, but it was Wycliffe's aim to have the whole Bible translated and used by the people, and not by the clergy only.*

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE (1300-1372) has sometimes been styled the "Father of English Prose," but this title he must yield to Chaucer, who excelled all writers of his age in prose as well as in poetry. Mandeville spent most of his life in traveling. After an absence of thirty-four years he returned to his native country, and wrote a history of his travels, telling some very remarkable and absurd tales, prefacing the incredible stories with "Men seyn,¹ but I have not seen it."

Illustrations of the Literature of Chaucer's Time.



CHAUCER.

From the *Knight's Tale*.

—In a tour, in angwische and in woo,
 This Palamon, and his felawe Arcite,
 Forevermo,² ther may no gold hem quyte.
 This passeth yeer by yeer, and day by day,
 Till it fel oones in a morwe of May
 That Emelie, that fairer was to seene
 Than is the lilie on hire stalke grene,
 Er it was day, as sche was wont to do,
 Sche was arisen, and al redy dight.³
 Hire yolve heer⁴ was browdid in a tresse
 Byhynde hire bak, a yerde long I gesse.
 And in the gardyn, as the sun upriste,
 Sche walketh up and down wher as hire list.
 Sche gadereth floures, parti whyte and reede,
 To mak a sotil garland for hire heede,
 And as an aungel hevenly sche song.
 The greate Tower that was so thikke and strong,

* This version had much influence upon other versions that were printed, and upon our own, or *King James' Version*, made in 1611. Wycliffe's Bible was completed in 1382, and no other translation was attempted for a hundred and fifty years.

¹ say.

² were imprisoned for evermore.

³ dressed.

⁴ yellow hair.

Which of the castel was the chief dongeon
 (Where as these knightes were in prisoun),
 Was even joinant to the gardeyn wal,
 There as this Emelie hadde her pleyng.*
 Bright was the sonne, and clere the morwenyng,
 And Palamon, this woful prisoner,
 As he was romyng to and fro,
 And to himself compleynyng of his wo,
 Thurgh a wyndow, thikke of many a barre,
 He cast his eyen upon Emelya,
 And therewithal he blent and cryed, a!
 As that he stongen were to the herte.
 And with that crye Arcite anon upsterte
 And sayd, "Cosyn myn, what aileth the
 That art so pale and dedly for to see?"
 And with that word Arcite gan espye
 Wher as this lady romed to and fro,
 And with that sight hire beauté hurt him so,
 That if Palamon was wounded sore,
 Arcite is hurt as moche as he, or more.

Canterbury Tales.

From the *Clerk's Tale.*

Among this pore folk there dwelt a man,
 Which that was holden porest of hem alle,
 But heighe God som tyme sende can
 His grace unto a litel oxe stalle.
 Janicula men of that thorp him calle.
 A doughter hed he fair y-nough to sight,
 And Grisildes this yonge mayden hight.¹

* * * * *

This story is sayd, not for thet wyves sholde
 Folwe² Grisild, as in humilite,
 For it were importable,³ though they wolde;
 But for that every wight in his degre
 Schulde be constant in adversite.—*Canterbury Tales.*

* Any light exercise was called playing.

¹ was called.

² follow.

³ intolerable.

From the *Cuckow and the Nightingale*.

But now I woll you tell a wonder thing,
 As long as I lay in that swouning,
 Me thought I wist what the briddes ment,
 And what thei said and what was hir intent,
 And of hir speech I had good knowing.

There heard I the nightingale say,
 "Now good cuckow go somewhere away,
 And let us that can singen dwellen here,
 For every wight escheweth thee to here,
 Thy songs be so elenge,¹ in good fay."

"What," quod she, "may thee alen now?
 It thinketh me, I sing as wel as thou,
 For my song is both true and plaine,
 And though I cannot crakell so in vaine,
 As thou dost in thy throte, I wot never how,
 Every wight may understande me."

From the *Vision of PIER'S PLOUGHMAN*.

In a somer season	And loked on the waters,
When softe was the sonne,	I slombred into a slepyng,
I shoope ² me into shroudes ³	It sweyed so murye. ¹⁰
As I a sheep ⁴ weere,	Than gan I metan ¹¹
In habit as an heremite, ⁵	A marveillous swevene, ¹²
Unholy of werkes,	That I was in a wilderness,
Wente wide in this world	Wiste ¹³ I never where,
Wonders to here;	And as I beheeld into the eest
Ac ⁶ on a May morwenynge,	An heigh to the sonne,
On Malverne Hilles,	I seigh ¹⁴ a tour on a toft ¹⁵
Me befel a ferly ⁷	Trieliche ¹⁶ y-mated,
Of fairy me thoghte.	A depe dale bynethe,
I was wery for-wandred, ⁸	A dongeon therinne,
And wente me to reste	With depe diches and derke
Under a brood bank	And dredfulle of sighte.
By a bourne's ⁹ syde;	A fair feeld ful of folk
And as I lay and lenede,	Fond I ther betwene,

¹ dull.² shaped.³ clothes.⁴ shepherd.⁵ hermit.⁶ and.⁷ a wonder.⁸ weary.⁹ stream's.¹⁰ merry, pleasantly.¹¹ met.¹² dream.¹³ knew.¹⁴ saw.¹⁵ hill.¹⁶ choicely.

Of alle manere of men,
 The meene and the riche,
 Werchyng¹ and wandrynge
 As the world asketh.
 Some putten hem² to the plough,
 Pleiden³ ful selde⁴
 In settynge and sowynge
 Swonken⁵ ful harde,
 And wonnen⁶ that wastours
 With glotonye destruyeth.

* * * * *
 What this mountaigne bymeneth,⁷
 And the merke dale,
 And the feld ful of folk,
 I shal yow faire shewe.
 A lovely lady⁸ of leere,
 In lynnyn y-clothed,
 Cam down from a castel
 And called me faire,
 And seide, "Sone, slepestow?"⁹

Sestow¹⁰ this peple
 How bisie thei ben
 Alle aboute the maze?
 The mooste partie of this peple
 That passeth on this erthe,
 Have thei worship in this world,
 Thei wilne no bettere.
 Of oother hevene than here
 Holde thei no tale."

* * * * *
 "The tour on the toft," quod she,
 "Truthe is therinne;
 And wolde that ye wroughte
 As his word techeth!
 For he is fader of feith,
 And formed yow alle
 Bothe with fel¹¹ and with face,
 And yaf¹² yow fyve wittes,
 For to worshipec him therewith
 While that ye ben heere."

The dreamer (Piers Plowman) then asks Holy Church to teach him how to know the false, to which the lady replies:

"Loke up on thi left half,
 And lo where he stondest!
 Bothe False¹³ and Favel."¹⁴
 I lokod on my left half,
 As the lady me taughte,
 And was ware of a womman
 Worthiliche y-clad
 Purfiled¹⁵ with pelure,¹⁶
 The fyneste upon erthe,
 Y-crowned with a coroune,
 The kyng hath noon bettere;

Fetisliche¹⁷ hire fynghes
 Were fretted with gold wyr,
 And theron rede rubies,
 As rede as any gleede.¹⁸
 * * * * *
 "What is this womman," quod I,
 "So worthili atired?"
 "That is Mede, the mayde," quod
 she,
 "Hath noyed¹⁹ me ful ofte."

¹ working.

⁴ seldom.

⁷ meaneth.

¹⁰ seest thou.

¹³ falsehood.

¹⁶ fur.

¹⁹ annoyed.

² them.

⁵ labor.

⁸ the personification of Holy Church.

¹¹ skin.

¹⁴ flattery.

¹⁷ elegantly

³ play.

⁶ win.

⁹ sleepest thou.

¹² gave.

¹⁵ embroidered.

¹⁸ live coal.

BARBOUR.

AN APOSTROPHE TO FREEDOM.

A! fredome is a nobill thing!
 Fredome mayse man to haiff liking!
 Fredome al solace to man giffs:
 He levys at ese that frely levys!
 A nobil hart may haff nane ese,
 Na elles nocht that may him plese,
 Gyff fredome failythe: for fre liking
 Is yearnyt our all othir thing,
 Na he, that ay has levyt fre,
 May nocht knaw weill the propyrte,
 The angyr, na the wretchyt dome,
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome.
 But gyff he had assayit it,
 Then all perquer he suld it wyt;
 And suld think fredome more to pryse
 Than all the gold in warld that is.—*Bruce.*

WYCLIFFE.

From *Translation of the New Testament.*

MATTHEW, CHAPTER VIII.

Forsothe when Jhesus hadde comen down fro the hil, many cumpanyes
 folewiden hym. And loo! a leprouse man cummynge worshipide him,
 sayinge; Lord gif thou wolt, thou maist make me clene. And Jhesus
 holdyng forthe the honde, touchide hym, sayinge, I wole; be thou maad
 clene. And anon the lepre of hym was clensid. And Jhesus saith to
 hym; See, say thou to no man; but go shewe thee to prestis, and offre
 that gifte that Moyses comaundide, into witnessing to hem.

Sothely when he hadde entride in to Capharnaum, centurio neigide
 to hym preyinge hym, and said, Lord my child lyeth in the hous sike
 on the palsie, and is yuel tourmentid. And Jhesus saith to hym, I shal
 cume, and shal hele hym. And centurio answeyng saith to hym,
 Lord, I am not worthi, that thou entre vndre my roof; but oonly say bi
 word, and my child shall be helid. For whi and I am a man ordeynd
 vndre power, hauyng vndir me knightis; and I say to this, Go, and he
 goth; and to another, Come thou, and he cometh; and to my seruaunt,
 Do thou this thing, and he doth. Sothely Jhesus, heeryng these thingis,
 wondride, and said to men suyng hym: Trewly I saye to you, I fond not
 so grete feith in Ysrael.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

OF THE CONTRES AND YLES THAT BEN BEYONDE THE LOND
OF CATHEY.

In passynge be the Lond of Cathaye, toward the highe Ynde, and toward Bacharye, men passen be a Kyngdom, that men clepen Caldilhe, that is a fulle fair Contree. And there growithe a manere of Fruyt, as thoughe it weren Gourdes; and whan thei ben ripe, men kutten hem a to, and men fynden with-inne a lytylle Best, in Flessche in Bon, and Blode, as though it were a lytylle Lomb with outen Wolle. And men eten bothe the Frut and the Best; and that is a gret Marveylle. Of that Frute I have eten; alle thoughe it were wondirfulle: but that I knowe wel, that God is marvellous in his Werkes. And natheles I tolde hem, of als gret a Marveylle to hem that is amonges us: and that was of the Bernakes.* For I told hem that in oure Contree weren Trees that beren a Fruyt, that becomen Briddes fleeynge; and thei that fallen into the Water lyven; and thei that fallen on the Erthe, dyen anon: and thei ben right gode to Mannes mete. And here of had thei als gret marvaylle, that sume of hem trowed it were an impossible thing to be.

From thet Lond, in returnynge be 10 jorneyes thorge out the Lond of the grete Chane, is another gode Yle, and a gret Kyngdom, where the King is ful riche and myghte. And amonges the riche men of his Contree is a passynge riche man, that is no Prynce, ne Duke, ne Erl. He hathe every day, 50 fair Damyseles, alle Maydenes, that serven him everemore at his Mete. And whan he is at the Table, thei bryngen him hys Mete at every tyme, 5 and 5 to gedre. And in bryngynge hire Seryse, thei syngen a Song. And afre that, thei kutten his Mete, and putten it in his Mouthe: for he touchethe no thing ne handlethe nought, but holdethe evere more his Hondes before him, upon the Table. For he hathe so longe Nayles, that he may take no thing, ne handle no thing. For the Noblesse of that Contree is to have longe Nayles, and to make hem grown alle weys to ben as longe as men may. And there ben manye in that Contree, that han hire nayles so longe that they envyrnone alle the Hond; and that is a gret Noblesse. And the Noblesse of the Women is for to haven smale Feet and litille: and therefore anon as thei ben born, they leet bynde hire Feet so streyte that thei may not grown half as nature wolde. And alle ways theise Damyselles, that I

* Barnacles, the name of a species of sea fowl, anciently supposed to grow out of the *barnacles* attached to wood in the sea.

spak of befor, syngen alle the tyme that this riche man etethe: and when that he eteth no more of his firste Cours, than other 5 and 5 of faire Damyseles bryngen him his seconde Cours, alle weys syngynge, as thei dide befor. And so thei don contynuelly every day, to the ende of his Mete. And in this manere he ledeth his Lif. And so dide thei before him, that weren his Auncestres; and so schulle thei that comen aftir him.



SYLLABUS.

Early Modern English dates from the middle of the fourteenth century. In 1362 Edward III. passed a law enforcing the use of English in judicial pleadings.

Wycliffe's doctrines influenced the age.

The fourteenth century was a period of intellectual regeneration throughout Europe.

Dante, an Italian, was the first modern poet.

Chaucer was born in London, 1328, seven years after Dante's death.

He received the favor of Court.

Chaucer and John of Gaunt favored the opinions of Wycliffe.

Chaucer wrote the *Canterbury Tales* after he was sixty years of age.

He died in 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His life is best seen in his writings.

The *Canterbury Tales* present a true picture of the times.

The earliest poems of Chaucer are copied after the poetry of Southern France.

Most of his allegorical poetry is in the form of dreams.

Chaucer's love of Nature is evident in all his writings.

"*The Vision of Piers Plowman*," by William Langland, is an allegorical poem satirizing the abuses of the Church.

The "*Creed of Piers Plowman*," published later, is the work of an unknown author.

Gower was a contemporary and friend of Chaucer. His chief work is the *Confessio Amantis*.

"*Gesta Romanorum*" was a compilation of old stories.

Barbour was a Scotch poet of the time.

"*Bruce*" was his principal poem.

Wycliffe was the most important prose writer.

He was the first to translate the whole Bible.

After Wycliffe there was no translation of the Bible for a century and a half.

Sir John Mandeville was a traveller. He wrote a history of his *Voyage and Travaille*.



CAXTON.

CHAPTER IV.

REVIVAL OF LEARNING.

1400—1558.

AFTER Chaucer no great name appears in the history of English Literature for nearly a century and a half. It was as if the fresh morning ushered in by that genial poet had suddenly been clouded over. Yet the period, however void of literary genius, was far from being one of inaction. It was an age of preparation, a gathering of forces for the great literary outburst of the following period. The seed sown by Wycliffe was expanding into the Reformation. Learning was universally encouraged. The Byzantine Empire had fallen into the hands of the Turks, and the learned men of Constantinople, obliged to flee for their safety, sought refuge in foreign countries, thus diffusing the accumulated learning of their capital. The court of Lorenzo de Medici, the great Italian patron of learning, was thrown open to receive them, and thither from every nation flocked the ripest scholars to gain instruction from these learned men. The study of Greek and Latin was everywhere revived.

The invention of printing was, however, the leading cause of the dissemination of learning in the latter part of the fifteenth century, while the spirit of discovery which incited daring maritime adventures, and added a New World to the Old, had increased the restless desire for knowledge.

England, notwithstanding her losses in France, and her devastating wars at home, in the conflict between the Houses

of York and Lancaster, shared the spirit of the age in contributing to the revival of learning. Her greatest scholars, GROCYN, COLET, and LINACRE, all studied under the Greek refugees at Florence; and Erasmus, a learned Hollander who visited England for the sake of acquiring a knowledge of Greek under Grocyn, writes:

"I have found in Oxford so much polish and learning, that now I hardly care about going to Italy at all, save for the sake of having been there. When I listen to my friend Colet, it seems like listening to Plato himself. Who does not wonder at the wide range of Grocyn's knowledge? What can be more searching, deep, and refined than the judgment of Linacre? When did Nature mould a temper more gentle, endearing, and happy than the temper of Thomas More?"

Again Erasmus illustrates the enthusiasm of the age for classic studies:

"I have given up my whole soul to Greek learning," he writes, "and as soon as I get any money I shall buy Greek books, and then I shall buy some clothes."



Ballad Poetry.

Poetry, the offspring of feeling and imagination, finds its truest expression in the mother tongue. In the age of which we now are speaking, the attention of the learned being called to the Greek and Latin, it followed, as a natural consequence, that the art of poetry was left in the hands of the common people. Hence, to this age we are indebted for our ballad poetry.* In these rude rhymes we obtain a more vivid glimpse of the national life of the people than through the more polished productions of the learned.

Among the ballads which may be referred to this time are *Chevy-Chase*, *The Battle of Otterbourne*, *The Nut-Brown Maid*, and various poems on *Robin Hood*, the bold outlaw. Original expression was not sought by the rustic composers, and sometimes whole lines seemed to be the common property of the various unknown minstrels. A favorite introductory line was:

* Excepting Spain, no countries in Europe are so rich in ballad literature as England and Scotland.

“Lithe and listen, gentlemen,”
Or,

“Hearken to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heere,”

while through nearly every recital the faithful and inevitable little foot-page keeps up the constant pace,

“One while the little foot-page went,
Another while he ranne.”

Certain stereotyped adjectives were invariably used with certain nouns. All barons were “bold ;” every lady, “fair” and her hand, “lily white ;” a rose was a “red, red rose,” and England always “merrie England.”

Later versions of these charming old ballads utterly fail to express the vigor and rude melody of the originals. The most popular ballads suffered the most, by being transmitted orally from generation to generation, each reciter trying to make the meaning more intelligible by substituting the more polished phrase of his own time.

Scottish Poets.

Of the known poets of this period, there were better writers among the Scotch than among the English. JAMES I. of SCOTLAND (1394-1437) ranks highest among the poets of the fifteenth century. Detained a prisoner in the court of England for nineteen years, he there received a princely education, which developed not only a poetical genius, but the qualities of mind and heart to render him a fit ruler of his nation when at last he obtained his liberty. His best work, entitled the *King's Quair* (book), was written during the last years of his captivity. It relates the romantic incidents of his life, chief of which was seeing from his prison window his future wife, the lovely Jane Beaufort, granddaughter of John of Gaunt. His description of this “freshe younge flower,” and the circumstances under which he saw her, remind us of “Emilie” and the imprisoned “cosyns” in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*.* Although this Scotch poet was a devoted admirer of Chaucer and a professed follower, there is enough originality in his poem to redeem it from the reproach of being a mere imitation.

* See page 47.

Other Scotch poets of the fifteenth century were WYNTOUN and BLIND HARRY, but of scarcely sufficient merit to quote. In the early part of the sixteenth century the prominent Scotch poets were WILLIAM DUNBAR (1465-1530), GAWAIN DOUGLAS (1474-1522), and SIR DAVID LINDSAY (1490-1555).

English Poets.

OCCLEVE and LYDGATE, in the early part of the fifteenth century, were, like James I. of Scotland, the professed followers of Chaucer. JOHN SKELTON (1460-1529) was a coarse English satirist.

The two polishers of English verse in the early part of the sixteenth century were HENRY HOWARD, Earl of SURREY (1516-1547), and Sir THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542). United by the bonds of friendship, the names of these two poets will always be coupled together in the history of English literature. To elegant scholarship and courtly attainments they added true knightly virtues. Both were entrusted by the King, Henry VIII., with important commissions, and both lives were sacrificed to that monarch, Wyatt's indirectly, and through zeal in serving the King; but Surrey, by direct order of Henry VIII., met his death on the scaffold.

There is but little in Wyatt's poetry to attract the modern student of literature; and Surrey is chiefly held in remembrance as the first writer of sonnets and blank verse in the English language. Some of his sonnets are full of poetic grace, especially those addressed to "Geraldine." Love is the chief theme of both Surrey's and Wyatt's songs and sonnets. Both poets wrote refined satires.

Prose Writers.

The art of printing was first introduced into England by WILLIAM CAXTON (1412-1492), who, though he laid no great claim to authorship, wrote and translated several books, and with untiring industry brought into popular notice the best works of his own and of preceding times. One of his own translations from the German was the famous satire of *Renard the Fox*.

The first book printed in England was *The Game of Chess*, 1474. The first book printed in the English language was *The History of Troy*. This was printed in Cologne in 1471.

The most remarkable character and most distinguished prose writer of this period was SIR THOMAS MORE (1480-1535). After the fall of Cardinal Wolsey he became Lord Chancellor, which high office he held until 1535, when he became obnoxious to Henry VIII., and was beheaded, ostensibly for denying that monarch to be the supreme head of the church. No character ever presented greater contradictions than that of Sir Thomas More. A stern and rigid Catholic, scourging weekly his own body, and wearing next to the lacerated flesh a shirt of hair, from his chair of office carrying to the verge of cruelty the punishment of offenders, he was yet the most genial companion and wittiest of men. His home at Chelsea was the resort of the learned and great, who gathered here for the rare privilege of enjoying his conversation. The contests of wit between More and the learned Erasmus were sometimes very brilliant.*

The chief work of Sir Thomas More is the *Utopia*, the name signifying *No Place*. It was written in Latin, and is a satire on the state of society in his own time. Utopia is a place of ideal perfection in laws, politics, and manners. More represents himself as being introduced at Antwerp by his friend, Peter Giles, to one Raphael Hythloday, a traveller, more at home on sea than on land, who used to say "that the way to heaven was the same from all places, and he that had no grave had the heavens still over him." At the request of the two friends, the traveller discourses to them upon his wonderful adventures, but takes for his especial theme "The best state of a Commonwealth," which he illustrates by the laws and customs of Utopia, the island which he had lately discovered.

"We asked him many questions concerning all these things (his travels), to which he answered very willingly; only we made no inquiry for monsters, than which nothing is more common, for everywhere one may hear of ravenous dogs and wolves and cruel man-eaters; but it is not so easy to find states that are well and wisely governed."

Utopia is represented as an island in the shape of a crescent,

* A striking feature of More's humor was his ability to jest under the most painful circumstances. Even upon the scaffold he jested. Laying his head upon the block, he for an instant suspended the headsman's blow, as with characteristic, yet unexampled, serenity he gathered in his hand his long beard, saying, as he drew it aside, "Spare this: it hath committed no treason."

so much curved that the two extremities coming close together form an excellent harbor. So graphic was More's description of this island, and its happy inhabitants, that some wise men of the day believed it really existed, and desired to send missionaries to convert so excellent a people to Christianity !

Bible Translations.

Wycliffe's translation of the Bible had been completed in 1382, and circulated in manuscript copies. For a century and a half no other translation had been attempted. Twenty years after the death of Wycliffe it was decreed that

"No one should thereafter translate any text of the Bible into English, and that no book of this kind should be read that was composed lately in the time of John Wyclif or since his death."

And about the same time, or in 1400, an act of Parliament decreed that those dissenting from the Catholic Church should be punished with death. Yet, for all this, the doctrine of transubstantiation was becoming widely questioned. Monks and priests began to tremble for their slippery foothold. They looked with jealous apprehension upon the art of printing, not only because it rendered useless their beautiful manuscript copying, but because it spread enlightenment and revealed the corruptions of the church. One zealous priest declared : "We must root out printing, or printing will root out us."

In the face of decrees and dogmas, WILLIAM TYNDALE (1480-1536) undertook his cherished design of translating the Bible from the Greek and Hebrew originals. England afforded no safe retreat for the work he had undertaken, and he embarked for Holland. He resided chiefly at Antwerp, and in 1525 completed the New Testament. It sold rapidly, edition after edition being imported into England, notwithstanding the fact that the importers were rigorously prosecuted.

Tyndale left his native land in 1523, never to return. With untiring devotion he labored abroad at the work to which his life was dedicated ; but he was finally betrayed into the hands of spies of Henry VIII., imprisoned, and in 1536 burned near Antwerp. His last words were : "O Lord, open the king of England's eyes !" Scarcely had Tyndale expired before the

arbitrary king, having created himself Head of the Church in England, commanded the circulation of the Bible throughout the realm.

Other translations rapidly followed Tyndale's. The first was made by MILES COVERDALE (1487-1568), and was dedicated to the king. This was the first English translation that was printed entire.

The GREAT BIBLE, or Cranmer's, as it is called, because Cranmer wrote a preface to it, appeared in 1539.

The GENEVA BIBLE was prepared by the English Protestants, who took refuge in Geneva during Mary's stormy reign.*

Scholars and Writers on Education.

Among the scholars of this age who contributed to literature were ROGER ASCHAM and SIR JOHN CHEKE. Both were, likewise, tutors in the royal family.

ROGER ASCHAM (1515-1568), the honored preceptor of Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey, deserves especial mention as the first English writer on education. He sought to win the learned men of his time from the exclusive study of the Greek and Latin to a more careful cultivation of the vernacular. His principal work is *The Schoolmaster*.

SIR JOHN CHEKE (1514-1557) was the first professor of Greek at Cambridge. He was also tutor to Prince Edward, afterward Edward VI. Although his chief works were written in Latin, and, like Erasmus, "his whole soul was given to Greek," he yet did much for the improvement of the English language by encouraging clear and forcible expression. He at one time, it is said, advocated a scheme for eradicating all words from the language that were not derived from Saxon roots.

With the new learning came also the desire to improve the

* After the death of Henry VIII., his son and successor, Edward VI., enjoyed a short reign of comparative quiet; and, aided by CRANMER, promoted the Reformation. The five years' reign of Mary, which followed, was marked by the burning of nearly three hundred heretics, prominent among whom were JOHN ROGERS (—1555), who had aided Tyndale in his work of translating the Bible; HUGH LATIMER (1472-1555), one of the meekest and most genial spirits of the Reformation; BISHOP RIDLEY (—1555), one of the most learned advocates of the new faith; and THOMAS CRANMER (1489-1556), who had occupied the highest position in the Church of England, and was the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury.

mother-tongue. This ambition, worthy in itself, was not without dangerous consequences, as in many writers it resulted in a forced and affected style of expression.*

Chroniclers.

The principal chroniclers of this period were ROBERT FABYAN (1450-1512) and EDWARD HALL (1499-1547). The histories of the former are repetitions of Geoffrey of Monmouth's old stories, with additional annals down to the year 1485. Edward Hall wrote a history of events occurring within his own time. He called his work "*The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancastre and Yorke*," etc. This work afforded the basis of many scenes for the play-writers of the next period.

SIR THOMAS MORE wrote a *History of Edward V. and Richard III.*, LORD BERNERS (1474-1532) translated FROISSART'S *Chronicles*, and JOHN BELLENDEN (1495-1550), a Scotchman, translated into Scotch prose a Latin history of his country. In this history we learn the story of Macbeth.

Miscellaneous Writers.

SIR THOMAS MALORY, of whose life but little is known, collected, about the year 1470, the stories of King Arthur, under the title of *The Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur*. The work was printed by Caxton in 1485. It is often entitled *Morte d'Arthur*.

BISHOP PECOCK (1390-1460) was a theologian who opposed Wycliffe's doctrines, and appealed in his arguments to reason rather than to church authority, thus losing favor with his own party. His works were formally condemned and burned. His most important work is *The Repressor*.

SIR JOHN FORTESQUE (1395-1485) wrote an English work, entitled the *Difference between Absolute and Limited Monarchy*.

BISHOP BALE (1495-1563), besides producing nineteen miracle plays, wrote an *Account of the Lives of Eminent Writers of Great Britain*.

* THOMAS WILSON, the first critical writer upon the English language, published, in 1553, a *System of Rhetoric and Logic*. In urging greater simplicity of style, he says: "Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, that, if some of their mothers were alive, they were not able to tell what they say. The unlearned or foolish fantastical will so Latin their tongues that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk, and think surely they speak by some revelation. I know them that think rhetoric to stand wholly upon dark words; and he that can catch an inkhorn word by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician." He thus ridicules the alliterative style then in vogue: "Pitiful poverty prayeth for a penny," etc.

JOHN LELAND (1505-1552) was the first English Antiquarian writer.

THE PASTON LETTERS were letters written or received by different members of the Paston family between the years 1440 and 1505. They give interesting information concerning the Wars of the Roses and other matters of historic interest, and throw much light on the domestic manners of the time. These letters were first collected and published by Sir John Fenn in 1787.

Illustrations of the Literature

From 1400-1558.



From THE BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

The wardens of the marches, or border lands, between England and Scotland were Percy, on the English side of the Cheviot Hills, and Douglas, on the Scottish side. The rivalry between these two families gave rise to the old ballad of Chevy-Chase. Indeed, the border feuds were the subject of many of the finest of the old ballads.

THE FIRST FIT.¹

The Perse owt² of Northumberland,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountaynes
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger³ of doughte Dogles
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
He sayed he wold kill and carry them away;
"Be my feth,"⁴ sayd the doughte Doglas agayn,
"I wyll let⁵ that hontyng gif that I may."

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
For to reas the deer,
Bow-men bickarte⁶ uppone the bent⁷
With their browd arras cleare.

¹ From the Anglo-Saxon *fitl*, a song or part of a song.

⁴ faith.

⁵ hinder.

⁶ skirmished.

² out.

³ in spite of.

⁷ hill.

Then the wyld¹ thorowe the woodes went
 On every syde shear;
 Grea-hondes thorowe the greves² glent
 For to kyll thear deer.

The began on Chyviat the hyls above,
 Yerly on monnyn day.
 Be that it drewe to the houre of none³
 A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good,
 Withouten any fail;
 The were borne along be the watter a Tweed,
 Yth⁴ bowndes of Tividale.

The doughti Doglas on a stede
 He rode at his men beforne:
 His armor glytteryde as did a glede,⁵
 A bolder barne⁶ was never born.

"Tell me what men ye ar," says he,
 "Or whos men that ye be:
 Who gave youe leeve to hunte in this
 Chyviat-Chays in the spyt of me?"

The first man that ever him an answer meyd,
 Yt was the good lord Perse:
 "We wyll not tell the what men we are," he says,
 "Nor whos men that we be;
 But we wyll hount heer in this chays
 In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

"The fattiste hartes in all Chyviatt
 We have kyld, and cast⁷ to carry them away."
 "Be my troth,"⁸ sayd the doughte Doglas agayn,
 "Ther-for⁹ the ton of us shall de this day."*

* This ballad consists of sixty-eight stanzas.

¹ wild deer.

² groves.

³ noon.

⁴ in the.

⁵ a burning coal.

⁶ man.

⁷ intend.

⁸ truth.

⁹ therefore the one of us shall die this day.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

From the KING'S QUAIR.

Now was there made, fast by the Toure's wall,
 A garden fair; and in the corners set
 An herbere¹ green, with wandis long and small
 Railed about, and so with treeis set
 Was all the place, and hawthorne hedges knet,
 That life was none walking there forby,
 That might within scarce any wight espy.

* * * * *

And therewith cast I doun myn eye again;
 Whereas I saw, walking under the Toure,
 Full secretly, new comyn her to playen,²
 The fairest, or the freshest younge flower
 That ever I saw, methought, before that hour.
 For which sudden abate anon astert
 The blood of all my body to my heart.

* * * * *

And when she walked had a little threw
 Under the sweete greene boughis bent
 Her fair fresh face, as white as any snow,
 She turned her, and furth her wayis went;
 But tho³ began my aches⁴ and torment,
 To see her part and follow I na might,
 Methought the day was turned into night.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

Contrast the two sonnets given below,—the simple beauty and earnestness of the first, with the affected alliterative style of the latter. Both were written by the Earl of Surrey.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

The soote⁵ season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale,
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
 The turtle to her make⁶ hath told her tale.
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,⁷

¹ arbor.

² play, take exercise.

³ then.

⁴ the soft sound was sometimes given to the *ch* in this word.

⁵ sweet.

⁶ mate.

⁷ paling.

The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
 The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
 The adder all her slough away she flings;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;¹
 The busy bee her honey now she mings;²
 Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
 And thus I see among these pleasant things
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

THE FRAILTY AND HURTFULNESS OF BEAUTY.

Brittle beauty, that Nature made so frail,
 Whereof the gift is small, and shorter is the season;
 Flow'ring to-day, to-morrow apt to fail;
 Tickle³ treasure, abhorred of reason:
 Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail:
 Costly in keeping, past, not worth two peason,⁴
 Slipperer in sliding than is an eel's tail;
 Hard to obtain, once gotten never geason;⁵
 Jewel of jeopardy, that peril doth assail;
 False and untrue, enticed oft to treason;
 Enemy to youth, that most men bewail;
 Ah! bitter sweet, infecting as the poison,
 Thou fairest as the fruit that with the frost is taken;
 To-day ready ripe—to-morrow all to shaken.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

From the UTOPIA.

OF THEIR LAWS.

They have but few laws, and such is their constitution that they need not many. They do very much condemn other nations, whose laws, together with the comments on them, swell up so many volumes; for they think it an unreasonable thing to oblige men to obey a body of laws that cannot be read or understood by every one of the subjects. They have no lawyers among them, for they consider them as a sort of people whose profession it is to disguise matters as well as to wrest laws.

OF WEALTH.

They wonder much to hear that gold, which in itself is a very useless thing, should be everywhere so much esteemed, that even man, for whom it was made and by whom it has its value, should yet be thought of less value than it is.

¹ small. ² mingles. ³ unsteady. ⁴ plural of *pea*. ⁵ worth getting.

OF MUSIC.

They exceed as much in their music, both vocal and instrumental, which does so imitate and express the passions, and is so fitted to the present occasion, whether the subject-matter of the hymn is cheerful or made to appease, or troubled, doleful, or angry, that the music makes an impression of that which is represented, by which it enters deep into the hearers, and does very much affect and kindle them.

IN TRAVELLING,

They carry nothing with them, yet in all their journey they lack nothing, for wheresoever they come they be at home. There are no wine taverns nor ale houses.

ON WAR.

They detest war as a very brutal thing, and which, to the reproach of human nature, is more practised by men than by any sort of beasts.

A COMMON-WEALTH.

In all other places it is visible that whereas people talk of a Common-wealth, every man only seeks his *own wealth*, but there all men do zealously pursue the good of the public.

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

From the TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Luke x. 25.

And marke a certayne Lawere stode up and tempted hym, sayinge: Master, what shal I do to inherit eternall lyfe? He sayd unto him: What is written in the lawe? Howe redest thou? And he answerde, and sayde: Thou shalt love thy lorde god wyth all thy hert and wyth all thy soule and wyth all thy strengthe and wyth all thy mynde and thy neighbor as thy self.

ROGER ASCHAM.

From the SCHOOLMASTER.

"Before I went into Germanie, I came to take my leave of that noble Ladie Jane Grey, to whom I was much beholding. Her parentes, the Duke and the Duches, with all the houshold, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntynge in the Park. I found her, in her Chamber, readinge Phaeton Platonis in Greeke, and that with as moch delite as some gentlemen wold read a merie tale in Bocace."*

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"As for the Latin and Greek tongue, every thing is so excellently done in them that none can do better; in the English tongue, contrary, every thing in a manner so meanly, both for the matter and handling, that no man can do worse.

"He that will write well in any tongue must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, and think as wise men do."

SIR THOMAS MALORY.

From the HISTORY OF KING ARTHUR and the KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

How King Arthur had all the knights together for to just in the meadow beside Camelot, or they departed in search of the Holy Grail.

"Now," said the king, "I am sure at this quest of the sancgreall, shall all ye of the round table depart, and never shall I see you again whole together, therefore I will see you all whole together in the medow of Camelot, for to just and to turney, that after your death men may speak of it, that such good knights were wholly together such a day." But all the meaning of the king was to see Sir Galahad proved, for the king deemed hee should not lightly come againe unto the court after his departing. And the queene was in a tower with all her ladies for to behold that turnement.

Of the great lamentation that the faire made of Astolat made when Sir Launcelot should depart, and how she died for his love.

. . . And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Tirre, and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she would endite it. And when the letter was written word by word like shee had devised, then she prayed her father that she might be watched untill she were dead. "And while my body is whole, let this letter be put into my right hand, bound fast with the letter untill that I be cold, and let me be put in a faire bed with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed and all my rich clothes be laide with me in a barge, and but one man with me, such as ye trust to sterve me thither, and that my barge be covered with black samite over and over." Then her father and brother made great dole, for when this was done, anon shee died. And so the corpse and the bed and all was led the next way unto the Thamse, and there a man and the corps and all were put in a barge on the Thamse, and the man steered the barge to Westminster.

* * * * *

So by fortune king Arthur and queene Guenivere were speaking to-

gether at a window ; and so as they looked at the Thamse, they espied the black barge, and had marvaile what it might meane. . . . And then the king took the queene by the hand, and went thither. Then the king made the barge to be holden fast ; and then the king and the queene went in, and ther they saw a faire gentlewoman lying in a rich bed, and covered with rich clothes, and all was of cloth of gold ; and shee lay as though she had smiled. Then the queene espied the letter in the right hand, and told the king thereof. Then the king brake it open, and bade a clarke to reade it. . . . Then was Sir Launcelot sent for, and king Arthur made the letter to be red to him. And Sir Launcelot said, "My lord king Arthur, wit you well that I am right heavy of the death of this faire damosell ; God knoweth I was never causer of her death, by my will, and that I will report mee unto her owne brother, here hee is, Sir Lavaine. She was bothe faire and good, and much I was beholden to her, but she loved me out of measure." . . . Then said the king to Sir Launcelot, "It will be your worship that you oversee that shee bee buried worshipfully." "Sir," said Sir Launcelot, "that shall be done as I can best devise." And on the morrow shee was richly buried.



SYLLABUS.

After Chaucer, there was no great poet in England for a hundred and fifty years.

The period was one of great events, but of no great literary works.

The principal events were the Invention of Printing, The breaking up of the Eastern Empire (1453), The Discovery of America, The beginning of the Reformation (1517).

It was a period of revival in learning.

Poetry was left in the hands of the uneducated. Ballad poetry was the result.

There were more poets in Scotland than in England.

King James I., Dunbar, Gawain Douglas, and Lindsay were the chief Scottish poets.

In England, Oceleve and Lydgate were professed followers of Chaucer.

Skelton was an English satirist.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt were the polishers of English versé.

Surrey introduced the Sonnet and Blank verse into English poetry.

William Caxton introduced printing into England.

Sir Thomas More was the most prominent writer of the age. Utopia was his principal work. It was written in Latin.

William Tyndale translated the New Testament. He was condemned and burnt at Antwerp.

Other translations of the Bible were Coverdale's, Cranmer's, or the Great Bible, The Geneva Bible, etc.

Craumer, Latimer, Ridley, and John Rogers were martyrs in Queen Mary's time.

Eminent scholars of the age were Grocyn, Colet, Linacre, Sir Thomas More, Erasmus (a Hollander), Sir John Cheke, Roger Ascham, Thomas Wilson, etc.

The last three labored to cultivate the English language as well as the Latin and Greek.

The principal chroniclers of the time were Robert Fabyan, Edward Hall, Lord Berners, translator of Froissart's Chronicles, and John Bellenden, who translated a Latin History of Scotland.

Sir Thomas Malory collected the Arthurian Legends.

Sir John Fortesque and Reginald Pecock were among the ablest men of the time.

John Bale wrote Miracle Plays and Lives of British Writers.

John Leland was the first English Antiquarian.

The "Paston Letters" were written by the Paston family, and throw much light on the domestic manners of the time.





SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER V.

THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD.

1558—1649.

THE period usually styled the Elizabethan or the Golden Age of English Literature is embraced within the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., beginning about the middle of Elizabeth's reign, reaching its meridian splendor in the reign of her successor, and gradually declining with the reign of Charles I. It was the culmination of the forces of the preceding age. New discoveries had opened new mines of thought and enterprise; the knowledge accumulated in the age just ended was assimilated in this, and as getting learning had been the fashion of the preceding age, appearing learned was the fashion of this. The fact that all three of the sovereigns encouraged literature, and that Elizabeth and James were both ambitious of literary distinction, were incentives to their followers, and literary pursuits became the fashion of the day. The women were as learned as the men, in many instances more so. In praise of Elizabeth's learning, her old tutor, Roger Ascham, says :

"I believe that beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here, at Windsor, more Greek every day than some prebendary of this Church doth Latin in a whole week."*

With such a woman as Queen, what wonder that a host of learned women followed in her train. The three sisters, Lady

* Deducting the flattery from this, the fact still remains that Elizabeth gave much time to study.

Bacon, Lady Burleigh, and Lady Killigrew ; Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke ; Lady Jane Grey, and many other women, read Plato and Cicero in the original, and made frequent translations.

The political condition of England was favorable to the production of literature. Never before had the nation been so prosperous. Never before had a sovereign selected wiser and more judicious counsellors than those by whom Elizabeth surrounded herself. Wisdom and moderation characterized the reign. The terrible ordeal of "turn or burn," the watchword in Mary's time, was transmuted into an ordinance of peace and toleration. Wealth and prosperity flowed into the kingdom ; intellectual labor was rewarded, and intellectual recreations demanded. The old institution of chivalry had left enough of its genuine spirit to tinge the age with the love of romance and adventure, and to produce such knights as Raleigh and Sidney, while the classical learning of the preceding century gave a solid basis for the glow of imaginative genius in this.

It was an age not only of literary advancement, but of progress in refinement of every kind. Various improvements in household arrangements crept in. Chimneys to the houses became quite common, and in the seventeenth century fire-places were built nearly in the present style.*

Less attention, however, seems to have been given to domestic and genuine home comforts than to exterior display and ornamentation. The three thousand dresses of the Queen serve to indicate the luxury and extravagance of the time. Brilliancy in everything characterized the age. Diamonds flash, silks rustle, and all is pageantry and show. Not a courtier but would have thrown his velvet cloak over the mud, as Sir Walter Raleigh did, for Elizabeth's dainty foot to pass over. They lived an ideal and unreal life. All the world to them was, indeed, a stage, and the men and women merely

*It was not until the reign of James I. that forks were used to eat with. Soon after, tables with leaves were used, and the salt became the dividing line at table between the aristocracy and common people, the latter being seated below the salt. Before this time, the dais, or raised platform, had separated the two classes in the dining-hall. After the middle of the seventeenth century the hall itself ceases to be mentioned as the chief room of the house.

players. Genuine feeling was displaced by feigned passions, and earnest living by unreal acting.

It was an age of imagination, and we are not surprised at the character of the literature. When pageantries and brilliant displays found most favor with the Queen, what wonder that the Drama should be the prevailing literature of the day, and that the dramatists should exceed in number all other writers of the age.

That this age should give rise to the greatest poet as well as the greatest dramatist is what might be expected—the poet's poet “of imagination all compact,” and that his theme should be the typified exploits of Arthur and his knights, and that his poem should be called the *Faërie Queen*, is also just what might be expected from this chivalrous, courtly age. The long-fettered imagination had burst all bonds of restraint, and now revelled in its untried freedom. A new field of literary enterprise was thrown open, and the writers, trammelled by no rules or antecedents, were guided by genius and fancy. It was a period of creative conception.

The first half of Elizabeth's reign was not prolific in great writers. Other countries in Europe were far in advance of England in the productions of literature.*

The three great names of the Elizabethan period are SHAKESPEARE, SPENSER, and BACON. Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist, if not the greatest literary genius the world has ever seen; Spenser, the second of England's great non-dramatic poets; and Bacon, the first of philosophers who urged utility as the end of scientific investigations. Any one

* Italy, under the rule of Lorenzo de Medici and his son, Pope Leo X., had attained to a high degree of elegance in literature, and Ariosto, Michael Angelo, and Machiavelli, each in his own department of letters and art, had contributed to the wealth of Italian lore. The real period of French literature was in the seventeenth century, yet we find the names of Philippe de Comines, of Marot and Rabelais, Calvin and Montaigne, prior to the great burst of intellectual splendor in England, while the greatest of Portuguese writers, Camoëns, died just as the literature of England was beginning to dazzle the world. Spain more nearly coincided with England in her period of literature, yet she had had her Boscan, Garcellasso, Mendoza, and Ercilla. Her greatest genius, Cervantes, the author of *Don Quixote*, died on the same day that Shakespeare died.*

* Lope de Vega and Calderon, of Spain, lived later in the same century.

of these great names would have distinguished an age ; but, surrounding these three, were innumerable brilliant writers, all aglow with the kindled enthusiasm for literature. The theatre, the court, and the church afforded the chief stimulus to literary genius.

Poetry.

Fulness characterized the poetry of the age, and long poems were the rule. The author had no fear of wearying the reader. Books were a new source of entertainment, and were eagerly devoured by the enthusiastic readers. No great poet had appeared since Chaucer, though a hundred and fifty years had elapsed. When, therefore, Spenser's *Faërie Queen* and *Shepherd's Calendar* appeared, it was an era in the literary world.

EDMUND SPENSER (1553-1599) was born in London. His early life was spent in humble circumstances, and, after graduating at Cambridge, he spent some time in the north of England, where he wrote his *Shepherd's Calendar*, and fell in love with some fair Rosalind, supposed by biographers to have been a sister of another poet, Samuel Daniel. She, however, did not reciprocate Spenser's attachment, and many years after he married a lady whose first name alone is recorded, Elizabeth. The beautiful marriage hymn, the *Epithalamium*, which he wrote in her praise, is one of the most exquisite love songs in the language.

Spenser counted among his warmest friends the generous Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh. Through their influence he was introduced to courtly circles and gained the patronage of the Queen. He was commissioned with some public trust in Ireland, which he performed so faithfully that Elizabeth gave him a present of three thousand acres of land near Cork,—the confiscated property of the insurgent Earl of Desmond. Here Spenser was obliged to live, that being one of the conditions of the grant. His residence, Kilcolman Castle, occupied a commanding view of the surrounding country. The river Mulla ran through his grounds, and by its banks the poet enjoyed many hours of study and retirement. Here Raleigh visited him, and here they read together the yet unpublished manuscript of the *Faërie Queen*. Through Raleigh's persuasion Spenser returned with him to London and presented to the Queen the finished

manuscript of the first two books of that famous poem. Elizabeth finding herself so magnificently reflected in its pages, was delighted with the poem. It pleased, likewise, the chivalric tastes of her courtiers, and the poem became instantly popular. Again at Kilcolman Castle he resumed his pen and finished the first six books of the *Faërie Queen*. The intention had been to write twelve.

Like other great minds of his own and of every age, Spenser conceived a project which a lifetime was insufficient to realize. The twelve books were designed to represent twelve virtues, each portrayed in the person of a knight. The Queen of Fairy Land holds a twelve days' feast. Each of the allegorical knights sets out on an adventure to conquer some error at strife with the virtue which he personifies. The First Book tells the story of the Red Cross Knight, the type of Holiness, and also of the Church of England; the Second Book relates the history of Sir Guyon, the personification of Temperance; the Third of Britomartis, or of Chastity; the Fourth Book treats of Friendship; the Fifth of Justice, and the Sixth of Courtesy. King Arthur is the hero and connecting link throughout, and in himself embraces all the virtues. The knight-errant spirit of the subject suited Spenser's fertile imagination, and although the allegory is less pleasing than the old Celtic myth of Arthur, the rich imagination of Spenser has clothed the whole with undying splendor. The several allegorical characters, besides representing virtues, are intended to personate historic characters. The *Faërie Queen* symbolizes Elizabeth herself; the envious Duessa, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and also the Catholic Church; while the Red Cross Knight typifies the Church of England, or Holiness, also the patron St. George.

The student of the English language may be surprised at the antiquated diction of Spenser, when the language had so far progressed at the time in which he wrote. The poet himself best accounts for it. He delighted in Chaucer, and *Piers Plowman*, and his sympathetic, impressive nature imbibed the very spirit of those old masters, and found expression in their language.

In defence of his style he says, speaking of himself in the third person,

"And having the sound of those auncient poets still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of their tunes."

Besides the Faërie Queen and Shepherd's Calendar, Spenser wrote many other minor poems, the most beautiful of which is the *Epithalamium*. *Mother Hubbard's Tale* is a satire on certain classes of the clergy. Spenser's chief prose work, entitled *A View of the State of Ireland*, shows his policy in the government of that oppressed nation. By his advocacy of arbitrary power he became unpopular with the Irish, and soon after Tyrone's rebellion, an insurrection broke out in Munster, and Kilcolman Castle was burned to the ground. It is said that Spenser's youngest child perished in the flames. The poet returned to London and in three months afterward died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the tomb of Chaucer.

Minor Elizabethan Poets.

Among the most prominent of the minor poets of this time, were THOMAS SACKVILLE, ROBERT SOUTHWELL, SAMUEL DANIEL, MICHAEL DRAYTON, PHINEAS and GILES FLETCHER, WARNER, WOTTON, DONNE, DAVIES, and towards the close of the period several others, among them good old GEORGE HERBERT, and JOSEPH HALL, the latter as nearly contemporary with Milton as with Shakespeare, may be looked upon as the connecting link between the two periods.

THOMAS SACKVILLE (1536-1608) known also as LORD BUCKHURST and EARL of DORSET wrote *The Mirror for Magistrates*.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1560-1595), whose cruel death is a reproach upon Elizabeth's reign, was the first of the so-called religious poets of England. His verse is imbued with a spirit of genuine piety and morality. Born of Roman Catholic parents, he was educated at Douay and Rome, and afterwards became a Jesuit. Knowing the risk which his act encountered, he returned to England to proffer his religious aid to friends and family. Through Elizabeth's agents he was apprehended, thrown into prison, and cruelly treated, on the pretext that he was engaged in a conspiracy against the government. After a long and patient endurance of prison torture he was executed. This is but one instance of the darker side of the picture of "Merrie England" at this time.

SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619) succeeded Spenser as poet-laureate. His chief poem is a history of the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631) is chiefly known by his long poem,

Polyolbion, which, as its name indicates, embraced everything concerning England. *The Battle of Agincourt* is a spirited poem celebrating the victory gained by Henry V. of England over the French in 1415.*

JOHN DONNE (1573-1631) was an eccentric genius, known equally well as poet and as prose writer; for after a career of aimless and unprofitable study, during which he wrote elegies, satires, and miscellaneous poems, his life an example of wasted intellect, he took up in earnest the study of theology, and became most fervent in his profession. His sermons present a curious medley of knowledge and wisdom. Donne is styled the first of the metaphysical school of poets.†

The appearance of these poets was the indication of a decline of the warm poetic impulse.

Later Elizabethan Poets.

After the reign of James I. poetry began to decline. Yet a few lyric poets enlivened the sombre tone into which it had fallen. Some of these poets belong quite as much to the succeeding period as to the Elizabethan Age.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633) is an embodiment of the serious, reflecting spirit which seemed to pervade the declining age of this period. His poetry, however, is hardly sufficient to preserve his memory, if we except the beautiful lines on *Virtue*,

“Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,” etc.

His chief prose work is the *Country Parson*, in which he says:—“I have resolved to set down the form and character of a true pastor, that I may have a mark to aim at, which, also, I will set as high as I can, since he shoots higher that threatens the moon, than he that aims at a tree-top.”

FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644) and RICHARD CRASHAW (— 1650) were, like “good old George Herbert,” religious poets. Of the poems of Quarles the *Divine Emblems* are best remembered. Richard Crashaw is praised for his “lyric raptures,” and is remembered as the author of the oft-repeated lines relative to the miracle of the water being turned into wine,

“The conscious water saw its God and blush’d.”

* Our poet, Longfellow, adopted the same measure in his poem, “The Skeleton in Armor.”

† A term not very clear, but which is generally understood to mean a class of poets who, imbued with a philosophizing spirit, carry out a train of thought further than their readers wish to follow.

JOSEPH HALL (1574-1656) is known equally well as a poet and writer on Divinity. His chief poetical works are *Satires*, which he styled *Virgidemarium* (a harvest of rods). They consist of the *Biting* and *Toothless Satires*.

In the latter part of this period a French influence began to prevail in literature, as in the court. The wife of Charles I., Queen Henrietta, was the daughter of the King of France, and French models in literature, as in everything else, began to take the place of the Italian, which had so long prevailed. The poems of the court of Charles I. were, for the most part, short love songs, the taste of the day rejecting the long poems in which the court of Elizabeth delighted. The poems of HERRICK, CAREW, LOVELACE, and SUCKLING have the exuberant lively French spirit.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674) was one of the most gifted of the lyric poets of the latter part of this age. His verse is spontaneous and natural.

Sir JOHN SUCKLING (1608-1642) was also free from the artificial restraints which the literary taste of the time demanded. His *Ballad upon a Wedding* has always been deservedly popular.

The poets last named represent the cavalier spirit of the time.

Scottish Poets.

The poetry of Scotland during Elizabeth's reign was not as luxuriant as in the preceding period. There were, however, Scotch poets worthy of mention. Among them were WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden (1585-1649), the friend of Ben Jonson, SIR ROBERT AYTON (1570-1638), and GEORGE BUCHANAN (1506-1582), the latter tutor to Mary Queen of Scots, and also to her son, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England.

The Drama.

In order to give a correct idea of the Drama as it existed in the age of Elizabeth, we must trace its development from the old *Miracle* and *Moral Plays*, which formed the crude entertainment of the Middle Ages. As early as the eleventh century we hear of the MIRACLE PLAYS, which were, for the most part, representations of Bible scenes, no character being too sacred to introduce. The favorite subjects were the *Creation*, the *Deluge*, and the *Crucifixion*. The actors were priests or monks, assisted frequently by the Merry Minstrels. It was the

means taken by the Church to instruct the ignorant in Bible history and in the tenets of the Christian faith.

The plays were usually performed in churches, or in rude buildings adapted to the purpose, and sometimes in the open air. The first or ground floor of a building represented hell, the second floor this world, and the highest story heaven. The Devil was a prominent character, being chief comedian, appearing always with the traditional horns and hoofs.

The comic element was displayed even in these old Bible traditions. Thus in the play of the Deluge, Noah's wife evinces reluctance to entering the ark. Noah resorts to extreme measures, and silences her opposition by beating her.

The MORAL PLAYS, which succeeded the Mysteries, were a doubtful improvement upon the latter. They were allegorical representations of moral qualities, impersonations of Vice and Virtue, Mercy, Justice, etc. The Moralities were shorter-lived than the old Mysteries, which may be easily inferred from their lack of human interest: to keep them alive for a short time, it was found necessary to retain the horned comedian of the Miracle Plays. The Devil and the Vice were the humorous personages of the stage. From the Vice of the Moral Plays, "the fool" of the succeeding drama sprang.

Soon the demands for representations from actual life pushed from the stage the old Moralities, and a lighter species of dramatic performance was invented, styled the INTERLUDE. This was in the time of Henry VIII.

The first writer of INTERLUDES was JOHN HEYWOOD (— 1565), or "Merry John Heywood," as he was styled. He was a great favorite with Henry VIII. and also with Mary. The Interlude was the first step towards the English comedy. It was a species of farce, its characters drawn from real life. It was called an Interlude because it was played in the intervals of some festivity—originally in the midst of a long Moral Play—for the amusement of wearied spectators.

The best known interlude of Heywood's is called the *Four P's*. It represents a dispute between a Palmer,* a Pardoner,†

* One who visits holy shrines, and, on his return, bears a branch of palm as a token.

† One who sold pardons or indulgences, licensed by the Pope.

a Poticary,* and a Pedlar, and ends in their trying to see which can tell the greatest lie. The Palmer is considered victorious when he says, speaking of the distant lands through which he has travelled :—

“Yet have I seen many a mile,
And many a woman in the while;
And not one good city, town, or borough,
In Christendom but I’ve been thorough:
And this I would ye should understand,
I have seen women five hundred thousand,
Yet in all places where I have been,
Of all the women that I have seen,
I never saw nor knew on my conscience,
Any one woman out of patience!”

Unwillingly the other P’s yield the palm to this narrator, who has excelled them in the “most ancient and notable art of lying.”

The first comedy in the language was written by NICHOLAS UDALL (1506–1604), about the middle of the sixteenth century, or near the time of Elizabeth’s accession to the throne, and was called *Ralph Royster Doyster*.

Ralph, the hero, is a blustering, vain fellow, in mad pursuit of a rich widow, whom he does not obtain. The language, though not polished, is not indecent, and probably represents the rustic manners of the time. “Tibet Talkapace,” one of the rich widow’s servants, thus congratulates herself on the approaching marriage of her mistress to “a rich man and gay.”

“And we shall go in our French hoodes every day,
In our silk cassocks I warrant you, fresh and gay,
Then shall ye see, Tibet, sires, treade the mosse so trimme,
Nay, why said I treade? ye shall see hir glide and swimme,—
Not lumperdee, clumperdee, like our spaniell Rig.”

The first English tragedy was called *Ferrex and Porrex* or *Gorboduc*. It was written by SACKVILLE† and NORTON, and was played before Elizabeth a few years after her accession. The story was based on an old British legend, found in the chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

* Apothecary.

† Thomas Sackville, author of *The Mirror for Magistrates*.

Soon after, RICHARD EDWARDS (1523-1566) produced the play of *Damon and Pythias*, the first English tragedy founded on a classical subject. The play was probably inferior to Gorboduc, but it became more popular.

Following in the list of dramatic writers, were PEELE, NASH, KYD, LYLY, GREENE, and MARLOWE, antedating by a few years only the appearance of SHAKESPEARE. Grouped around this central luminary were still others of various magnitude. There were BEN JONSON, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, MASSINGER, CHAPMAN, WEBSTER, MIDDLETON, MARSTON, FORD, THOMAS HEYWOOD, DEKKER, ROWLEY, LODGE, and the last of the Elizabethan dramatists, JAMES SHIRLEY.

The lives of these writers present a series of struggles for a bare existence. They did not write for fame--they seem simply to have offered themselves as sacrifices to the spirit of the age, and died, many of them, of poverty and neglect.

Although Elizabeth was very fond of plays, it is not at all probable that she encouraged them somewhat with the aim of opposing the Puritan spirit which condemned such amusements. Be that as it may, play-going was the chief entertainment of the time. It served for the newspaper, magazine, and novel of the present day.

Blackfriars was the first theatre built in London, and before thirty years had elapsed there were eighteen.*

With scarcely an exception, all the dramatists participated in the acting of their own plays. Shakespeare, it is said, played the Ghost in Hamlet, and Adam in As You Like It.

PEELE, NASH, GREENE, and MARLOWE were wild, reckless characters, given to all manner of excesses. Educated at Oxford and at Cambridge, and with a wealth of native genius, their lives were actually squandered in lawless dissipation.

* At an early hour in the afternoon the signal for assembling was given, by the hoisting of a flag from the roof of the theatre. These buildings were constructed of wood, and were of a circular form, and uncovered, except by a thatched roof extending over the stage. The Queen and her retinue sometimes occupied seats below the gallery, and sometimes upon the stage, where the gay courtiers lounged upon the rush-strewn floor, while their pages supplied them with pipes of tobacco, that new article of luxury introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh.

The furnishing of the stage was meagre. There were no illusions of movable scenery, but when the place of action was to be changed, a board containing the name of the place was exhibited.

No woman ever acted upon the stage until nearly half a century after Shakespeare's time. All the female characters were represented by youths and delicate-looking young men.

GEORGE PEELE (1553-1598) was, with Shakespeare, a shareholder in Blackfriars theatre, and also an actor. His tragedy of *Edward I.* is the first play founded on an English historical subject. His other plays are *King David and Bethsaba*, and the tragedy of *Absalom*. Besides plays, Peele also wrote a legendary story, partly in prose and partly in blank verse.

ROBERT GREENE (1560-1592) also wrote tracts, or pamphlets as they were called, consisting of short stories from one of which, it is said, Shakespeare derived his *Winter's Tale*. Greene's most famous tract was called "*A Groat's Worth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance*," in which he addresses his associates, and warns them against the folly and wickedness of their ways. This was his last work, and although written in the spirit of repentance, it expresses the bitterness which he felt against "the upstart crow," as he jealously termed Shakespeare. Greene wrote numerous plays. His principal comedy is *Friar Bacon* and *Friar Bungay*.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593), or, as he was often called, Kit Marlowe, was the most brilliant of the dramatists before Shakespeare. His life presents a scene of debaucheries, and his death was as violent and unhappy as his life. Marlowe's plays are not numerous, but are marked by strength and poetic skill, and in their wild exaggeration reflect his own extravagant life. His principal dramas are *Tamburlane*, *The Jew of Malta*, *Doctor Faustus*, and *Edward II.* The play of *Tamburlane* represents unbounded ambition; the *Jew of Malta*, the passions of hatred and gain; *Doctor Faustus*, based on the same legend upon which Goethe afterwards founded his celebrated *Faust*, depicts "the struggle and failure of man to possess all knowledge and all pleasure without toil and without law." *Edward II.* is the tragic story of that king, which in itself needs no coloring. Marlowe was the first to use blank verse in the English drama.

Marlowe, Greene, and Peele are by far the most important names in the English drama preceding Shakespeare, if two or three years of priority can entitle them to a precedence, in time, worth naming.

THOMAS KYD was called by Jonson the "Sporting Kyd," merely as a play upon the name. His dramas are not especially gay. The *Spanish Tragedy* is his most important play.

The influence of JOHN LYLY (1553-1600) upon the writers of Elizabeth's time was probably greater than that of any other man. His plays, nine in number, are of comparatively small account. He is known to the literary world by his story

of *Euphues*, or the *Anatomy of Wit*, and *Euphues and his England*, and this work so affected the language of the court and of literature, that only a few—the strongest minds—remained uninjured by its influence. Although forced, artificial, and pedantic in the extreme, the style became so popular that not to be able to discourse in it was to lack one of the most fashionable court accomplishments. The romance of *Euphues* first appeared in 1579, and its influence lasted throughout Elizabeth's reign, and indeed much longer.*

The style consisted of overdrawn analogies and forced antitheses. Intended as a garb of wit, it became a mere distortion of language. The fashion was admirably burlesqued by Shakespeare in the fantastical Spaniard, Don Adriano de Armado, in *Love's Labor Lost*.

Euphues tastes the bitterness of folly, repents so thoroughly, that he forever after becomes a counsel-monger. Some of his advice is excellent, and throughout the work there is a high moral tone that is gratifying in this age of exuberant expression. The book is pure and chaste throughout.

Euphues makes many friends in Italy and falls in love. Deceived by the lady, he says, "As therefore I gave a farewell to Lucilla, a farewell to Naples, a farewell to women, so nowe do I give a farewell to the worlde, meaning rather to macerate myselfe with melancholy, than pine in follye, rather choosing to die in my studye amiddest my bookes, than to court it in Italy, in ye companye of ladies."

Euphues then travels in England, and his encounters there, or the experiences of his friend Philautus, form the concluding part of the book, or *Euphues and his England*.

* Sir Henry Blount, a courtier in the time of Charles I., says in his preface to Lyly's works, "Our nation is in debt for a new English which he taught them. *Euphues* and his *England* began first that language; all our ladies were then his scholars; and that beauty in court which could not parley *Euphuism*—that is to say, who was unable to converse in that pure and reformed English which he had formed his work to be the standard of, was as little regarded as she which now, there, speaks not French."

The story of *Euphues* is of a young Athenian who visits Italy, and there, rejecting the wholesome counsel of an old gentleman in Naples, who, "seeing his mirth without measure, yet not without wit, began to bewail his Nurture, and to muse at his Nature." "But," he reflects, "it hath been an olde sayde sawe, and not of lesse truth than antiquity, that wit is the better if it be deare bought."

The faults of the style of Lyly can be traced to the copying of Italian literature, in which, as Roger Ascham said, a story of Boccaccio was of more account than a story from the Bible. It is "a style modelled on the decadence of Italian prose."*

SHAKESPEARE.

Of the life of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616), the greatest of all writers, we know comparatively little. It is easy and pleasant to conjecture, and many stories are told of his life which may or may not be true.

He was born, it is said, on the 23d of April, 1564, at Stratford, a rural village in the heart of England, on the little stream of Avon. Here for several generations his ancestors had lived as worthy and respectable farmers. Shakespeare's father was high-bailiff, or mayor of the town, and was well-to-do. He had married Mary Arden, an heiress, whose ancestors had played a conspicuous part in the old wars of England. The poet was one of ten children. What course in life his parents had laid out for him we do not know. That he was not sent to Oxford or Cambridge we have tolerably clear evidence, but we can imagine him "with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school," over the hills of Warwickshire and through the "forest of Arden," finding "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The love of pageantry and show was not confined to London or to the court, but remote villages like Stratford held their merry-making festivals, and when the players from London would come up to that quiet little town, it is not difficult to imagine the delight with which they were followed by the boy, William Shakespeare. Probably he was permitted to witness the gay performances at Kenilworth Castle,

* At the same time that Euphuism prevailed in England, the "*estilo culto*," or cultivated style, arose in Spain, threatening, for a time, to overthrow the common language of the people. This affected style in Spain was taught by Gongora. It was a pompous, inflated manner inherited probably from the Moors, and copied by the Italians as well as by the Spaniards. It is a curious coincidence in the history of English and Spanish Literature that these ideas should prevail at the same time and in the midst of the most flourishing literary periods. Fortunately, there was sufficient strength in the speech of both countries to overcome this cultivated jargon and preserve the languages in their simplicity.

not far away from Stratford, where Leicester entertained the Queen with such pomp and magnificence.

Surrounding Stratford were other small villages, and one, called Shottery, was often visited by the youthful Shakespeare, for here lived the idol of his heart, Anne Hathaway.*

* ANNE HATHAWAY.

[Attributed to Shakespeare, and originally addressed, "*To the idol of my eyes and delight of my heart.*"]

Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
 With love's sweet notes to grace your song
 To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
 Listen to mine Anne† Hathaway!—
 She hath a way to sing so clear,
 Phœbus might wondering stop to hear,—
 To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
 And nature charm, Anne hath a way;
 She hath a way,
 Anne Hathaway;

To breathe delight, Anne hath a way.

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth
 Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
 And merit to distress betray,
 To soothe the heart Anne hath a way.
 She hath a way to chase despair,
 To heal all grief, to cure all care,
 Turn foulest night to fairest day,
 Thou know'st, fond heart, Anne hath a way;
 She hath a way,
 Anne Hathaway;

To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list—
 The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
 The emerald mild, the ruby gay,—
 Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway;
 She hath a way, with her bright eye,
 The various lustres to defy;
 The jewel she—and the foil they—
 So sweet to look Anne hath a way;

 She hath a way,
 Anne Hathaway;
 To shame bright gems Anne hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given
 To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;
 For though a mortal made of clay,
 Angels must love Anne Hathaway;

* The authorship is not clearly ascertained.

† Anne is pronounced Ann.

When Shakespeare was eighteen and Anne Hathaway twenty-five they were married. Three children were born to them, Susannah, Hamnet, and Judith.

Shakespeare, four years after his marriage, went to London. Various stories are told of his life here, but for six years after he left Stratford there are no records of his actions. When he next flashes upon us he is dazzling the London world with his brilliant genius. The numerous play-writers who had before this been found sufficient to entertain the Queen and her courtiers now became jealous of this superior genius. Greene said to his fellow play-writers :

“There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger’s heart wrapt in a player’s hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you ; and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country.”

At this time Blackfriars was the only theatre in London, and of this Shakespeare soon became manager. When the Globe theatre was started on the opposite side of the Thames, Shakespeare became manager and proprietor of that also. He acquired wealth, and after a long connection with the stage he retired to Stratford, where he had purchased a large estate and built a stately mansion, known as “New Place.” Hither he brought his parents to spend their declining days, and here, surrounded by his family, he wrote his last plays. He died on his fifty-second birthday, the 23d of April, 1616, and was buried at the little church in Stratford. As if to seal forever to an inquiring world all that was known of Shakespeare, over his grave was placed a tablet with the following forbidding inscription :

“Good friend, for Jesvs sake forbear
To digg the dvst enclosed heare ;
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.”

“New Place,” his last residence, is demolished, but the house

She hath a way so to control,
To rapture the imprisoned soul,
And sweetest heaven on earth display,
That to be heaven, Anne hath a way ;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway ;
To be heaven’s self, Anne hath a way !

in which Shakespeare was born still stands in Stratford, with various relics of the daily life of its early occupants.

To Ben Jonson, a brother dramatist of Shakespeare's, we are indebted for many hints concerning the life of the great poet and dramatist. Jonson in his honest fashion says: "I loved the man, and do honor to his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature: had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary to be stopped. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! But he redeemed his vices with his virtues; there was ever more in him to be praised than pardoned."

Spenser's praise of Shakespeare is even more appreciative of his intellectual qualities:

"And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock herself and Truth to imitate."

Jonson and Spenser are the only writers of Shakespeare's time who seemed to have in any degree appreciated the great genius among them. He lived too close upon the time for the mass of the people to appreciate or see his greatness.

His first poems were not dramatic, but, from the teeming imagination which they display, might, of themselves, have given him high rank in the literature of that day. But his wonderful dramas so far surpassed his poems that the latter have almost escaped the notice of the general reader. His sonnets, a hundred and fifty-four in number, seem to have been the receptacle of his more sacred personal feelings, but what phase of his life's history they express is unknown. Their tone is almost invariably sad.

His first dramatic writings were historic, or, rather, they consisted of the recasting of old plays of a historic nature, many of them taken from the less skilful hands of his brother dramatists.*

* Hence Greene's complaint of the "upstart crow" who had appeared among them "beautified with (their) feathers," though, in fact, Shakespeare had simply beautified their feathers. He cared little who should have the glory of the work, for none of all the exceedingly careless dramatists of that day were more careless of fame than he. Not a single original manuscript of any of his works remains; not a sonnet or a letter, even, in the handwriting of Shakespeare. Nothing but his will remains in manuscript.

Shakespeare's plays cannot be classed under the three distinct heads of Tragedies, Comedies, Histories. *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth* are tragedies founded on semi-historical subjects; *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Taming of the Shrew* are distinctly comedies; others are a mingling of the tragic and comic elements. The plays founded upon purely historic subjects are *King John*, *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, *Henry VI.*, *Richard III.*, and *Henry VIII.*

The sources from which Shakespeare obtained material for his plays are numerous. Holinshed and Hall seem to have furnished his historic information, while many of his plays derived from fictional sources are based upon old chronicles, Italian romances, and older plays.

The first edition of Shakespeare's works, known as the Folio edition, was made in 1623, by Heminge and Condell. In this edition is prefixed a tribute of praise from Ben Jonson, from which the following lines are quoted :

"Soule of the age,
The applause! delight! the wonder of the stage.

* * * * * *

Thou art a moniment without a tombe.

* * * * * *

How far thou didst our Lily outshine
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek
For names, but call forth thundering Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us.
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life againe, to hear thy buskin tread
And *Shake-a-stage*, or when thy socks are on
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to showe
To whom scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not for an age, but for all time,
And all the Muses still were in their prime,

When, like Apollo, he came forth to warme
 Our eares, or, like a Mercury, to charme!
 Nature, herself, was proud of his designs,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
 Which were so richly spun, and woven to fit
 As since she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
 Yet must I not give Nature all. Thy Art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part,
 For though the poet's master Nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion.

* * * * *

For a great Poet's made as well as borne.
 And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue; even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well formed and true filed lines,
 In each of which he seems to *Shake-a-lance*,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That so did take Eliza and our James.

* * * * *

Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage
 Or influence, chide or cheere the drooping stage,
 Which since thy flight fro hence hath mourned like night
 And despaire's day, but for thy volume's light.

The death of Shakespeare left BEN JONSON (1573-1637) sovereign of the English stage. He had all the learning which Shakespeare is said to have lacked. He was, indeed, the most learned dramatist of the age, and did more than any other to give to the drama its proper direction. Without the genius of Shakespeare, he possessed a vigorous mind, and labored industriously in his vocation. A fine classical scholar, he tried to make the English drama conform to the rules of the Greek dramatists. His style is heavy, and shows study and labor. Nothing is spontaneous, as in Shakespeare or Beaumont and Fletcher.

His first original play, *Every Man in His Humor*, was at first pronounced a failure and rejected by the manager of the theatre. But Shakespeare, it is said, being present and noticing the disappointment

of the young dramatist, asked leave to look at the manuscript. He pronounced it good, suggested a few alterations, and promised that he would himself take a part to act.*

Following in rapid succession, came from the careful and laborious pen of Jonson numerous other plays—*Every Man Out of his Humor*, *Cynthia's Revels*, and the *Poetaster*. The latter was a somewhat ill-natured reflection upon two of his brother dramatists, Marston and Dekker. The latter retaliated by a similar attack upon Jonson, after which their sparring ceased, and we find them amicably writing together.

Soon after the accession of James to the English throne, Jonson, with Marston and Chapman, brought out a comedy called *Eastward Hoe*.

Some allusion in this play to the Scotch so incensed the King that the writers were thrown into prison and threatened with the loss of their ears and noses (a favorite chastisement of that day).

During Elizabeth's reign Jonson received no more substantial benefit than the honor of her patronage, but at the accession of James the poet's fortune mended. He succeeded Daniel as poet-laureate, receiving for the office a hundred marks, and was appointed by the court to superintend the performance of MASQUES, which, under his careful guidance, were brought to the highest state of perfection. These entertainments were a species of dramatic performance much in favor at this time. They consisted of songs, dialogues, and dancing, and were always performed by the lords and ladies of the court, frequently the King and Queen taking part. These masques were brilliant in costumes and scenery, and were generally performed in honor of some great event in the royal household. The arrangement of these court entertainments was the duty of the poet-laureate. Some of Jonson's most poetic fancies are contained in his Masques.

Of the fifty dramatic pieces composed by Ben Jonson, thirty-five were *Masques* and *Court Entertainments*. In his last work, a pastoral drama called the *Sad Shepherd*, some of the finest of his poetic fancies are displayed. Jonson's two classic tragedies are *The Fall of Sejanus* and *Catiline's Conspiracy*. His principal comedies were, *Every Man in His Humor*, *Volpone*, *Epicoene*, or *The Silent Woman*, and *The Alchemist*.

It is difficult to estimate the character of Jonson. That his disagree-

* He represented, we are told, the character of Knowell.

able habit of boasting made him unpopular with his contemporaries can plainly be seen by some of the comments on his conversation which have been preserved. Yet that he possessed a warm, honest heart, full of human sympathies, is equally plain. It can only be inferred that this one unfortunate habit concealed the best portion of his nature, repelling instead of winning intimate companionship.

Jonson was buried in Westminster Abbey. A plain slab was placed upon his grave, on which was inscribed

("O rare Ben Jonson.")

The names of FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1586-1616) and JOHN FLETCHER (1576-1625) are inseparably connected in literature. Associated by the warmest ties of friendship, they labored jointly in the production of their dramatic works.*

So close was their literary partnership, that it is not easy to distinguish the respective productions of these two writers. That Beaumont had more tragic genius, and Fletcher more of the comic humor, is generally conceded.

Brilliant and exuberant in poetic fancy, their plays are marred by gross indecencies. Both poets were servile courtiers to James I., supporting his belief in the divine right of kings.

Among the fifty-two dramatic works of these two writers, are, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, *The Woman Hater*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *The Beggar's Bush*, *The Honest Man's Fortune*, and *The Faithful Shepherdess*. The latter play was written by Fletcher, as were many that passed under the name of Beaumont and Fletcher's.

PHILIP MASSINGER (1584-1640), who lived an obscure life and died in poverty, was a writer of rare grace and dignity. He was destitute, however, of genuine humor, so that his comedies are heavy. Violating his own natural tastes and instincts, he introduced into his plays, for the sake of humoring the popular taste, much that is coarse and indecent. His tragedies are characterized by dignified and lofty sentiments.

The most popular of Massinger's works are *The Virgin Martyr*, *The City Madam*, *The Bondman*, *The Fatal Dowry*, and *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*.†

* "They lived together," says Aubrey, "on the Bankside, not far from the play-house; both bachelors—had one bench of the house between them, which they did so admire—the same cloathes, cloakes, etc."

† Massinger was as republican in principle as Beaumont and Fletcher were subservient to the King. In one of his dramas, called the *King and the Subject*, written in the reign of Charles I., during the disputes concerning ship-money, this passage was found:

Massinger died suddenly at his obscure home at Bankside, Southwark, and was buried in the quiet churchyard. The only record of his death is found in the parish register :

"Buried, Philip Massinger, a Stranger."

JOHN FORD (1586-1639) was the poet of melancholy, and his finest tragedy, the *Broken Heart*, is a type of his prevailing mood.

One of his contemporaries gives us a portrait of the man :

"Deep in a dump, John Ford by himself sat,
With folded arms, and melancholy hat."

Besides the *Broken Heart*, Ford wrote *The Brother and Sister*, *The Lover's Melancholy*, *Love's Sacrifice*, and *Perkin Warbeck*, one of the best historic dramas after Shakespeare.

JOHN WEBSTER (— 1654), another of the minor dramatists of this time, dealt in terrors, as Ford dealt in pathos. His principal tragedies are: *The Duchess of Malfi*, *The White Devil*, *The Devil's Law Case*, *Appius and Virginia*, and *Guise, or the Massacre of France*. Two comedies, *Westward Ho!* and *Northward Ho!* written by Webster in conjunction with DEKKER (— 1641), throw much light on the manners of the time.

To sum up the remaining Elizabethan dramatists, CHAPMAN, MIDDLETON, MARSTON, DEKKER, HEYWOOD, ROWLEY, LODGE, and SHIRLEY—in the language of Mr. E. P. Whipple: "They are all intensely and audaciously human. Taking them in the mass, they have much to offend our artistic and shock our moral sense; but the dramatic literature of the world would be searched in vain for another instance of so broad and bold a representation of the varieties of human nature—one in which the conventional restraints both on depravity and excellence are so resolutely set aside—one in which the many-charactered soul of man is so vividly depicted, in its weakness and in its strength, in its mirth and in its passion, in the appetites which sink it below the beasts that perish, in the aspirations which lift it to regions of existence of which the visible heavens are but the veil."

The Elizabethan drama ends with JAMES SHIRLEY (1594-1666). In 1642, at the breaking out of the Civil War, the theatres were

"Moneys? we 'll raise supplies which way we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We 'll mulct you as we shall think fit."

The drama was rejected by the Master of the Revels, and when it was shown to the King, he marked the above passage, saying, "This is too insolent, and to be changed."

closed, and in 1648 an act of Parliament was passed making all theatrical performances illegal. This ordinance remained in force until the restoration, in 1660.

Prose Writers of the Elizabethan Period.

FRANCIS BACON.

The prose literature of Elizabeth's time was as exuberant in expression and almost as rich in fancy as poetry itself. Although the writers were less numerous, they probably added as much force and grace to the literature of that period as the poets and dramatists.

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626) was born at York House, a stately mansion in London, on the 22d of January, 1561. —His father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, and his mother was one of the most brilliant women in the court of Elizabeth. The boy was trained to courtly magnificence, and early learned to reverence crowned heads. He was a born and bred courtier, and his high-bred reply to Elizabeth, when a boy of twelve, on being asked his age, "I am two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign," was the language and the feeling to which he was accustomed. At thirteen he was sent to Cambridge, and from this period his intellectual career is dated.

Notwithstanding the progress of learning in this age and the preceding, the study of actual science had made no advance whatever. At Cambridge and Oxford the old scholastic philosophy of the Middle Ages still prevailed, which was not the philosophy of Aristotle, but a perversion of his methods, which had been adapted in the earlier stages of Christianity to the creeds of the Church.

The youth, Francis Bacon, felt the barrenness of this "philosophy of words," and early set to work to form methods of investigation that would result in some definite knowledge for the benefit of mankind. The method of "induction," or the inferring of a general truth from the examination of particular facts leading up to it, was not original with Bacon, for the old Greek philosophers had been familiar with the method, but he demonstrated its use to the seventeenth century. He believed

that by it "nature could be compelled to yield her secrets" to the searcher after truth.

Bacon left Cambridge without taking a degree, and at the age of sixteen was sent by his father to France. Here he hoped to pursue a course of scholarly studies, but the sudden death of his father obliged the son to return at once to England, where, in his own words, he was now forced "to think how to live, instead of living only to think," for the family was left comparatively poor. Bacon's uncle, Lord Burleigh (William Cecil), was then Lord Treasurer, and, in fact, Elizabeth's Prime Minister. To him Bacon appealed for help or patronage in securing some political office, but Burleigh was ambitious that his own son, Robert Cecil, should succeed him in his high office, and seeing the rare talents of his nephew, feared that if he should open to him even the smallest door of political favor, he would make such rapid advances as to entirely overshadow his own less gifted son. Already the Queen had called him her young Lord Keeper, and had regarded him with favor, therefore in Burleigh's mind he was to be watched with a jealous eye.

Bacon's only resource was the study of law, to which he applied himself for six years, and by attaching himself to the cause of Essex, the Queen's favorite and the enemy of the Cecils, gained a slight footing in political favor. This step was probably the undoing of his life, for, baffled in his desire to become "the minister and interpreter of nature," he now bent his powerful mind to his own political advancement, and though in Elizabeth's time he only obtained a slight promotion as a Queen's Counsel, in the reign of her successor his highest ambition was fulfilled, when he became successively Solicitor and Attorney General, then Privy Councillor, then Lord Keeper, and finally Lord High Chancellor of England. With the last honor he received also the title of Baron Verulam, and in a few years after the additional title of Viscount St. Albans.

This rapid advancement was in the reign of James I., and it is a humiliating fact that it was mainly obtained by condescensions on the part of the great man to the base spirit of the time—to unscrupulous acquiescence in the wishes and schemes

of the King's favorite, Buckingham. For six years no Parliament had been called, and during this time corruptions were increasing. The Lord High Chancellor was not only conscious of their existence, but participated in them, and although in possession of a princely revenue, he added to his fortune by the acceptance of bribes.

Parliament met, and in 1621 accused Bacon of corruption in the high office he held. He plead guilty to the charge in these words: "I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defence. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." Like Wolsey, his high-blown pride at length broke under him. He was declared incapable of public office, was sentenced to a fine of £40,000, and to an imprisonment during the pleasure of the King. The sentence, however, was remitted, and after two days' imprisonment in the Tower he was set at liberty, and the fine was transmuted into a pension of £1200 a year!

It was during Bacon's political life that he wrote *The Advancement of Learning*, *The Novum Organum*, and the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, the first two being parts of his great work, the *Instauration of the Sciences*. The year after his fall from power he produced another part of his great work, and still it remained uncompleted.

It was the work that Bacon planned to do, rather than the work he accomplished, which shows his greatness. His comprehensive mind conceived a project so vast that a lifetime was not sufficient to execute it. He "took all knowledge for his province."

Bacon's *Essays* were his first published works. These were written in English, and show a mastery of thought and diction. Not elaborate in style, as the writings of others of his time, but the reverse. All had been elaborated in his own mind, and came forth crystallized and perfect, the greatest possible condensation of thought. He expresses himself by symbols, as when he says, "Riches are the *baggage* of virtue—the impedimenta." Not only are his *Essays* written in this epigrammatic style, but most of his scientific works. His *Novum Organum* is a succession of aphorisms. It was his theory that all works of science should be expressed in this manner, and certainly all

truths find more forcible utterance in the brief, condensed sentence, showing energetic, vigorous thought.

Bacon's Essays abound in moral precepts, and form a strange discrepancy with the example of his life, as we see it. The Essays are short—some of them would not fill an ordinary page—but all of them are models of thought and expression. He had the soul of a poet, and it was the poet's imagination which led him into his scientific questionings. His Essay on Adversity is the essence of poetry.

At the close of the second book on the *Advancement of Learning*, he says :

“And now looking back upon that I have passed through, this writing seemeth to me not much better than the noise or sound which musicians make while they are tuning their instruments, which is nothing pleasant to hear, but yet is a cause why the music is sweeter afterwards. So have I been content to tune the instruments of the muses, that they may play that have better hands.”

Most of Bacon's works were written in Latin, the curious idea existing that that language was to supersede the English. This was owing, doubtless, to the prevailing enthusiasm for the study of the classic languages. An evidence of this curious belief may be seen in the following letter of Bacon to his translator. It was concerning his work entitled the *Advancement of Learning*, which had been written originally in the English language. He says :

“Wherefore, as I have only taken upon me to ring a bell to bring other wits together, it cannot but be consonant to my desire to have that bell heard as far as can be. And, therefore, the privateness of the language considered in which it is written, excluding so many readers, I must account it a second birth of that work, if it might be translated into Latin, without manifest loss of the sense and matter.”

Besides the works already named, Bacon wrote a *History of Henry VII.*, also a work entitled *Felicities of Queen Elizabeth's Reign*, and a philosophical romance called the *New Atlantis*.

After Bacon's humiliation he retired to private life—to study and investigate. But his habits of extravagance clung to him to the last, and although he received a yearly income of £2500, at his death his personal debts were more than £22,000. He

died, it is supposed, a victim to scientific investigation, comparing himself to the elder Pliny. In his will this prophetic passage occurs: "*My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own country, when some time be passed over.*"

THOMAS HOBBS (1588-1679) was a philosophical writer, belonging properly to the succeeding period, yet contributing to the literature of the time of Bacon. His principal work, the *Leviathan*, is a vindication of despotism, or a justification of monarchical government. His opinions exercised great influence on the Continent, and gave an impulse to the metaphysical and political philosophy of England.

To this imaginative age may be traced the germ of the English novel. We have already seen it in the story of *Euphues*, written by John Lyly, and in a still more marked degree we shall see it in the *Arcadia* of SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, a romance, which in the circles of leisure at that early day was read with as much pleasure as the popular novels of to-day are read by the literary public.

The life of SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586) has been of more interest and more benefit to the world than his writings. That short life of thirty-two years taught to succeeding generations the meaning of the terms, "true knight" and "gentleman." He defined a gentleman as one having "high erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy," and exemplified it in his life. Even his last act was one of self-denial, and though the story has been so often told, it is one that will bear repeating. England was assisting the Netherlands to throw off the yoke of Spain, and Sidney had been sent as general of the horse. At the battle of Zutphen he bore himself manfully, and his deeds of valor would have placed his name high on the roll of heroes; but it is to no warlike deed, but to one of Christian charity, that his admirers revert with fondest memory. Mortally wounded on the battle-field, he begged for water to allay his feverish thirst. As the cooling draught was being lifted to his lips he saw a poor, dying soldier carried past, who looked longingly at the water. Sidney, seeing the eager look, said, "Take it. Thy necessity is greater than mine."

The *Arcadia* was not intended by Sidney for publication, but was written for the entertainment of his beloved sister, the Countess of Pembroke. It is somewhat affected with the fashionable Euphuistic style, but contains some exquisite passages, fully entitling Sidney to be termed, as Cowper termed him, "a warbler of poetic prose."

Sidney's best work is the *Defence of Poesy*. It may take its rank among the first specimens of criticism in the English language. It

holds up to view the rare poets of his own and former days, and shows the nobler purposes of poetry. His poetical works consist of sonnets and songs, which were collected under the title of *Astrophel and Stella*. These songs commemorate his unfortunate attachment to a lady whom he styled "Stella."—"Astrophel" was himself.* None of Sidney's works were published until after his death.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618), the friend of Sidney and of Spenser, was one of the brilliant luminaries of Elizabeth's court. His life was as eventful as that of any fancied knight in Spenser's Faërie Queen. His fame, however, belongs rather to the political than to the literary history of England. A genuine courtier, he established himself forever in Elizabeth's favor by throwing his velvet cloak over the mud in her pathway, and little occurred to disturb his serenity until James's accession to the throne. Then Raleigh's troubles began. Accused of treason, he was condemned to die, but was afterwards reprieved and sent to the Tower for an imprisonment of twelve years. During this time he employed his ever active genius in writing one of the most remarkable works of the age—*A History of the World*.

Released from prison, this admirable adventurer was sent in search of gold to fill the depleted coffers of King James. Returning, he was again thrown into prison on an unwarrantable pretext, and soon after was executed on the old charge of treason. His dignified behavior on the scaffold has often been told. Taking the axe from the executioner, and running his fingers along its keen edge, he exclaimed, "It is a sharp medicine, but it cures all diseases." Then laying his head upon the block, he said, "It matters little which way the head lies, so the heart be right." †

A curious, hypochondriacal writer of this time, was ROBERT BURTON (1576-1640), whose *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a quaint compound of learning and sombre reflections.

Theologians.

In *Theology*, the greatest writer of the Elizabethan age was RICHARD HOOKER (1553-1600), whose great work, *The Ecclesiastical Polity*, is one of the masterpieces of English prose. It is

* Spenser's elegy on the death of Sidney was called *Astrophel*.

† Much of Raleigh's time in prison was spent in the study of alchemy, in pursuit of the philosopher's stone, which search was still in vogue at that time.

a defence of the church of England against the attacks of Puritanism.

The title of Puritan was first given in 1564 to the dissenters from the established church. Various degrees of puritanism existed. There were those who wished greater reforms than the Episcopal church embodied; those who wished for the entire abolition of episcopacy; and still others who desired no church government whatever.

Amidst this sea of controversy arose the great champion of the church of England, Richard Hooker, not, however, in the spirit of disputation, for he especially avoided contention.

"I am weary" he says, "of the noise and opposition of this place; and, indeed God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness."*

He completed the great work already begun, which occupied eight volumes. The appearance of so great a work as the *Ecclesiastical Polity* was an era in theological literature in England. Previous to this, it had been "a literature of pamphlets."

In Scotland, at this time, JOHN KNOX (1505-1572), as the founder of Presbyterianism in that country, was the most prominent figure. His chief works are a *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, and *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*. This work was published the year Elizabeth ascended the throne, in 1558, but was aimed at Mary Queen of Scots and Mary Tudor, the half-sister of Elizabeth.

JOHN FOX (1517-1587) lived in Elizabeth's time. His *Book of Martyrs* met with such high approval that every parish church in England was ordered to have a copy for public perusal.

Translators of the Bible.

In the reign of James I. the AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE BIBLE was made. "Forty-seven persons in six companies, meeting at Westminster, Oxford, and Cambridge, distributed the labor among themselves; twenty-five being assigned to the

* Tradition has handed down to us the fact that this peace-loving man was harassed by a wife more shrewish than Xantippe.

Old Testament, fifteen to the New, seven to the Apocrypha. The rules imposed for their guidance by the king were designed, as far as possible, to secure the text against any novel interpretation; the translation called the Bishops' Bible, being established as the basis, as those still older had been in that; and the work of each person or company being subjected to the review of the rest. The translation, which was commenced in 1607, was published in 1611." *

Other Translators.

Among some of the translators of other works, three take foremost rank. GEORGE CHAPMAN (1557-1634), already mentioned among the Dramatists, is known far better for his fine translation of Homer's *Iliad*, than which there has scarcely been anything better to this day. Keats says:

"Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims across his ken."

EDWIN FAIRFAX in 1600 translated the *Jerusalem* of Tasso, a contemporary Italian poet, who died in 1595.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON (1561-1612) translated the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, another Italian poet who died earlier in the same century.

In 1603 JOHN FLORIO translated the *Essays* of Montaigne, a contemporary French writer, read afterwards, we are told, by Shakespeare, and exercising a marked influence upon later English literature.

Historians of the Elizabethan Age.

CAMDEN, STOW, HOLINSHED, SPEED.

Until this period the English writers of history had scarcely created for themselves the title of Historians, but the spirit of this active age promoted inquiry, and the old traditions which had been followed implicitly by preceding chroniclers began to be doubted. Research revealed truth, and the old fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth ceased to be the basis of English history. There were, however, exceptions, and HOLINSHED in 1578 gravely repeats for fact the legend of Brutus the

* Hallam's *Literature of Europe*.

Trojan founder of the British line of kings, together with all the cherished fables of the old chroniclers, only a few of which he presumes to doubt. Shakespeare was a diligent reader of these old chronicles.

The learned but humble antiquarian, WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551-1633), was a more judicious and critical historian. Disregarding the old legends of his predecessors, "he blew away," says Speed, "sixty British kings with one blast."

JOHN SPEED (1590-1629) also rejected the belief in the descent of the British from the Trojans, and exhorts his countrymen to "disclaim that which bringeth no honor to so renowned a nation."

The chronicles or histories of JOHN STOW (1525-1605) are praised for their research and accuracy.

RICHARD HAKLUYT's (1553-1616) histories chiefly commemorate naval achievements of his countrymen.

Before closing this illustrious period, it may be well to glance at the validity of the pretensions which Elizabeth and James made to the title of author. Elizabeth's assumption of beauty was scarcely more unfounded than her claim to literary distinction. But anything to show that she had a soft and womanly side to her seemingly hard nature is worth preserving, and the following are lines written on the state of her own feelings on the departure of some one for whom she evidently had a tender regard :

"I grieve, and dare not show my discontent;
I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
I do, yet dare not say I ever meant;
I seem stark mute, yet inwardly do prate.

* * * * *

Some gentler passions slide into my mind,
For I am soft and made of melting snow,
Or be more cruel, Love, and so be kind,
Let me or float or sink, be high or low.
Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant."

The pretensions of *James I.* to literary distinction were somewhat better founded. He wrote various serious treatises, mainly on theological subjects, the best known of which is the *Basilicon Doron*, consisting of advice to his son, Prince Henry,

who died. There were several other prose works and some verses, but none of them are of any value to literature.

Long before the reign of James was ended, new thoughts and feelings were taking root in the minds and consciences of men. The divine rights of kings was questioned, and in the reign of Charles I. the right of religious liberty was demanded. The beacon-light kindled on old Plymouth Rock shone back across the waters, giving new courage to sinking hearts in the far-off mother country. A new era was dawning upon England. Its effect upon literature will be seen in the following chapter.*

Illustrations of the Literature of the Elizabethan Period.



EDMUND SPENSER.

From THE FAËRIE QUEEN.

Book I., Canto 1.

I.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
 The cruel markes of many' a bloody fielde;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
 Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

* * * * *

III.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave

* It is difficult, in marking periods of literature, to draw any exact dividing line. In the chapter just concluded, many who were still prominent at the close of the period were also conspicuous in Milton's time, and Milton is often alluded to as the last of the Elizabethan poets. He was likewise contemporary with Dryden's early life. It seems more appropriate, however, to assign to Milton a separate period, and none is more fitting than the republican period of England's history, to which he gave the concentrated energy of his life.

(That greatest glorious queene of Faërie lond),
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
 And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
 To prove his puissance in battell brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

IV.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly asse more white then snow:
 Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that whimpled was full low;
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
 As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
 And by her in a line a milke-white lamb she lad.

* * * * *

From *Book I., Canto 3.*

IV.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight;
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all men's sight;
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside: Her angel's face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
 And make a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did ever mortall eye behold such heavenly grace?

V.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
 Soone as the royall Virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have att once devourd her tender corse:
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazed, forgat his furious force.

VI.

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong;
 As he her wronged innocence did weet.
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

* * * * *

IX.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepard:
 From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

From the SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

This poem is here presented in modern language. In its original form it is as antiquated as the Faërie Queene.

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA.—ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controversy, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto Virgil fashioned his third and seventh Æglogue. The Shepherds chose for umpire of their strife Cuddie, a neatherd's boy, who, having ended their cause, reciteth also, himself, a proper song, whereof Colin, he saith, was author.

Willie—Perigot—Cuddie.

W.—Tell me, Perigot, what shall be the game,
 Wherfor with mine thou dare thy music match?
 Or be thy bagpipes run far out of frame?
 Or hath the cramp thy joints benumb'd with ache?

P.—Ah! Willie, when the heart is ill assay'd,
 How can bagpipe or joints be well apaid?
 Love hath misled both my younglings and me;
 I pine for pain, and they, my pain to see.

W.—Pardie and well-away! ill may they thrive;
 Never knew I lover's sheep in good plight:
 But an' if in rhymes with me thou dare strive
 Such fond fantasies shall soon be put to flight.

* * * * *

But, for the sunbeam so sore doth us beat,
 Were it not better to shun the scorching heat?

P.—Well, agreed, Willie? then sit thee down, swain,
 Such a song never heard'st thou but Colin sing.

Cuddie.—'Gin where ye list, ye jolly shepherds twain;
 Such a judge as Cuddie, were for a king.

P.—It fell upon a holy eve,

W.—Hey, ho, holy-day!

P.—When holy Fathers went to shrieve;

W.—Now ginneth this roundelay.

P.—Sitting upon a hill so high,

W.—Heigh, ho, the high hill.

P.—I saw the bouncing Bellibone,¹

W.—Hey, ho, Bonnibell!

P.—Tripping over the dale alone;

W.—She can trip it very well.

P.—Well decked in a frock of gray,

W.—Hey, ho, gray is greet!²

P.—And in a kirtle of green say,³

W.—The green is for maidens meet,

P.—A chaplet on her head she wore,

W.—Hey, ho, chapëlet!

P.—Of sweet violets—therein was store;

W.—She sweeter than the violet.

P.—My sheep did leave their wonted food,

W.—Hey, ho, seely sheep!

P.—And gazed on her as they were wood,⁴

W.—Wood⁴ as he that did them keep.

¹ Belle et bonne (fair and good). The same as bonnibell.

² Sorrow.

³ Silk.

⁴ Mad.

P.—As the bonny lass passed by,

W.—Hey, ho, bonny lass!

P.—She rov'd at me with glancing eye,

W.—As clear as the crystal glass.

P.—The glance into my heart did glide,

W.—Hey, ho, the glider!

P.—Therewith my soul was sharply gride,¹

W.—Such wounds soon waxen wider.

P.—Hasting to wrench the arrow out,

W.—Hey, ho, Perigot!

P.—I left the head in my heart-root,

W.—It was a desperate shot.

P.—And if for graceless grief I die,

W.—Hey, ho, graceless grief!

P.—Witness she slew me with her eye,

W.—Let thy folly be the prief,²

P.—And you that saw it, simple sheep,

W.—Hey, ho, the fair flock!

P.—For prief thereof, my death shall weep,

W.—And moan with many a mock.

P.—So learn'd I love on a holy eve,

W.—Hey, ho, holy day!

P.—That ever since my heart did grieve,

W.—Now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddie.—Sicker, such a roundel never heard I none,

Little lacketh Perigot of the best,

And Willie is not greatly overgone;

So well his undersongs weren address.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

From THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.*

Fair stood the wind for France

When we our sails advance,

Nor now to prove our chance

Longer will tarry;

But putting to the main,

At Kause, the mouth of Seine,

With all his martial train,

Landed King Harry.

¹ Pierced.

² Proof.

* The poem consists of fifteen stanzas.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marched towards Agincourt
 In happy hour;

Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopp'd his way,
 Where the French general lay
 With all his power.

From THE SOUL'S ERRAND.*

This poem has been ascribed to various authors, but is now believed to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh.

Go, Soul, the Body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand;
 Fear not to touch the best;
 The truth shall be thy warrant.
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give them all the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows,
 And shines like painted wood;
 Go, tell the Church it shows
 What's good, but does no good.
 If Court and Church reply,
 Give Court and Church the lie.

SHAKESPEARE.

From ROMEO AND JULIET.

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father and refuse thy name.

* * * * * *
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.—*Act II., Sc. 2.*

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.

Act II., Sc. 3.

Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.—*Act III., Sc. 2.*

* The poem consists of thirteen stanzas.

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.—*Act III., Sc. 5.*

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here we feel but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference; as the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;—
 And this, our life, exempt from public haunts,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.—*Act II., Sc. 1.*

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
 And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
 And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school: And then the lover;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier:
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,

Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side:
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank: and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Act II., Sc. 7.

Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical.—*Act III., Sc. 3.*

Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Act IV., Sc. 1.

FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Here you may see Benedick the married man.—*Act I., Sc. 1.*

Don Pedro.—Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leonato.—Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Act I., Sc. 2.

Dogberry.—To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature!—*Act III., Sc. 3.*

FROM MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Bottom.—Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that
 I will do any man's heart good to hear me;
 I will roar, that I will make the duke say,
Let him roar again, Let him roar again.

Quince.—And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies.

Bottom.—But I will aggravate my voice so, that
 I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove;
 I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.—*Act I, Sc. 2.*

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact;

* * * * *

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.—*Act V, Sc. 1.*

FROM MERCHANT OF VENICE.

His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff:
 you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them,
 they are not worth the search.—*Act I, Sc. 1.*

So may the outward shows be least themselves;
 The world is still deceived with ornament.
 In law what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What dangerous error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.—*Act III, Sc. 2.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
 But mercy is above the scepter'd sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.—*Act IV., Sc. 1.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 * * * Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patins of bright gold;
 There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—*Act V., Sc. 1.*

How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.—*Act V., Sc. 1.*

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT.

That strain again;—it had a dying fall;
 Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odor.—*Act I., Sc. 1.*

She sat, like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief.—*Act II., Sc. 4.*

Some are born great; some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.—*Act II., Sc. 5.*

FROM KING JOHN.

To me and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
 That no supporter but the huge, firm earth
 Can hold it up; here I and sorrow sit;
 Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.

Act III., Sc. 1.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue .
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.—*Act IV., Sc. 2.*

From JULIUS CAESAR.

But 'tis a common proof
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. So Caesar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent.—*Act II., Sc. 1.*

O conspiracy!
 Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night
 When evils are most free? Oh, then, by day,
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
 To mask thy monstrous visage?—*Act II., Sc. 1.*

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
 We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood.

Act II., Sc. 1.

You are my true and honorable wife;
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.—*Act II., Sc. 1.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.—*Act II., Sc. 2.*

O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure?—*Act III., Sc. 1.*

Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
 It is impossible that even Rome
 Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
 To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.

Act V., Sc. 3,

This was the noblest Roman of them all;
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
 He only in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, *This was a man!*—*Act V., Sc. 5.*

FROM MACBETH.

When shall we three meet again?—*Act I., Sc. 1.*

Come, what come may,—
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Act I., Sc. 3.

What thou wouldst highly,
 That thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win.—*Act I., Sc. 5.*

Letting *I dare not*, wait upon *I would*.—*Act I., Sc. 7.*

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we 'll not fail.—*Act I., Sc. 7.*

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
 This little hand.—*Act V., Sc. 1.*

My May of life
 Is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf.—*Act V., Sc. 3.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
 The cry is still, *They come!* Our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn.—*Act V., Sc. 5.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow: a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.—*Act V., Sc. 5.*

From HAMLET.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.—*Act I., Sc. 1.*

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons.—*Act I., Sc. 1.*

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Act I., Sc. 1.

He was a man, take him for all and all.—*Act I., Sc. 2.*

Good my brother,
Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own read.—*Act I., Sc. 3.*

This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Act I., Sc. 3.

My tables,—meet it is, I set it down
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
Act I., Sc. 5.

Brevity is the soul of wit.—*Act II., Sc. 2.*

Though this be madness, yet there's method in it.—*Act II., Sc. 2.*

I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space.—*Act II., Sc. 2.*

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!—*Act II., Sc. 2.*

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! quite, quite, down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

Act III., Sc. 1.

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man,
 As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

* * * *

Nay do not think I flatter;
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,
 That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
 To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?
 No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
 And could of men distinguish her election,
 She hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those
 Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.—*Act III., Sc. 2.*

Hamlet.—Will you play upon this pipe?

Guildestern.—My lord, I cannot.

Ham.—I do beseech you.

Guil.—I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham.—'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil.—But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham.—Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! you would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery: you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood!

do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Act III., Sc. 2.

Look here, upon this picture and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow!
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself:
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.—*Act III., Sc. 4.*

What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused.

* * * * *

Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake.—*Act IV., Sc. 4.*

Our indiscretions sometimes serve us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how he will.—*Act V., Sc. 2.*

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.—*Act V., Sc. 2.*

Good-night, sweet Prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.—*Act V., Sc. 2.*

FROM KING LEAR.

O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out.—*Act. I., Sc. 4.*

Pray do not mock me;
 I am a very foolish, fond old man,
 Fourscore, and upwards; and, to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.—*Act IV., Sc. 7.*

Come, let's away to prison;
 We two will sing like birds i' the cage:
 When thou dost ask my blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness.—*Act V., Sc. 3.*

Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, ye are men of stone.
 Had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them so
 That heaven's vault should crack. O, she is gone forever.

* * * * *

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
 What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
Act V., Sc. 3.

Vex not his ghost: O let him pass! he hates him,
 That would upon the rack of this rough world
 Stretch him out longer.—*Act V., Sc. 3.*

FROM THE TEMPEST.

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air;
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.—*Act IV., Sc. 1.*

BEN JONSON.

FROM THE FOREST.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;

Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be,
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

LORD BACON.

From ESSAY ON TRUTH.

Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds various opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunk things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?

ON DEATH.

It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant perhaps one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who for the time scarce feels the hurt; and therefore, a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death.

ON REVENGE.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out: for as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out

of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior.

OF ADVERSITY.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols.

ON STUDIES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

OF SUPERSTITION.

It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief, the other contumely.

OF ATHEISM.

I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend,* and the Talmud,† and the Alcoran,‡ than that this universal frame is without a mind; and therefore God never wrought miracles to convince Atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to Atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds above to religion; for, while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DESCRIPTION OF ARCADIA.

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers: thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

From the DEFENCE OF POESY.

And truly Plato, whosoever considereth shall find that in the body of his work, though the inside and strength were philosophy, the skin, as it were, and beauty dependeth most of poetry. Herodotus entitled his History by the name of the "Nine Muses," so that truly neither the Philosopher nor the Historiographer could, at first, have entered into the gates of popular judgment if they had not taken a great passport of Poetry.

RICHARD HOOKER.

From the ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY.

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and

* The Legend was a collection of miraculous stories.

† The book of Jewish traditions.

‡ The sacred book of the Mohammedans.

the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

JOSEPH HALL.

THE PLEASURE OF STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION.

I can wonder at nothing more than how a man can be idle; but of all others, a scholar; in so many improvements of reason, in such sweetness of knowledge, in such variety of studies, in such importunity of thoughts: other artisans do but practise, we still learn; others run still in the same gyre to weariness, to satiety; our choice is infinite; other labors require recreation; our very labor recreates our sports; we can never want either somewhat to do, or somewhat that we would do. How numberless are the volumes which men have written of arts, of tongues! How endless is that volume which God hath written of the world! wherein every creature is a letter, every day a new page. Who can be weary of either of these? To find wit in poetry; in philosophy, profoundness; in mathematics, acuteness; in history, wonder of events; in oratory, sweet eloquence; in divinity, supernatural light and holy devotion; as so many rich metals in their proper mines; whom would it not ravish with delight? After all these, let us but open our eyes, we cannot look beside a lesson, in this universal book of our Maker, worth our study, worth taking out. What creature hath not his miracle? what event doth not challenge his observation? How many busy tongues chase away good hours in pleasant chat, and complain of the haste of night! What ingenious mind can be sooner weary of talking with learned authors, the most harmless and sweetest companions? Let the world condemn us; while we have these delights we cannot envy them; we cannot wish ourselves other than we are. Besides, the way to all other contentments is troublesome; the only recompense is in the end. But very search of knowledge is delightful. Study itself is our life, from which we would not be barred for a world. How much sweeter then is the fruit of study, the conscience of knowledge? In comparison whereof the soul that hath once tasted it, easily contemns all human comforts.

JOHN LYLY.

From his EUPHUES.

ADVICE OF THE OLD GENTLEMAN OF NAPLES TO EUPHUES.

Let thy attire be comely, but not costly, thy diet wholesome but not excessive; use pastimes as the word importeth, to passe the time in

honest recreation. Mistrust no man without cause, neither be thou credulous without prooffe; be not lyght to follow every man's opinion, nor obstinate to stand in thy own conceipt. Serve GOD, love God, feare God, God will so bless thee as either thy heart can wish or thy friends desire.

EUPHUES' ADVICE TO PHILAUTUS.

Bee humble to thy superiors; gentle to thy equals; to thy inferiors favourable. Envie not thy betters, justle not thy fellows; oppress not the poore. The stipend that is allowed to maintain thee use wisely, be neither prodigall to spende all, covetous to keep all. Cut thy coat according to thy cloth, and thinke it better to bee accompted thriftie among the wise than a good companion among the riotous.

No, no, the times are changed, as Ovid saith, and we are changed in the times. Let us endeavor, every one, to amend *one*, and we shall all soon be amended. Let us give no occasion of reproach, and we shall more easily beare the burden of false reports.

* * * *

It is not ye descent of birth, but ye consent of conditions, that maketh gentlemen; neither great manors but good manners that express the true image of dignitie.

* * * *

"I know not how I should commend your beauty, because it is somewhat too brown, nor your stature, being somewhat too low; and of your wit I cannot judge."—"No," quoth she, "I believe you, for none can judge of wit but they that have it."—He perceiving all outward faults to be recompensed with inward favor, chose this virgin to be his wife. It is wit that flourisheth when beauty fadeth, that waxeth young when age approacheth, and resembles the ivie leafe, who although it be dead continueth green. And because of all creatures the woman's wit is most excellent, therefore have the poets fained the Muses to be women.

* * * *

A phrase there is which belongeth to your shoppe boorde, and that is to *make love*, and when I shall heare of what fashion it is made, if I like the patterne you shall cut me a partlette, so as you cut it not with a paire of left-handed sheeres. And I doubt not that though you have marred your first love in the making, yet by the time you have made three or four loves you will prove an expert workman.

From SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 3.*

Folio edition, 1623.

ADVICE OF POLONIUS TO LAERTES.

"Yet heere, Laertes? Aboord, aboard for shame.
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile
 And you are staid for there: my blessing with you,
 And these few Precepts in thy memory,
 See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue
 Nor any unproportioned thought his Act.
 Be thou familiar; but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride
 Grapple them to thy soule with hoopes of steele;
 But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
 Of each unhatch't, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell; but being in
 Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine eare; but few thy voice.
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
 Be not exprest in fancie; rich not gaudie,
 For the Apparell oft proclaims the man.
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are of a most select and generous, cheff in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
 For love oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all; to thine owne selfe be true
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.



SYLLABUS.

The Elizabethan Period embraces the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I.

This period shows the culmination of the forces operating during the preceding period.

Encouragement was extended to literature by all three of the sovereigns.

The Queen and other ladies read Latin and Greek.

There was general prosperity in the kingdom.

In literature it was the age of imagination.

The first half of Elizabeth's reign was not prolific in great writers.

The three great names of the Elizabethan period, are Shakespeare, Spenser, and Bacon.

Nearly all the poems of the first half of the period are long.

Spenser was the next considerable poet after Chaucer. There were a hundred and fifty years between them.

Spenser was called "the poet's poet."

His principal poems were *The Faërie Queen*, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, *The Epithalamium*, and *Mother Hubbard's Tale*. His chief prose work was, *A View of the State of Ireland*.

The minor Elizabethan poets are, Thomas Sackville, Robert Southwell, Samuel Daniel, Michael Drayton, Phineas and Giles Fletcher, Warner, Wotton, Donne, Davies, and later, connecting Milton's time with the Elizabethan, George Herbert, Joseph Hall, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, Herrick, Francis Quarles, and Richard Crashaw.

Scotch poets were less prominent than in the preceding age. William Drummond and George Buchanan were the chief Scotch poets.

The DRAMA was the principal feature of the Elizabethan literature.

Its progress is traced from the Miracle and Moral Plays. It reached its perfection in Shakespeare.

John Heywood was the inventor of the INTERLUDE.

Nicholas Udall wrote the first English Comedy, *Ralph Royster Doyster*.

Thomas Sackville wrote the first English Tragedy, *Ferrex and Porrex*.

After Shakespeare all the other dramatists of his time might be classed under the head of MINOR DRAMATISTS, beginning with Ben Jonson, then Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Middleton, Ford, Webster, Chapman, etc., ending with James Shirley.

The language of the time was influenced by John Lyly's *Euphues*.

Shakespeare was born April 23d, 1564, died April 23d, 1616.

The facts respecting his life are meagre.

His genius was universal.

Ben Jonson and Spenser appreciated Shakespeare.

Ben Jonson's principal plays are, *The Fall of Sejanus*, *Catiline's Conspiracy*, *Every Man in his Humor*, *Volpone*, *The Silent Woman*, and *The Alchemist*.

Theatres were closed in 1648.

Francis Bacon was the most illustrious name among the prose writers.

His aim in science, was to produce results or "fruit" from practical investigation or experiment.

Thomas Hobbes in his philosophic writings vindicated despotism and selfishness.

Sir Philip Sidney, "a warbler of poetic prose," was a gentleman with "high erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy." One in whom the "courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword," were all combined.

Sir Walter Raleigh's was an eventful life. He wrote while in prison, *A History of the World*.

Robert Burton wrote the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Richard Hooker's is the greatest name in Theology in the Elizabethan era. His principal work is the *Ecclesiastical Polity*.

John Knox was the founder of Presbyterianism in Scotland.

John Fox wrote the *Book of Martyrs*.

The *Translation of the Bible* was one of the most important literary works of the time of James I.

Other translations of this time, were Homer's *Iliad* by George Chapman, Tasso's *Jerusalem* by Fairfax, Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* by Sir John Harrington, Montaigne's *Essays* by John Florio.

Historians of this period were, Camden, Stow, Holinshed, Speed.

Queen Elizabeth's claim to literary renown was slight.

James's pretensions were somewhat better founded.

Charles was beheaded January 30th, 1649.

A new era was dawning upon England.





MILTON.

CHAPTER VI.



THE PURITAN AGE.

1649—1660.

THE Puritan influence in literature began earlier, and lasted longer, than the time included within the above dates; these, the student of history will recognize as marking the term of the Puritan government or the Commonwealth in England.

Allusion was made in the foregoing chapter to the decline of literature in the reign of Charles First, and in order to comprehend this degeneracy and the reactionary spirit of Puritanism which followed, it will be necessary to glance at the political features of the times.

The prosperity of Elizabeth's reign had ended. A new line of kings had ascended the English throne, and the wisdom and moderation of Elizabeth's ministry was replaced by the rule of unworthy favorites of the Stuart family. The Reformation which promised such salutary influences in Elizabeth's reign, in the reign of James developed features dangerous to the liberties of the people. The "Divine Rights of Kings" that sovereign construed literally, considering himself in no way amenable to law.*

The arrogant and aggressive bearing of the King aroused the indignation of liberty-loving England, especially as, side by side with the preconceived ideas of the "divine rights of kings,"

* In a speech delivered in the Star Chamber, he said: "As it is Atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do, so it is presumption and a high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do, or to say that a king cannot do this or that."

James held to the doctrine of the "divine rights of bishops." "Unbroken episcopal succession, and hereditary regal succession were, with the new sovereign, the inviolable basis of church and state." *

The condition to which James had reduced the kingdom anticipated the disastrous reign of his son. The first care of Charles upon coming to the throne was to replenish the exhausted treasury. This he attempted to do by levying heavy taxes upon the people.

The petition of rights was drawn up, and this Charles was induced to sign, thereby binding himself to levy no taxes upon the people without the consent of Parliament. But the contract was no sooner signed than violated, and, unheeding the murmurs of discontent, Charles continued in his illegal taxations and his arbitrary disbanding of Parliament.

By every means the King was making himself unpopular. Among his many arbitrary acts was his attempt to introduce episcopacy into Scotland, and to force the liturgy of the Church of England upon the people. This the Scots resisted, refusing to abandon their Presbyterian form of worship. Moreover, they drew up a covenant, binding themselves to resist all religious innovations; and this covenant every person throughout Scotland was obliged to sign. The "Covenanters," as they were afterwards called, became formidable enemies of Charles, and at once arrayed themselves into an army against him. Lacking means to quell this uprising, the King, having for eleven years governed without a Parliament, now sought its assistance. Parliament assembled, not, however, to raise means to assist the King in his distress, but to consider the grievances of the people. Enraged at this the King dissolved the Parliament, only to reassemble it in a time of more pressing need. This time the Parliament declared that it "should not again be dissolved, prorogued, or adjourned without its own consent." Charles, by assenting to this, lost all control of the government. A civil war resulted, the Puritans siding with Parliament; the regular clergy, the landed gentry, and a majority of the nobles siding with the King.

* Green's History of the English People.

The battle of Naseby (1645) decided the strength of the Puritans. Charles was defeated, taken prisoner, and condemned to death "as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and enemy of his country," and on the 30th of January, 1649, was beheaded.

No sooner was the atrocious deed for liberty committed, than the people recoiled with horror from the act. Pity took the place of hatred. The inconstant multitude, forgetting his errors, now deplored the untimely end of their sovereign.

MILTON.

In this crisis, when public sentiment was vacillating, it required not only the strong arm of a Cromwell to command the actions, but the calm, clear intellect of a Milton to direct the feelings of the new republic.

Until this stormy time JOHN MILTON (1608-1674), the poet and scholar, had lived in retirement, adding daily stores of knowledge and fancy to the rich treasury of his mind, in the conscious preparation for the work which was to make his name immortal. Through all these years of study, one thought, one desire had haunted him like a passion—a wish to write "something which the world would not willingly let die." But his country's call now aroused him from all dreams of putting into execution his long-cherished plans.

Guided solely by his love of liberty, he entered upon his task of setting before the people a clear, dispassioned view of the state of the kingdom. His ability and ardent love of liberty attracted the attention of the Council of State, and he was appointed Latin or Foreign Secretary during the Commonwealth, in which capacity he made the intimate acquaintance of Cromwell.

Milton himself gives a brief outline of his early career :

"I was born," he says, "at London, of respectable parents. My father was a man of the highest integrity. My mother, an excellent woman, was particularly known throughout the neighborhood for her charitable donations. My father destined me from a child for the pursuits of polite learning, which I prosecuted with such eagerness that, after I was twelve years old, I rarely retired to bed from my lucubrations till midnight. This was the first thing which proved pernicious to my eyes, to the natural weakness of which were added frequent

headaches. But as all this could not abate my instinctive ardor for learning, he provided me, in addition to the ordinary instructions of the grammar-school, with masters to give me daily lessons at home. Being thus instructed in various languages, and having gotten no slight taste of the sweetness of philosophy, he sent me to Cambridge, one of our two national colleges. There, aloof from all profligate conduct, and with the approbation of all good men, I studied seven years, according to the usual course of discipline and of scientific instruction, till I obtained, and with applause, the degree of Master, as it is called."

It was during his course at the University that Milton composed the most of his Latin verses, and the beautiful *Hymn on the Nativity*.

Leaving college, he passed the next five years at Horton, his father's country residence. Here he composed those lighter poems, which, if they do not evince the majesty and power of *Paradise Lost*, have a luxuriance of imagery scarcely equalled by his more celebrated poem.

It would be difficult to find two more exquisite companion-pictures than *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the respective portraiture of Mirth and Melancholy. There is a grace and airy lightness in his "heart-easing mirth," that we seldom accredit to Milton, with whom we mainly associate only the grand and high-sounding line. But what could be more expressive of "jollity" than the

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

Ariel* scarcely invites to a more exquisite measure than that of Mirth in,

"Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

* "Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
The wild waves' whist,
Foot it feately here and there."

Tempest, Act I., Scene II.—SHAKESPEARE.

Arcades was written for a portion of an entertainment given to the Countess of Derby at her residence at Harefield, not far from Horton. *Comus* is a masque composed in honor of an actual event, and was written soon after *Arcades*, and for the same family.*

Milton's early life was enriched by the warm friendship of two of his classmates, Charles Diodati† and Edward King.‡ In 1637 King died—was drowned on his passage home to Ireland. Milton mourned his death in the celebrated elegy, *Lycidas*, the last of his so-called early poems.§

In 1638 the poet set out for a tour on the Continent. His genius attracted the attention of the learned men abroad, and on all sides compliments were heaped upon him; but as soon as news of England's distress reached his ears, nothing could induce him to protract his stay. "For," said he,

"I thought it base that I should be travelling at my ease abroad, even for the improvement of my mind, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for their liberty at home."

And, accordingly, we find him, as in the opening of the chapter, advocating liberal views, justice, and humanity. He took no active part in the affairs of government, however, until after the execution of the King.

Milton's life, in reference to his literary works, may be divided into three periods. The first, including his college days, and the five quiet years spent at Horton, when he wrote his Early Poems; the second, comprising the best years of his

* The Countess of Derby's son-in-law, the Earl of Bridgewater, lived at Ludlow Castle, near Horton. His two sons and his daughter, Lady Alice Egerton, had lost their way in passing through Haywood Forest. Several interesting incidents had occurred on their journey, and upon these events Milton was requested to write a Masque to be performed at the Castle.

† Charles Diodati was of Italian parentage, but lived most of his time in London. The acquaintance of Milton and Diodati dates from their childhood, when, as boys, they studied together at St. Paul's School. Their intimacy ripened into the rarest friendship, which ended only with the death of Diodati.

‡ Edward King was the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland. Milton's acquaintance with him began at Cambridge.

§ "Lycidas" was the name of a shepherd in one of Virgil's Eclogues; and, signifying whiteness and purity, Milton, under this name, embalmed the memory of his friend.

life, when, from the age of thirty-two to fifty-two, from 1640 to 1660, he gave to his country time, talents, and the boon of sight. This may be called the Period of his Prose Works. The third period embraces the last few years of his life, in which he wrote his grand epic, *Paradise Lost*, and the classical drama *Samson Agonistes*.

Returning from the Continent, where he had spent fifteen happy months, Milton engaged at once in the great controversy then raging between Episcopacy and Puritanism.* His first pamphlet was of *Reformation touching Church Discipline in England*. In this work he shows that the Reformation, begun in the time of Henry VIII., failed in its purpose so long as Popish ceremonies were retained in the Church of England, and so long as bishops retained "irresponsible power," for although they denied the Pope, they "hugged the popedom," he said, "and shared the authority among themselves."

In 1643 Milton married Mary Powell, the daughter of a Royalist; but the simple home of the Puritan poet was little in accordance with her gayer tastes, and after a month's residence with her husband in London, she left and for some time refused to return. Milton hereupon wrote his two books or pamphlets on the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*.†

While still engaged upon his pamphlets on divorce, Milton wrote another essay or letter on *Education*. In this work, after dwelling with some minuteness on the errors of the day in methods of imparting knowledge, he says:

"I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we

* In 1641, Bishop Hall, urged by Laud, whose sole aim was to secure church uniformity, wrote "An Humble Remonstrance" to the high court of Parliament, urging the divine rights of Episcopacy. An answer to this was written by "Smectymnuus." This name was composed of the initial letters of the five Puritan divines who were the joint authors of the work—Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William (Uuilliam) Spurstow. The answer by Smectymnuus to Bishop Hall called forth a confutation by Archbishop Usher, to which Milton replied, in a treatise entitled *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*. Hall then published a Defence of the Humble Remonstrance, and to this Milton replied in a pamphlet entitled *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus*. Milton's fifth pamphlet, *An Apology for Smectymnuus*, was the last of his treatises on prelati-cal government.

† This was followed by two other pamphlets upon the same subject, entitled *Tetrachordon* and *Colasterion*. These were replies to objections to his doctrine of divorce.

should *not do*, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point out the right path of a virtuous and noble education ; laborious indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youths, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sow thistles and brambles, which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age."

In the same year (1644) Milton published the most important work he had yet written. It was entitled *Areopagitica; a Speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*, addressed to the Parliament of England. The year previous, Parliament, fearful of the influence of free speech uttered through the press, had instituted a censorship "to prevent all publications which inveighed against churchmen, or contained any insinuations against the measures of government." Milton made no delay in opposing this tyrannous measure, in which he saw the attempted strangling of free speech. He says :

"Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple. Who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? . . . For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty ; she needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings, to make her victorious ; those are the shifts and defences that error uses against her power."

Soon after the execution of Charles, there appeared a work entitled *Eikon Basilikē* (The Royal Image) ; the True Pourtraicture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings. It was believed by most to have been written by the King during his imprisonment. Appearing when it did, it produced the most profound impression. Tinctured with a vein of piety, of which Charles was not destitute, it called upon the sympathies of the masses, and so universal was the sentiment of pity and indignation it excited, that the Council of State, to which body Milton had been appointed secretary, urged him to write a reply. So to *Eikon Basilike* (The Royal Image) Milton opposed his *Eikonoclastes* (*Image Breaker*) :

"I opposed," says he, "the Iconoclast to the Ikon, not, as is pretended, in insult to the departed spirit of the King, but in the persuasion that Queen Truth ought to be preferred to King Charles."

Again, in the same year, the Council of State called upon Milton to answer an antagonist upon the Continent. This was Salmasius, a celebrated professor at Leyden, who sought to inflame the prejudices of other nations against the English for the murder of their king. The work was addressed to the legitimate heir, Charles II. In reply Milton wrote his celebrated *Defence of the People of England*.

Salmasius did not attempt another encounter. A less powerful writer did in an article called, "The Cry of Royal Blood to Heaven against the English Parricides." To this Milton replied in a *Second Defence for the People of England*. He had now lost the sight of both eyes. In a Sonnet to his friend and former pupil, Cyriac Skinner, he says, in reference to the loss of his eyes :

"What supports me, dost thou ask?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied

In Liberty's defence, my noble task,

Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

This thought might lead me through the world's vain masque

Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

The Commonwealth ended, and the Stuart line restored, the supporters of Cromwell became in many instances the flatterers of Charles II. Milton, on the other hand, refused to become Secretary to the Council of State under Charles II., preferring honest poverty to royal favors won at the expense of conscience.

The period of Milton's life which we are now approaching constitutes the Third Period, or that of his Later Poems. When at last his long life-dream is to be realized—after his best days have been spent in the warfare for truth and liberty, and when total blindness is his portion—full of confidence in his ability to cope with his mighty theme—*Paradise Lost*—he begins by invoking the aid of the "heavenly muse" in his "adventurous song :"

"That with no middle flight intends to soar.
And chiefly thou, oh spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou knowest.

What in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this grand argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

His reference to the baseness of his own times is frequently evident. All the fallen angels are princes and potentates, most of them representing some false religion or idolatry which had crept into a purer worship. Mammon is described as

"— the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy."

The whole poem breathes aspirations for the highest. Even these fallen enemies of good aspire to a better condition.

The fourth book contains some of the finest passages. The descriptions of night and morning are scarcely excelled by Shakespeare:

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad."

—
"Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with Orient pearl."

No English writer has ever had such complete mastery of the language. What noise of conflict in these words:

"Arms on armor clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd."

And what harmony in these:

"Heaven open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges moving."

It is the grand swelling note of the organ that is oftenest heard in his melody, but not unfrequently the gentlest sounds in nature are represented, as in the

“liquid lapse of murmuring streams,”

where the very sound of the water is heard.

Seven years were occupied by Milton in the writing of *Paradise Lost*. Then, at the suggestion of his friend, Thomas Elwood, he wrote *Paradise Regained*. This poem, however, sinks far below the other in poetic dignity. *Paradise Lost* was finished in the gay, licentious times of Charles II., when only flippant, bad literature was popular. Pressing want compelled Milton to offer his manuscript for sale. A publisher bought it for five pounds. Should three editions sell, the author was to receive an additional five pounds. He lived to receive ten pounds. After his death, his widow sold her entire “right, title, and interest” in the work for eight pounds!

In the last years of his life, when by the “ever-during dark” surrounded, and “from the cheerful ways of men cut off,” the blind poet poured out his pent-up grief in the grand tragedy of *Samson Agonistes*. In this Milton fulfilled his hope of writing a sacred drama, into which form he once thought of turning his great epic. *Samson Agonistes* is modelled by the rules of the Greek drama. In this poem we are made to understand Milton’s own personal feelings. He is the Samson shorn of his strength, and “blind among enemies.” Symbolized in this drama we see the perfidious age of Charles II., the national humiliation for liberty lost and reviled; and Milton, blind and scoffed at, yet undaunted, feeling the spiritual strength of a Samson to pull down the unholy temple of the Philistines.

GEORGE WITHER (1588–1667) and ANDREW MARVELL (1620–1678) were Puritan poets of less note.

The Cavalier Poets.

The same age that produced Milton produced COWLEY, WALLER, DAVENANT, and BUTLER, who, being Royalists, enjoyed a popularity which Milton in his own day never knew. Yet, in the language of

Pope, "Who now reads Cowley?" And Waller, who was then styled the

"Maker and model of melodious verse,"

is now as little read as Cowley. The same may be said of Davenant, a poet as unscrupulous in conduct as Waller. Yet to all these the history of Literature assigns a niche, however small.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667) was probably the most popular poet of his age. A devoted follower of the Stuarts, he naturally looked for some reward for his fidelity, but was disappointed in all his hopes of advancement from the King. He is remarkable as one of the precocious children of song. His first poems were published when he was in his fifteenth year. His chief works are his *Miscellanies*; a collection of love verses, styled the *Mistress*; *Pindaric Odes*; and the *Davidides*, an unfinished epic, celebrating the troubles of David.

WILLIAM DAVENANT (1605-1668) succeeded Ben Jonson as poet-laureate, but his fame rests chiefly on the aid he gave to the restoration of the drama, which, during the Puritan influence, was entirely suppressed. His principal work is *Gondibert*, an unfinished epic poem. His most popular dramas were *The Law against Lovers*; *The Siege of Rhodes*, *The Cruel Brother*, and *Albovine*.

The ever celebrated poem, *Hudibras*, is one of the rare examples of a burlesque or personal satire outliving the time for which it was written. The wit is coarse but irresistible. Its sole object was to ridicule the Puritans. The author, SAMUEL BUTLER (1612-1680), although serving, in this poem, the interest of the King's party, lived in comparative obscurity, and, notwithstanding the wide popularity of his works, died in poverty. He was probably incited to the writing of this satire by his daily intercourse with Sir Samuel Luke, in whose family he resided as tutor. The peculiarities which marked the Puritan of the day were doubtless exaggerated in Luke. However that may be, he is supposed to be the prototype of the redoubtable hero, *Hudibras*.*

Like Don Quixote, who sets out to achieve all the impossible feats of knight errantry, *Hudibras*, inflamed with Puritanic zeal, sets forth to correct abuses and reform the manners of the time by enforcing the dictates of Parliament, suppressing

* The name is an adaptation of that of one of the knights of old romance, Sir Hugh de Bras.

theatrical performances and every species of gayety among the people. This coarse burlesque, the expression of the popular sentiment of the Restoration period, was a great favorite with Charles II. and his courtiers. A copy of *Hudibras* was in the hands of all, while the grand epic of Milton lay unnoticed on the bookseller's shelf.

Philosophers.

To the gross selfishness of this age of Charles II., the writings of THOMAS HOBBS contributed. He has already been alluded to as a contemporary of Bacon and Ben Jonson; but his active career was even later, when, in opposition to Milton's grand republican notions of government, he promulgated his doctrines of selfishness as the basis of all human actions.

The most powerful opponent of the doctrines of Hobbes was RALPH CUDWORTH (1617-1688), whose *True Intellectual System of the Universe* established his reputation as a powerful controvertist and a vigorous writer of prose.

Theology.

Religion was the one absorbing theme of the masses. If there was cant amongst the Puritans, and flagrant immorality amongst the cavaliers, there was also earnest, sincere piety with the one, and loyalty and religious purity with the other.

The Church of England found one of its grandest supporters in JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667), who, like Hooker, threw the grace of clemency over his strongest arguments against Puritanism. He united, in his style, vigorous thought with elegance of diction. On account of his exuberant imagination, he is sometimes called "the Shakespeare of Divines." His principal work is the *Liberty of Prophesying*, which contains broad and tolerant views on the forms of religious worship. This was written during the Protectorate. His more popular works are those on the *Rule and Exercise of Holy Living and Dying*.

Another distinguished divine of the Church of England was WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH (1602-1644). He was first a Protestant, then was won over to the Church of Rome. Soon after, however, he was converted again to Protestantism. These changes, the result of study and research, were, he main-

tained, "of all his actions, those which satisfied him most." His chief work was the *Religion of the Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation*.

Dr. ISAAC BARROW (1630-1677), noted equally as a divine and mathematician, was a man of powerful intellect. In his attainments in mathematics, he has been ranked second to Sir Isaac Newton. He was remarkable, alike for the readiness of his wit,* and for his integrity of purpose, which is well illustrated by his own mathematical demonstration that "*a straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in Geometry.*" His sermons are models of conciseness.

Non-Conformists.

The Bible, after its revision by the order of King James, had become, among a certain class, the most popular book in the realm. Its great truths and marvellous narrations were pondered over, lived upon, and made the daily spiritual food of the Puritan worshipper. Its various interpretations led to the formation of various sects. Besides the large bodies of Presbyterians and Baptists, there were the Independents, Anabaptists, Quakers, Socinians, and innumerable others, some of them ephemeral, and others increasing in numbers and influence, and destined to become a power in the religious world.

One of the distinguished names among the Non-conformist divines is that of RICHARD BAXTER (1615-1691), author of *The Call to the Unconverted*, and *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*. For some things in his writings deemed unfavorable to Episcopacy, he was fined and imprisoned, but, being released, he continued his labors of preaching and writing.

The greatest teachers of mankind in religion have oftenest

* It is related that, at his examination for orders, when the usual questions were propounded to the candidates, Barrow, when his turn came, quickly replied to the "*Quid est Fides?*"

"*Quod non vides.*"

"Good!" exclaimed the prelate, continuing the examination, "*Quid est Spes?*"

"*Nondum res,*" replied Barrow.

"Better yet!" cried the delighted dignitary, "*Quid est Caritas?*"

"Ah, magister, *id est raritas!*"

"Best of all!" cried the prelate. "It must be 'either Erasmus or the Devil.'"*

* Sir Thomas Moore's exclamation on first hearing the conversation of Erasmus.

sprung from the humblest classes ; and during the first twelve years of the reign of Charles II., while that merry monarch, in the intervals of his carousals, was punishing heretics, or those who did not conform to the established church, there lay in the jail at Bedford a prisoner who, imbued with the love of a pure religion and steeped in the lore of the Bible, was writing for future ages and for all time a work which the world will almost as unwillingly let die as it will Milton's grand epic.

This prisoner, JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688), the poor "tinker of Bedford," was rich in spiritual gifts, though from his rigid conscientiousness,* which bordered on morbidness, he accused himself of all sorts of "ungodly" actions. His teeming imagination painted for himself the most terrible punishments for the innocent delight he took in the "bell-ringsings" at the "steeple-houses." All the enjoyments which an imaginative, poetic temperament like Bunyan's could feel, were repressed with his own firm, vigorous will ; but the play of his lively imagination would have an outlet, and poured out its wealth of beauty in the finest allegory in the language.

In his twenty-fifth year he joined the Baptist church, and for six years labored uninterruptedly, preaching in Bedford and in other places, exciting great attention by his simple eloquence and power.† But this was in the days of the Commonwealth. In 1660 the reign of kings began again, and among the first acts of the ministry of Charles II. was to end all religious gatherings that were unauthorized by the Church of England. Bunyan was thrown into prison. There, illumined with true poetic inspiration, and that light which passeth understanding, he composed the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The only books to which he had access were the Bible, and Fox's Book of Martyrs. These he perused constantly, until such visions formed themselves in his imagination as only a poet's brain could

* He tells us that the spirit of righteousness was kindled in his heart by hearing a group of poor women "talking about the things of God, as if joy did make them speak—as if they had found a new world."

† The learned Dr. Owen took great delight in listening to the graphic glowing words of the enthusiastic preacher, and when asked once by the King how such a learned man as he could "sit and hear an illiterate tinker prate," replied, "May it please your Majesty, could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning."

conceive and portray. His language is that of the common people of his time, whose phrases were largely borrowed from the Bible. So deeply had this book influenced their lives that unconsciously they expressed themselves in its very language. Bunyan knew it by heart, and no better guide could he have had for the use of "English undefiled." He wrote many other works, but none of them equalled his great allegory. Next in importance to the *Pilgrim's Progress* is an account of his own life, entitled *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners; The Life and Death of Mr. Badman; A Discourse Touching Prayer*, etc., etc.

Among the prominent Non-conformists of this day were GEORGE FOX and ROBERT BARCLAY, and a little later WILLIAM PENN.

GEORGE FOX (1624-1690), the founder of the Society of Friends, claims a place in literature as one of the moulders of thought in this age of religious confusion. Reflective and serious by nature, he, like Bunyan, early listened to the divine call. Quitting his humble occupation as a shepherd, he went about preaching, believing that a learned education was not a necessary qualification for the ministry of the gospel, and that especially a clerical education is contrary to the teaching of Christ or of any part of the Bible. The chief element of his doctrine was embraced in his oft-repeated injunction, "Mind the light"—"the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world"—the spirit of God manifested in the soul of man. Persecuted and imprisoned, he still continued to preach, "the burden of his testimony being that Jesus Christ teaches his people himself through the influence of his Spirit, which is the light and life of the regenerated soul;" that war is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity; that oaths are at all times irreverent and demoralizing; that capital punishment is "contrary to the Scriptures and to the spirit of God, which leads to judgment and mercy," and "that the sovereignty of conscience belongs to God, and that no human power has a right to invade it."*

* The extreme corruptness of the times, in which music and elegant accomplishments ministered to luxury and voluptuousness, caused early Friends to testify against the fashionable accomplishments of the day. The strictures upon dress and

ROBERT BARCLAY (1648-1690), the learned expounder and defender of Quakerism, by his work entitled *An Apology for the True Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and practised by the People called, in scorn, Quakers, set before the world, in a more systematized form, the doctrines held by the Society of Friends.*

History and Biography.

One of the greatest prose works of this period was Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*. EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON (1608-1673), was an adherent of the Stuart cause throughout the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II. During the Commonwealth he remained abroad with Charles II., returned with him at the Restoration, and became Lord Chancellor of England.*

To the chatty, gossiping pen of THOMAS FULLER (1608-1661) we are indebted for some of our most graphic and interesting sketches of men of his own and of preceding times. His principal works are *History of the Worthies of England*; *The Church History of Great Britain, from the Birth of Christ to 1648*; *The Holy and Profane State*; *The History of the Holy War*; *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*; *Good Thoughts in Worse Times*; *Mixed Contemplations in Better Times*. Fuller's *Worthies of England* is one of the first biographical works in the English language.

One of the most delightful and unique prose writers of this time was SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682). With introverted and back-looking eyes he views all nature. He is philosopher and antiquarian in one. During the stormy days in which he lived, his own life was unruffled; king nor commonwealth dis-

manners were also a silent remonstrance against the excesses of the times. Seeing the homage paid to rank, George Fox chose to show his own disregard of station or title by refusing to take off his hat to any one, no matter how high in rank. These outward forms have lost much of their original significance, and in many cases are but traditions of the past.

* Although an adherent of the King's cause and party, his own morals were unimpeachable. This integrity and prudence rendered him obnoxious to the profligate court of Charles II., and on an insufficient pretext he was impeached for treason, and banished. He retired to France and wrote his *History of the Great Rebellion*. His daughter, Anne Hyde, married the king's brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and her two daughters, Mary and Anne, became Queens of England.

turbed his placid serenity. The discovery of some Roman urns near Norfolk, in which human dust had been buried, called forth from this quaint philosopher the most profound thoughts on the nature of death and immortality. Life and its responsibilities did not weigh upon him as they did upon his great contemporary, Milton. He could exclude from his mind all the outward disturbances of state and church, and in his own meditations find solace and delight. His *Urn Burial* is one of his most delightful works. His first work was entitled *Religio Medici* (The Religion of a Physician), and as it affords a more intimate acquaintance with this eccentric man's personal character, it has been more read than most of his other works. In it he shows himself to be philosopher, poet, moralist, and physician. The work became instantly popular, and was translated into various languages of Europe. His next work was entitled *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or *Vulgar Errors*. In this he attempts to correct such time-honored notions as, that moles are blind; that storks will only live in republics and free states; that the forbidden fruit was an apple; that crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed. In his honest endeavor to correct these popular errors, he introduced as many errors as he corrected, but the style is quaint, lively, and full of interest, and no one ever sustained any injury by the errors he propagated. He loved the sonorous Latin, and wherever it was possible he used a Latinized word. It scarcely seems pedantic in him, for a genuine, artless love of its sound betrays itself in every line. It seems like the whim of a musical, eccentric child. He is often fantastic and obscure, but the reader is usually repaid for time spent in search of his meaning.

A writer as thoroughly delightful as Sir Thomas Browne, but without his extensive learning, was good old IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683), dear not only to every angler's heart, but to the heart of all true lovers of literature. With the childlike simplicity of Chaucer, he drinks in the charms of nature, and brings all who listen to him under her genial influences. What abandonment to the delights of natural scenery in his best known work, the *Complete Angler*. How thoroughly he enjoys his own thoughts, and yet how unconscious of himself! As we sometimes feel in Chaucer, there is a ripple of happy laughter

under the words of this lover of nature. It is not in the linen-draper's little back shop in London that we see him, but in the fields, by murmuring streams, where with hook and line he gives himself up to the complete enjoyment of the recreation, to which every ripple of the stream, every flower on its margin, every "little nimble musician of the air," contributes. They are all his. After speaking with loving familiarity of the blackbird, song thrush, skylark, linnet, and the "honest robin," he says :

"But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say: 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth.'"

The *Complete Angler* is written in the form of a dialogue or conversation between three persons, an angler (Piscator), a hunter (Venator), and a falconer (Auceps). Each commends his favorite pursuit, but at last Piscator wins the others to his loved pastime, and Venator abandons hunting and becomes a pupil to Piscator. In the conversation between the angler and his scholar, as seated on the bank of some quiet stream they discourse—now upon angling, now upon the scenery around them—on contentment, and the ever-ruling presence of God, we have the outpouring of a simple, earnest heart attuned to the harmonies of nature, and withal such an honest, hearty, innocent enjoyment of his pursuit, that for very sympathy with the writer, we forget the torture of the fly, or bait that ministers to his enjoyment.

After rising with the dawn and fishing for several hours, master and pupil seat themselves under a sycamore, where together they eat their rural breakfast, and thus Piscator continues his praises of their occupation :

"No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as

much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did.' And so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

"I'll tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the emperor did of the city of Florence, that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays. As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse. 'Twas a wish which I'll repeat to you." Whereupon he recites *THE ANGLER'S WISH*, beginning,

"I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice."

Besides the *Complete Angler*, Walton wrote numerous biographical works—*The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson*.

JAMES HARRINGTON (1611–1677) was the author of a political romance entitled *Oceana*. England (*Oceana*), he says, being an island, seems designed by God for a commonwealth. All power, he maintained, depends upon the balance of property, especially upon landed property. The work was dedicated to Cromwell.

Illustrations of the Literature of Milton's Time.



MILTON.

From his ODE,

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

"It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;

It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

IV.

"No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

V.

"But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave." *

From COMUS.

THE LADY SEPARATED FROM HER BROTHERS.

O, welcome, pure-eyed faith, white-handed hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish'd form of chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassail'd.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.

From AREOPAGITICA.

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, above all
liberties.

* This ode consists of twenty-seven stanzas.

He who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for want of which whole nations fare worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men; how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may thus be committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if extended to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself,—*slays an immortality rather than a life.*—*Ibid.*

Lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes; when I have sat among their learned men (for that honor I had), and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet it was beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish.—*Ibid.*

FROM PARADISE LOST.

“Is this the region, this the soil, the clime?”
 Said then the lost archangel;—“this the seat
 That we must change for heaven? This mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
 Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,

Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme,
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
 Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell
 Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time:
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

Book I.

On the other side up rose
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
 A fairer person lost not heaven; he seem'd
 For dignity composed, and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason.

* * * *

Who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being—
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity?

Book II.

All night the dreadless angel, unpursued
 Through heaven's wide champaign, held his way, till Morn,
 Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
 Unbarred the gates of light.

* * * *

Gladly then he mix'd
 Among those friendly powers, who him received
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
 That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
 Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill
 They led him, high applauded, and present
 Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,
 From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard:
 "Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
 Against revolted multitudes the cause
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne
 Universal reproach; far worse to bear
 Than violence; for this was all thy care,

To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse."

Book VI.

From SAMSON AGONISTES.

But peace! I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first-created Beam, and thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was this sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?

Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
 As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
 Buried, yet not exempt,
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs;
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.

SONNET ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

SAMUEL BUTLER.

From HUDIBRAS.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
 And men fell out, they knew not why;
 When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
 Set folks together by the ears;
 When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
 Entitle him mirror of knighthood,
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee
 To anything but chivalry,
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right worshipful on shoulder-blade.

* * * * *

We grant, although he had much wit,
 H' was very shy of using it,
 As being loath to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about;
 Unless on holidays or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 't is known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak;
 That Latin was no more difficile
 Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle.

* * * * *

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic:
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
 All this by syllogism true,
 In mood and figure he would do.
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope:
 And when he happen'd to break off
 In th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by;
 Else when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk;

* * * * *

Did they for this draw down the rabble
 With zeal and noises formidable;
 And make all cries about the town
 Join throats to cry the bishops down?

* * * * *

When *tinkers* bawled aloud, to settle
 Church discipline, for patching kettle.
 The oyster women locked their fish up,

And trudged away, to cry No Bishop,
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation.

From the ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

A SATIRE ON THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

A learn'd society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,
Agreed upon a summer's night,
To search the moon by her own light;
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence, too, were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they heaven itself assail,
Was mounted full against the moon,
And all stood ready to fall on,
When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoso then, in chief,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glass his judging eye,
Cried, Strange! then reinforced his sight
Against the moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow,
As if he meant to gaze her through;
When all the rest began to admire
And, like a train, from him took fire.
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand,
Cried out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wondered at.

* * * * *

Quoth one, a stranger sight appears
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres;
An elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose,
And with the horror of the fight
Appears amazed and in a fright.

* * * * *

Most excellent and virtuous friends,
This great discovery makes amends
For all our unsuccessful pains

And lost expense of time and brains.
 But since the world's incredulous
 Of all our scrutinies, and us,
 And since it is uncertain when
 Such wonders will occur again,
 Let us as cautiously contrive
 To draw an exact narrative
 Of what we every one can swear
 Our eyes themselves have seen appear.

* * * * *

Now while they were diverted all
 With wording the memorial,
 The footboys, for diversion, too,
 As having nothing else to do,
 Seeing the telescope at leisure,
 Turn'd virtuoso for their pleasure,
 Began to gaze upon the moon
 As those they waited on had done.
 When one, whose turn it was to peep,
 Saw something in the engine creep,
 And, viewing well, discover'd more
 Than all the learn'd had done before.
 Quoth he, "A little thing is slunk
 Into the long star-gazing trunk,
 And now is gotten down so nigh,
 I have him just against mine eye."

* * * * *

For he had scarce applied his eye
 To the engine but immediately
 He found a mouse was gotten in
 The hollow tube, and, shut between
 The two glass windows in restraint,
 Was swell'd into an elephant.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

ON PRAYER.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempests. Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a

troubled and discomposed, spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man: when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention, and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

ON CONTENT.

Since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite, as when a man hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss, he that composes his spirit to the present accident hath variety of instances for his virtue, but none to trouble him, because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune: and a wise man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or centre of a wheel in the midst of all the circumvolutions and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up, and which is down; for there is some virtue or other to be exercised whatever happens—either patience or thanksgiving, love or fear, moderation or humility, charity or contentedness.

It conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider that which is pleasing and prosperous; that, by the representation of the better, the worse may be blotted out.

It may be thou art entered into the cloud which will bring a gentle shower to refresh thy sorrows.

I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me: what now? let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they still have left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too: and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate, I can walk in my neighbor's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights, that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself.

ON TOLERATION.

Any zeal is proper for religion but the zeal of the sword and the zeal of anger: this is the bitterness of zeal, and it is a certain temptation to every man against his duty; for if the sword turns preacher, and dictates propositions by empire instead of arguments, and engraves them in men's hearts with a poniard, that it shall be death to believe what I innocently and ignorantly am persuaded of, it must needs be unsafe to try the spirits, to try all things, to make inquiry; and yet, without this liberty, no man can justify himself before God or man, nor confidently say that his religion is best. This is inordination of zeal; for Christ, by reproving St. Peter drawing his sword even in the cause of Christ, for his sacred and yet injured person, teaches us not to use the sword, though in the cause of God, or for God himself.

* When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man eat, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked

* With this apologue, which he said he had found in the "Jews' books," Jeremy Taylor closes his *Liberty of Prophesying*.

him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst not thou endure him one night?

Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. *Go thou and do likewise*, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

DR. ISAAC BARROW.

INDUSTRY.

Industry doth not consist merely in action, for that is incessant in all persons, our mind being a restless thing, never abiding in a total cessation from thought or design; being like a ship in the sea, if not steered to some good purpose by reason, yet tossed by the waves of fancy, or driven by the winds of temptation some whither. But the direction of our mind to some good end, without roving or flinching, in a straight and steady course, drawing after it our active powers in execution thereof, doth constitute industry.

RICHARD BAXTER.

From a NARRATIVE OF MEMORABLE PASSAGES OF HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been.



JOHN BUNYAN.

From PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord." I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "Blessing, honor, and glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, forever and ever."

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets, also, were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord." And after that they shut up the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Now, while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance coming up to the river side; but he soon got over, and that without half the difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one Vain-Hope, a ferryman, that with his boat helped him over; so he, as the other, I saw, did ascend the hill, to come up to the gate, only he came alone; neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was coming up to the gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him; but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the gate, Whence come you, and what would you have? He answered, "I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our streets." Then they asked for his certificate, that they might go in and show it to the King; so he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, You have none! but the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two shining ones that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the city to go out and take Ignorance, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw on

the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction. "So I awoke, and behold it was a dream."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

FROM THE URN BURIAL.

In a field of Old Walsingham, not many months past, were digged up between forty and fifty urns, deposited in a dry and sandy soil, not a yard deep, not far from one another: not all strictly of one figure, but most answering these described; some containing two pounds of bones, distinguishable in skulls, ribs, jaws, thigh-bones, and teeth, with fresh impressions of their combustion; besides, the extraneous substances, like pieces of small boxes, or combs handsomely wrought, handles of small brass instruments, brazen nippers, and in one some kind of opal.

That these were the urns of Romans, from the common custom and place where they were found, is no obscure conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism, not to be resolved by man, not easily, perhaps, by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names, as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. . . .

* * * * *

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory.

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave; solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre.

FROM VULGAR ERRORS.

Ice is only water congealed by the frigidity of the air, whereby it acquireth no new form, but rather a consistence or determination of its diffuency, and emitteth not its essence, but condition of fluidity. Neither doth there anything properly congeliate but water, or watery humidity, for the determination of quicksilver is properly fixation, that of milk coagulation, and that of oil and unctuous bodies only incrassation.

SYLLABUS.

The Commonwealth of England continued from 1649 to 1660.

With the accession of the Stuarts the liberty of the people was threatened.

Resistance to royal aggression brought on civil war.

Milton was called upon to direct the sentiments of the new republic.

His own interests were abandoned; and he devoted himself to the liberty of England.

Love of liberty and truth were the guiding principles of his life.

Milton's life may be divided into three parts.

1st. The period of his Early Poems, when he wrote *Hymn to the Nativity*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*.

2d. The period of his Prose Works, principal of which were *Reformation touching Church Discipline*, *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, a tractate on *Education*, *Areopagitica*, *First Defence of the People of England*, *Second Defence of the People of England*. This period embraced the twenty years between 1640-1660.

3d. The period of his Later Poems, in which he wrote *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*.

He was totally blind during the last period.

He was seven years in writing *Paradise Lost*.

The two other Puritan poets were George Wither and Andrew Marvell.

The Cavalier poets were Cowley, Waller, Davenant, Butler.

Ralph Cudworth controverted the doctrine of Hobbes.

In Theology the principal writers of the Church of England were Jeremy Taylor, Chillingworth, Barrow.

Prominent Non-conformists were Baxter, Bunyan, George Fox.

The influence of the Bible was paramount in the Puritan literature.

Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* was the greatest historical work.

Fuller's *Worthies* was the greatest biographical work.

Sir Thomas Browne was an original writer and thinker.

His chief works were *Urn Burial*, *Religio Medici*, and *Vulgar Errors*.

Izaak Walton is called "the Father of Angling."

His enjoyment of nature may be compared to Chaucer's.

His works are *The Complete Angler*, *Lives of Dr. John Donne*, *Sir Henry Wotton*, *Richard Hooker*, *George Herbert*, and *Dr. Robert Sanderson*.

James Harrington wrote *Oceana*, a political romance.





DRYDEN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RESTORATION.

1660—1700.

WITH the restoration of the Stuarts, and absolute monarchy, a reactionary tide set in. The Puritan restraint removed, it was like the breaking away of a mighty dam, when the pent-up torrent dashes headlong in its wild career, bearing everything before it in indiscriminate ruin. The tide of feeling and action that now overran the Puritan landmarks was not an angry torrent, but as impetuous and much more dangerous because alluring in its aspect. It was the mad rush of licentious pleasures. The sober livery of the Puritan was exchanged for the flaunting robes of the reveller.

It was the age of Louis XIV. in France—brilliant, witty, licentious. Charles II., in his exile, had been a guest in the court of Louis, and an apt scholar in the unlawful pleasures that marked French society at that time. Restored to the throne of England he tried to introduce into his own all the gayeties of the French court. The English character, by nature, is thoughtful and serious, the reverse of the French, so that the adoption of the manners of that lively nation set but ill upon the plain, blunt Englishman. Carried away, however, in the tide of unlawful pleasures, he could not see that, in the eyes of other nations, he was making of himself a mere mountebank to be jeered at and despised.

Through all this abandonment to gayety and so-called pleas-

ure, there ran a minor tone of sadness. How could it be otherwise? Absolute abandonment to pleasure is as sad a thing as absolute abandonment to grief. Pepys, who had some office in the king's service, and kept a Diary, tells us :—

*“July 31st, 1666.—*The Court empty, the King being gone to Tunbridge, and the Duke of York a-hunting, I had some discourse with Povy, who is mightily discontented, I find, about his disappointments at Court, and says, of all places, if there be hell, it is here. No faith, no truth, no love, nor any agreement between man and wife, nor friends.”

In consequence of the unrestrained, luxuriant, and foul modes of living, it is not surprising that one of the greatest plagues that ever fell upon mankind visited London. It was followed the next year (1666) by one of the most terrible fires that ever devastated a city. Of the ravages made by both, Pepys gives minute details in his Diary. The plague is still raging when he gives the following account of the ordinary pleasures, which not even the presence of universal death could abate.

*“August 14th, 1666.—*After dinner, with my wife and Mercer, to the beare-garden, and saw some good sport of the bulls tossing of the dogs, and one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. . . . We supped at home and very merry; and then about nine o'clock to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets, and there mighty merry till twelve o'clock at night, flinging our fireworks, and burning one another and the people over the way. At last we into Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle-grease and soot till most of us were like devils. That done, we broke up and to my house, and there I made them drink, and Mercer danced a jig, and Nan Wright, and my wife, and Pegg Pen put on perriwigs. Thus till three or four in the morning, mighty merry.”

The Duke of York, brother to the King, much to the scandal of court circles, had married Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon. They had two daughters, Mary and Anne. The former married William of Nassau, the latter, George of Denmark. After the death of Anne Hyde, his first wife, James married Mary of Modena. Their son was afterwards known in history as the Pretender.

Charles II. died in 1685, and was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II. The efforts of this

monarch to restore the Catholic religion made him most unpopular with the English people, who, in 1688, compelled him to abdicate in favor of his daughter Mary and her husband William of Orange. The latter was invited over from Holland to take the reins of English government. This result was not accomplished without bloodshed, and is known in English History as the REVOLUTION. Protestantism was now firmly established.

With the state of society such as has been described, it is not difficult to imagine the character of the literature. "The reigning taste," says Macaulay, "was so bad that the success of a writer was in inverse proportion to his labor, and to his desire for excellence."

The theatres, which during the Puritan government were closed, were now reopened, not to give life again to Shakespeare's grand plays, but to admit a drama so corrupt that it would have shocked the ruder age of Shakespeare.

Pepys says: "*Aug. 20th, 1666.*—To Deptford by water, reading Othello, Moore of Venice, which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play, but having so lately read '*The Adventures of Five Hours*,' it seems a mean thing."

So corrupt was the general taste, that Shakespeare's plays, to please, must be adapted to the low instincts of the time. It was during the reign of Charles II. that women first appeared as actresses.

Says Pepys, "*Dec. 28th, 1667.*—To the King's house, and there saw '*The Mad Couple*,' which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's* and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially hers; which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, and in a mad part do beyond all imitation almost."

Movable scenery, decorations, lights, music, and other external attractions were added to the stage, and here were reflected the morals and manners of the age; vice was crowned and virtue deemed a mere pretence.

Untrue to itself, the English head and brain could produce

* Nell Gwynn.

nothing but deformities. The carnival of pure imagination was over.*

The philosophy of Hobbes was the guide to serious reflection. He taught that the King's will should be law in everything, and that all moral law was reducible to one central governing impulse—self interest. "No man gives except for a personal advantage." "Friends serve for defence and otherwise." "Not he who is wise is rich, but he who is rich is wise," were favorite precepts inculcated by the doctrine of Hobbes.

The fire of genius that had illuminated the early part of the Elizabethan period grew cold towards the latter part of that age, producing dull, unmeaning poetry, with only here and there a gleam of poetic fire. Milton came and created for himself a new realm. He died and left no heir to his imperial throne.

Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, had written without rules of art. Each was a law unto himself. Superior genius guided these great originals more unerringly than all a rhetorician's rules. But now the spirit of the times was seeking methods—methods in art, methods in science, politics, and religion. The spirit was universal. In France the first school of criticism in poetry was established, under the influence of Boileau and other great French writers of this age.

DRYDEN.

TO JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700) is attributed the establishment of a correct style in English composition. He disclaimed, however, receiving impulse or aid from contemporary writers in France, but claimed to have returned to the first models of classic style. Being but a second-rate poet, his genius constructed but did not create. This teaching, as will be seen in the following chapter, was carried so far by Pope and others that the art of polishing became of more importance than the art of creating or "*making*."

Dryden's conscience was an easy one, permitting him to drift or float with the popular tide. Of his dramas he says he

* "Poetry," says Macaulay, "inflamed the passions; philosophy undermined the principles; divinity itself inculcating an abject reverence for the court, gave additional effect to its licentious example."

"wrote bad enough to please." His poems celebrate the heroes of the day. In 1658 he writes a lamentation for Cromwell, and in two years after hails, with the inconstant crowd, the accession of Charles II. He writes epistles which are merely exaggerated flatteries; and satires, directed not against an existing evil, but against personal enemies, or those less gifted than himself. In argument he especially shone, and acquired a remarkable power of reasoning in verse. His religious sentiments were as abiding as his political tenets. He was whatever his worldly interests demanded. During the Protectorate, his family being connected with Puritans, he gave no evidence of another faith. With the Restoration, he attached himself to the Church of England, and was a warm adherent. When James II. ascended the throne, Dryden became as ardent in his Catholic faith, not, perhaps, foreseeing that the revolution establishing Protestantism was so soon to follow. With that event, he had not the face to turn again, so in William and Mary's reign he simply lost his laureateship. Dryden, however, was but the type of his age. Milton was the type of a man for any age.

What Dryden might have been had he made the best use of his talents, is suggested by the marked growth in his writings, viewed in chronological order. He never put forth his best or greatest power, except, perhaps, once, when he wrote his last great poem, *Alexander's Feast*.

Dryden's first poem, except a few school performances, was written *On the Death of Oliver Cromwell*, whom he thus extols:

"How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly circular?
For in a round what order can be show'd,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?"

"His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone;
For he was great ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow."

In 1660 appeared his *Astrea Redux*, a poem on the Happy Restoration and Return of his Sacred Majesty Charles II., who,

"Tossed by fate, and hurried up and down,
 Heir to his father's sorrows, with his crown,
 Could taste no sweets of youths' desired age;
 But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
 Unconquered yet in that forlorn estate,
 His manly courage overcame his fate.

* * * *

As souls reach heaven while yet in bodies pent,
 So did he live above his banishment.

* * * *

And viewing monarch's secret arts of sway,
 A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.
 Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,
 When to be God's anointed was his crime."

Other panegyrics followed this, and in 1667 appeared his *Annus Mirabilis*—the Year of Wonders (1666), the great events being the war with Holland and the great fire. From this poem of over three hundred stanzas a short extract is made :

"Night came; but without darkness or repose,
 A dismal picture of the general doom,
 When souls distracted when the trumpet blows,
 And half unready with their bodies come.

"Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
 To a last lodging call their wandering friends;
 Their short, uneasy sleeps are broke with care
 To look how near their own destruction tends.

"Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
 And with full eyes each wonted room require;
 Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
 As murdered men walk where they did expire."

These brief extracts are sufficient to show how destitute of poetic feeling Dryden was at this time. The *Annus Mirabilis* was very popular, however, owing to the incidents which it commemorated and the interwoven eulogy of the King.

The same year Dryden published his celebrated *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, in which he advocates the use of rhyme in tragedy, ignoring the fact that the French had adopted it.

Absalom and Achitophel is a satire especially aimed against

the Earl of Shaftesbury, for the part he took in trying to secure the throne to the Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II., and for his determined opposition to the Duke of York's succession to the throne, or to the accession of any Catholic heir. In this poem Charles II. figures as *David*, the Duke of Monmouth as *Absalom*, the Earl of Shaftesbury as *Achitophel*. After a long speech from the god-like David, the poem ends with quite a Homeric strain :

“He said: the Almighty nodding gave consent;
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran:
Once more the god-like David was restored,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.”

MacFlecknoe was a satire against Shadwell, an inferior dramatist of the time, who had attacked Dryden previously in a rhymed address. There is much keen, harsh wit in the poem. MacFlecknoe was the real name of a poor dramatist of Charles II.'s time, so obscure that the world would never have heard of him but for Dryden's, and afterwards Pope's, satires upon him. In Dryden's poem of this name MacFlecknoe is represented as choosing Shadwell as his successor to the throne of Dulness; for

“Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

* * * *

A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.

* * * *

Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou may'st wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.”

A poem entitled *Religio Laici, or A Layman's Faith*, appeared the same year, and is usually regarded as a defence of the Church of England against the Dissenters. It appears, how-

ever, rather as an inquiry into religion, and seems the most earnest and ingenuous of all Dryden's writings upon such subjects. It opens thus :

"Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day."

When James's policy became fully known, Dryden became an avowed Catholic, and wrote a defence for the Catholic religion, entitled *The Hind and Panther*, which might be considered as a sequel to the *Religio Laici*; for, changeable as Dryden seemed, he was evidently always more, at heart, a Catholic than anything else.

In 1688 the Revolution placed the Protestant William and Mary upon the throne, and Dryden wrote no more political satires. He contented himself with *Translations*, and a series of *Fables*, as they were called—stories from Chaucer and Boccaccio. His most important translation was *Virgil's Æneid*.

Three years before his death he wrote an *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, entitled *Alexander's Feast*. It was written at the request of a musical society, for their celebration of the nativity of the patron saint of music. Struck out by the poet in the white heat of his imagination, it is by far the best of any of his poems.* It is a masterpiece in boldness of imagery and in musical adaptation.

Dryden continued to write for the stage during most of his life. His first comedy, *The Wild Gallant*, was not a success. Dryden's muse was by no means a comic one. He was by nature reserved and taciturn. He says of himself :

"My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and unreserved. In short, I am none of those who break jests in company and make repartees."

It was the Golden Age of French literature, enriched by the

*He said, "I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it. Here it is, finished at one sitting."

tragedies of Corneille and Racine, and the comedies of Moliere. In England the spirit of the Shakespearian drama was dead, and the corrupt representations of Dryden's time are classed under the title of *The New Drama*, or more truly the *Corrupt Drama*.

Dryden's principal plays are *The Rival Ladies*, *The Indian Emperor*, *The Conquest of Granada*, *Marriage à la Mode*, *The Spanish Friar*, *All for Love*, and *Aureng-Zebe*. *The Indian Queen* was written in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, and is in rhymed couplets.

Dryden may be regarded as the connecting link between the imaginative, natural school of Elizabethan writers, and the stiff, artificial school of Pope, or as the founder of the classical or artificial school of poets.

Dramatists.

The Drama of the Restoration was represented by OTWAY (1651-1685) and LEE (1658-1691) in tragedy, and WYCHERLY (1640-1715) in comedy. The plays of the latter mark the grossest immorality of the time. A little later, though still contemporary with these, were CONGREVE (1666-1729), VANBRUGH (1666-1726), FARQUHAR (1678-1707), SOUTHERNE (1660-1746), and NICHOLAS ROWE (1673-1718). Other dramatists of less literary merit were SHADWELL, ELKANAH SETTLE, JOHN CROWNE, and Mrs. BEHN, while many of the profligate wits of the court indulged their literary tastes in play writing. The DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM's *Rehearsal* was a satire on the heroic dramas of the day, and pointed especially at Dryden, who, in return, ridiculed the Duke as Zimri, in *Absalom and Achitophel*.

Of the tragedies written during this period, *The Orphan*, and *Venice Preserved*, by OTWAY, *Jane Shore*, *Lady Jane Grey*, and *The Fair Penitent*, by NICHOLAS ROWE, are the most celebrated.

Among the comic dramatists, Congreve stood preëminent for wit. He, with Wycherly and Etherege, a dramatist of less note, represented the "comedy of manners," reflecting the modes of thinking, talking, and acting that prevailed in fashionable society of the time.

A check was given to the corruptions of the stage by the single-handed, well-directed blows of a clergyman, JEREMY COLLIER (1650-1726), who bravely faced the popular current, and openly denounced the immoralities of the stage. In his *Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage*, he especially denounced Dryden, Wycherly, and Congreve. The last two undertook a defence, but Dryden acknowledged the justice of the accusation, and, in the preface to his *Fables*, says of Jeremy Collier:—"In many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness or immorality, and retract them." After this controversy a better tone was given to the lighter literature of the day.



PROSE WRITINGS OF THE RESTORATION.

Science.

NEWTON, LOCKE, AND BOYLE.

Although, at a first glance, reckless gayety and dissolute abandonment seem, alone, to mark the age, there existed a strong undercurrent of healthful feeling prompting to inquiry in Science, Religion, and Politics.

The Royal Society was established in 1662, which fact of itself was an indication of the popularity of scientific studies. By a chronicler of that time, we are told that "the King himself is not devoid of this curiosity, nay, he has caused a famous chymist to be brought over from Paris, for whom he hath built a very fine elaboratory in St. James' Park." Charles himself conferred upon the new society the name "Royal." Fifty years before, Bacon, denying the authority of tradition, had pointed out to mankind the necessity of practical research, and actual experiment in discovering scientific truths. Yet, in the age of which we now are speaking, other countries were in advance of England in the study of physical science. Previous to the Restoration only one great discovery had been made in England, that of the circulation of the blood, by HARVEY, in 1619.

But a great genius now appeared in SIR ISAAC NEWTON

(1642-1727), whose theory of the universe gives him rank as the first of philosophers. His discoveries were mainly in mechanics, astronomy, and optics. At the age of twenty-three he discovered the binomial theorem; the next year, 1665, he invented the theory of fluxions (differential and integral calculus), and in the next year, at the age of twenty-five, demonstrated the law of gravitation. Three years afterwards, in 1669, he made his great discoveries in optics, dividing light into rays of seven colors, possessing different degrees of refrangibility. His theory of the universe was written in Latin and entitled the *Principia*. It was published in 1687 by the Royal Society. His treatise on *Optics* was not published until several years afterwards.*

Among the scientists of this period was ROBERT BOYLE (1626-1691), at whose house the men of science, who afterwards formed the Royal Society, held their first meetings. Boyle's investigations in chemistry were of great importance. Associated with him in his chemical experiments was his friend ROBERT HOOKE. In medical science, after the name of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, stands that of Dr. THOMAS SYDENHAM. The study of botany received a new impulse from the classification of plants by JOHN RAY. In astronomy, HALLEY is ranked by some as second to Newton.

The philosophical writer of this period, who has contributed most to literature, is JOHN LOCKE (1632-1704). His *Essay on Human Understanding* was the first attempt to popularize the study of mental science or metaphysics. This work was the result of much observation and mature reflection, being in process of composition eighteen years. Denying the existence of innate ideas, or ideas existing in the mind independent of impressions made by the senses, Locke attributes all ideas to two sources, sensation and reflection.

Besides the essay on Human Understanding, Locke wrote an *Essay on Education*, on *Toleration*, and a treatise on the *Reasonableness of Christianity*. His language is invariably clear and simple.

* Newton was made president of the Royal Society in 1703, and was knighted by Queen Anne in 1705.

Writers on Theology.

Among the writers on theology at this time were ROBERT SOUTH, THOMAS KEN, JOHN TILLOTSON, THOMAS BURNET, and WILLIAM PENN.

ROBERT SOUTH (1633-1716) was called the "wittiest Churchman" of his time, and was a favorite preacher with the court of Charles II. His flattery of this monarch was as great as his adulation of Cromwell had been when the Puritan power was dominant.

JOHN TILLOTSON (1630-1694) was another who made himself "agreeable to authority," rising in the church by his conformity to the ruling powers.

THOMAS BURNET (1635-1715) lost all chance of high promotion in the church by his attempt to blend the study of science with Scripture, and by considering "the Fall of Adam as an Allegory."

WILLIAM PENN (1644-1718), next to Barclay of Ury, was the most prominent advocate of the doctrines of Quakerism, and, like Barclay, he was thrown into prison for his belief. For his father's services to the crown, William Penn received a grant of land in America, the history of which is too well known to repeat.

Among the miscellaneous prose writers of this time was GILBERT BURNET (1643-1715), a Scotch politician and divine, who held a middle course in both politics and theology, and was one of the most celebrated extempore preachers of his day. His fame, as a writer, rests, mainly, upon a *History of his Own Times*, which, according to his wish, was not published until several years after his death. This work, which views current events from a Whig standpoint, presents a strong contrast to the history of Clarendon, published a short time before. It is as minute, and probably more accurate, than Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*. Owing to Burnet's sympathy with the patriot, LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL, who was executed on a false charge of complicity in the Rye House Plot, he was regarded by the Stuarts as an enemy, and, until the accession of William and Mary, he remained abroad.

ALGERNON SIDNEY (1621-1683) was another patriot, who, for his love of liberty and hatred of tyranny, was executed, like Lord Russell, on a false accusation of being connected with the Rye House Plot. He wrote *Discourses Concerning Government*.

The life of SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE (1616-1704) forms a striking contrast to that of Algernon Sidney. Unscrupulous in politics, he defended all the enormities of the court of Charles II. Besides his political writings L'Estrange translated a number of works from the ancient classics.

The *Diaries* of JOHN EVELYN (1620-1705) and SAMUEL PEPYS (1632-1703) have been the means of throwing much light upon the public and private manners of the time. They were not discovered, at least not published, till more than a hundred years after the death of the writers. JOHN EVELYN was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society, and wrote for it several treatises. Of these his *Sylva*, or *Forest Trees*, is most noted. PEPYS'S *Diary* extends from the year 1659 to 1669. It is an invaluable aid in the study of the history of this period, presenting, as it does, in the most natural and unconscious manner, the actors in the stage of real life. The style is quaint and chatty. We learn the private details of his own household and the public and private news of the court; we grow interested with him in the extent and variety of his toilet, or in his wife's domestic difficulties; as well as in the proceedings of the Royal Society or the politics of the nation. Pepys was a faithful public servant. For a number of years he was Secretary of the Admiralty.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (1628-1699) has probably occupied a higher niche in the history of literature than he actually deserves. Dr. Johnson considered him as "the first writer who gave cadence to English prose," and succeeding critics have echoed the sentiment until the writings of Sir William Temple have been considered as models of rhetorical style, instead of "oratorical bombast," reflecting the tastes of the times.* His works are mostly in the form of essays. His *Essay upon*

* Temple was even more distinguished as a diplomatist than as a writer. The great Triple Alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden was brought about by him. Through his negotiations the marriage of William of Orange and Mary eldest daughter of the Duke of York was also attributed.

Ancient and Modern Learning caused great excitement among literary critics of England. It was suggested by a French work written at that time to extol the great literary age of Louis XIV., which the writer, Charles Perrault,* insisted excelled the age of Pericles or Augustus. Besides his *Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning*, Temple wrote *Essays on Heroic Virtue*, on *Poetry*, on *Gardening*, on *Government*, on *Health and Long Life*, and *Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands*.

With the accession of William and Mary the claim of the "divine rights of kings" ended, and the House of Commons obtained supreme power.†

Illustrations of the Literature of the Restoration.



DRYDEN.

ON MILTON.†

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

* "We must," said the Frenchman, "have more knowledge than the ancients, because we have the advantage both of theirs and our own; just as a dwarf standing upon a giant's shoulders sees more and farther than he." It was to controvert this idea of the superiority of the moderns over the ancients that Temple wrote his *Essay*; but unfortunately for his show of learning, in adducing proofs of the superiority of the ancients he cited the works of an old Greek,—Phalaris, known, even at that time, to be spurious and valueless in a literary point of view. This led to disputes and dissertations, and, later, caused one of the greatest literary controversies that had occurred in England. To the great importance attached to the old Greek writer by this discussion, a new edition of the works of Phalaris was brought out by CHARLES BOYLE, nephew of the philosopher. This was soon to be attacked by one of the finest Greek scholars in England, Richard Bentley, who proved it a forgery. Boyle had able supporters, among them Dean Swift, who, having lived in the family of Sir William Temple, came into the field as an antagonist of Bentley's. In Swift's *Battle of the Books*, Bentley and others who had opposed Temple are severely ridiculed.

† It was during the political troubles of the reign of Charles II. that the terms "Whig" and "Tory" originated, designating respectively the upholders of popular power, and the supporters of the King. The term "Jacobite" meant a follower of James II. and the two Pretenders.

‡ Printed under a portrait of Milton prefixed to *Paradise Lost*, folio 1688.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

LOCKE.

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, such, at least, as would carry us farther than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in any thing, and leads us towards perfection.

A middle-aged ploughman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman, though his body be as well proportioned, and his joints as supple, and his natural parts not any way inferior. The legs of a dancing-master, and the fingers of a musician, fall, as it were, naturally, without thought or pains, into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavor to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degrees of a like ability. What incredible and astonishing actions do we find ropedancers and tumblers bring their bodies to! not but that sundry in almost all manual arts are as wonderful; but I name those which the world takes notice of for such, because, on that very account, they give money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach and almost the conception of unpractised spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men, whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers on.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions.

Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labor and thought, and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here, care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that

comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that travelled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course, and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

GILBERT BURNET.

From HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES.

HIS ESTIMATE OF CHARLES II.

His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius' banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures; his raising of favorites and trusting them entirely; and his pulling them down and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome, I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius.

* * * * *

No part of his character looked wickeder, as well as meaner, than that he, all the while that he was professing to be of the Church of England, expressing both zeal and affection for it, was yet secretly reconciled to the Church of Rome.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

His behavior was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little, and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion. He was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his education. De Witt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under an habitual caution that he could never shake off, though, in another sense, it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs.

He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian; so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and sound judgment than in imagination or invention. His designs were always great and good; but it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humors of his people to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him; so that it disgusted most of those who served him. But he had observed the errors of too much talking more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favor those who had the arts of complaisance; yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly in war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroic courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favorites; but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humor almost in everything, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself; but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror of atheism and blasphemy; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him and kept out of his sight.

JOHN EVELYN.

From his DIARY.

THE LAST SUNDAY OF CHARLES II.

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury, and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God—it being Sunday evening—which this day se'en night I was witness of—the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, etc., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery,

whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £1000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

From his DIARY.

Sept. 1st, 1660.—I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink) of which I never had drank before.

Oct. 20th.—I dined with my Lord and Lady; he was very merry and did talk very high how he would have a French cooke, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear black patches. * * * He is become a perfect courtier. * * * This afternoon going through London, and calling at Crowe's the Upholsterer's, I saw limbs of some of our new traytors set upon Aldersgate, which was a sad sight; and a bloody week this and the last have been, there being ten hanged, drawn and quartered.

Oct. 19th, 1662 (Lord's day).—Put on my first new lace band, and so neat it is, that I am resolved my great expense shall be lace bands, and it will set off anything else the more. I am sorry to hear that the news of the selling of Dunkirke is taken so generally ill, as I find it is among the merchants.

Oct. 24th.—Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, tells me how ill things go at Court; that the king do show no countenance to any that belong to the Queen.

May 10th, 1663.—Put on a black cloth suit with white lynyngs under all, as the fashion is to wear, to appear under the breeches.

19th.—Waked with a very high wind and said to my wife, "I pray God I hear not the death of any great person, this wind is so high!" fearing that the Queen might be dead. So up and by coach to St. James's and hear that Sir W. Compton died yesterday.

22d.—This morning, hearing that the Queene grows worse again, I sent to stop the making of my velvet cloak, till I see whether she lives or dies.

March 13th, 1664.—This day my wife began to wear light-colored locks, quite white almost, which, though it makes her look very pretty, yet not being natural vexes me, that I will not let her wear them.

August 7th.—I saw several poor creatures, carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle. They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise and not be catched.

August 31st, 1665.—It is feared that the true number of the dead this week is near ten thousand, partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of, through the greatness of the number, and partly from the Quakers and others, that will not have any bell ring for them.

23d.—In the street did overtake two women crying and carrying a man's coffin between them, I suppose the husband of one of them, which, methinks, is a sad thing.

November 20th, 1666.—To church, it being thanksgiving day for the cessation of the plague; but, Lord! how the town do say that it is hastened before the plague is quite over, there being some people still ill of it, but only to get ground of plays to be quickly acted, which the bishops would not suffer till the plague was over.

February 2d, 1667.—I am very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's, upon the present war; a very good poem.

March 2d, 1667.—After dinner with my wife to the king's house to see the "Mayden Queene," a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain of wit; and the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great a performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girle, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant, and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

December 29th, 1667.—At night comes Mrs. Turner to see us; and there, among other talk, she tells me that Mr. William Penn, who is lately come over from Ireland, is a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing.

May 30th, 1668.—Up and put on a new summer black bombazin suit; and being come now to an agreement with my barber to keep my perriwig in good order at 20s. a year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do. To the King's Playhouse, and there saw "Philaster," where it is pretty to see how I could remember almost all along ever since I was a boy, Arethusa, the part which I was to have acted at Sir Robert Cooke's; and it was very pleasant to me, but more to think what a ridiculous thing it would have been for me to have acted a beautiful woman.

September 3d.—To my booksellers for "Hobb's Leviathan," which is now mightily called for; and what was heretofore sold for 8s., I now give 24s. at the second hand, and is sold for 30s., it being a book the bishops will not let be printed again.

SYLLABUS.

The court of Charles II. in England copied the manners of the court of Louis XIV. of France.

Charles II. was succeeded by his brother James II.

James II. being a Catholic was compelled to abdicate.

The Protestant William and Mary succeeded.

The prevailing taste in literature was low.

Theatres were reopened on the accession of Charles II. (1660)—the Corrupt Drama ensued.

Shakespeare's plays ceased to please.

Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, had had no guidance in writing but their own genius.

This age sought methods, rules.

Dryden was the founder of a correct style or a critical school in writing.

Dryden in character was a type of the age.

Dryden's works, are, 1st. *The Death of Cromwell*; 2d. *Astrea Redux* on the return of Charles II.; 3d. *Annus Mirabilis*; 4th. *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*; 5th. *Absalom and Achitophel*; 6th. *The Medal*; 7th. *MacFlecknoe*; 8th. *Religio Laici*; 9th. *The Hind and Panther*; 10th. *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*; 11th. Stories from *Chaucer and Boccaccio*; 12th. *Translations*, etc.

The Artificial Age of poetry begins with Dryden.

It was the Golden Age of French Literature. The three prominent French dramatists were Corneille, Racine, and Moliere.

English dramatists of the time were Dryden, Otway, Lee, Wycherly, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Southerne, Nicholas, Rowe, etc.

Congreve, Wycherly, and Etherege represented the "comedy of manners."

Jeremy Collier reproved the dramatists.

Inquiry was beginning to be made into Science, Religion, and Politics.

The Royal Society was established.

Newton was the great light in science.

Other names in Science were Boyle, Hooke, Sydenham, Ray, Halley. In Metaphysics, John Locke.

Writers on Theology were South, Ken, Tillotson, Burnet, and William Penn.

Gilbert Burnet wrote a *History* of his *Own Times*.

Algernon Sidney's life was a contrast to that of Roger L'Estrange.

The *Diaries* of Evelyn and Pepys throw light on the manners of the times.

The writings of Sir Wm. Temple are bombastic.

The growth of political and religious liberty began to be noticeable.



POPE

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

1700—1727.

THE period of literature now to be considered is usually styled the "Augustan Age," but in brilliancy of creative genius it can, in no respect, be compared with the Elizabethan period, nor with the age immediately preceding its own; and in no way did it resemble the Augustan age of Roman literature but in the patronage extended to authors, who, by the partisan spirit of their writings, kept alive the flame of animosity which was raging between the political parties.

The Revolution of 1688, which placed William and Mary on the throne, settled the British Constitution, defined the rights of the people and the prerogative of the King, and secured the Protestant Succession. At the death of William III., in 1702, Anne, the sister of Mary, succeeded to the throne. Her reign is distinguished by the military achievements of the Duke of Marlborough and the constitutional union of England and Scotland. Although since the first Stuart king of England (James I. of England and VI. of Scotland) these two countries had acknowledged but one sovereign, their laws and Parliaments were distinct. In the new ratification the Scots were to send their commoners and peers to represent them in the English Parliament. Their own Presbyterian form of church government, their laws concerning property, and the administration of justice they were to retain inviolate. With the death of Anne in 1714 the Stuart line of kings was ended. Not one of her numerous children survived her, and

the throne passed to the head of the Protestant line of succession, George I., of the House of Brunswick, or Hanover, great grandson of James I. The accession of the German king was opposed by the Tory and Jacobite leaders, who still hoped to place a Stuart on the throne, and favored the cause of the Pretender, as the son of James II. was called. The Whigs, who advocated the rights of the people rather than the rights of the crown, favored the accession of the Hanoverian line. During this reign Sir Robert Walpole became Prime Minister, and Whig rule prevailed. From 1721 to 1742 Walpole practically ruled England. During this reign the celebrated South Sea scheme originated, which, plausible as it seemed, was a fraudulent scheme, involving the financial ruin of thousands.

The Augustan age of literature, usually limited to the twelve years of Anne's reign, though in reality comprising both the reigns of Anne and George, is better termed the age of POPE or ADDISON. These two, with STEELE and SWIFT, were the principal writers of the time. It was far from being an age of general intelligence. It was a sequel to the preceding age, a moulding of the forces which had sprung into existence in Dryden's time. Open indecency was checked, but covert immorality practised. The flights of genius were curbed and made to conform to rule. The school of criticism begun by Dryden was, in this age, perfected by Pope.

Poets.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744), born twelve years before Dryden died, was a professed follower of Dryden. From his boyhood he cherished the most profound admiration for his chosen master, and it is curious to observe with what fidelity he copied and improved upon his original. Dryden wrote a prose essay on dramatic poetry; Pope wrote, in verse, an *Essay on Criticism*. Dryden translated or reproduced some of Chaucer's poems, Pope as unsuccessfully tried the same. Dryden translated Virgil; Pope translated *Homer*. Dryden wrote *MacFlecknoe*, a satire upon Shadwell; Pope wrote the *Dunciad*, a kindred satire, a continuation, as it were, of *MacFlecknoe*, making the object of his satire THEOBALD, and afterwards COLLEY CIBBER, the successors of Shadwell to the throne of

Dulness.* The most remarkable of Pope's imitations of Dryden is his *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*.

Pope was by no means a servile copyist. He seemed merely to prefer walking in the paths which others had trodden, glean- ing what they had left untouched, and perfecting, as far as in his power lay, all that came under his hand. His strength lay in accuracy. He was not a poet of "imagination all compact." His mission was to teach correctness. To perfect the art which his great pattern commenced was no doubt a congenial work to Pope, and how thoroughly he established a school of criticism and correctness can be read in all the writings of that age and the next.

The publication, in 1711, of the *Essay on Criticism*, admitted Pope at once into the highest rank of authorship. This poem was suggested by Boileau's "Art of Poetry" (*L'Art Poétique*), and like that poem is compact with wise thoughts and terse expressions condensed into couplets. Following Boileau, Pope holds up as models of style the writers of the Augustan age of Roman literature.

The *Essay on Man*, published twenty years afterwards, takes a wider range of thought. But here again thought and fancy are made subservient to art, and are cribbed and confined within the narrow couplet. But the skill of the writer is all the more triumphantly exhibited in the fact that, notwithstanding these fetters, he expressed as much wisdom and sound philosophy as he did.

The *Rape of the Lock* is a humorous poem, celebrating an unforgiven act of Lord Petre, a courtier in Queen Anne's train, for stealing a lock of hair from the fair head of a maid of honor. The style of the poem is mock heroic. Its dedication to the lady, Mrs. Arabella Fermor, gives a quaint picture of the times in its flattery and derision of the ignorant beauties of the court:

"Madam:—It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. . . . An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good nature for my sake to consent

* This, like most of Pope's satires, was engendered in bitterness. Theobald had, at the same time with Pope, brought out an edition of Shakespeare. Towards Colley Cibber, Pope had always an implacable dislike. By personal satires Pope submitted himself to the most humiliating warfare of words. Keenly sensitive to ridicule himself, he made satire his weapon of retaliation.

to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

"The machinery, madam, is a term invented by critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or daemons are made to act in a poem; for the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrusian doctrine of spirits.

"I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but 't is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms. The Rosicrusians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called 'Le Comte de Gabalis,' which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The gnomes or daemons of earth delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable.

"As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones, and the character of Belinda resembles you in nothing but beauty.

"If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done.

"I am, madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE."

Among Pope's earliest productions are his *Pastorals*, which he, it is said, considered his best efforts. *Windsor Forest* celebrates the beauty of this early retreat of Pope, and the plan is borrowed from Denham's *Cooper's Hill*. His *Messiah* was an adaptation of Virgil's *Pollio*. *The Dying Christian to his Soul*, an adaptation of the Emperor Adrian's *Animula Vagula*.

Other poems were an imaginative *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*, *Epistle of Sappho to Phaon*, and an *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*. He composed a great many *Epitaphs* and innumerable *Satires* and *Epistles*. His *Imitations of Horace* were among his last works.

To be appreciated, Pope must be read by fragments. Each line or couplet is a gem—a crystallized thought. His finished style was attained only by incessant care and labor. He copied and recopied his verses, and, alas! smoothed and polished until all exuberance of fancy disappeared—until, in the words of Dr. Johnson, his page was “a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller.”*

*An elegant writer in Blackwood's Magazine has justly described the aims of three great representatives of three successive ages, Milton, Dryden, and Pope:

“In the interval between the end of Milton and the beginning of Pope the art of song had suffered one of its many metamorphoses. It had changed from an inspired message into an elaborate chime of words. Milton—grand, harmonious, and musical as is his utterance at all times—was a man overflowing with high thought and lofty meaning, with so much to say to his generation that the mode of saying it might almost have been expected to become indifferent to him. It never did so, because of the inborn music of the man, that wonderful sense of melody in which he has never been surpassed, if, indeed, ever equalled, in the English tongue. But notwithstanding this great natural gift, his subject was the thing preëminent with him; and as his subject was of the highest importance and solemnity, so his verse rose into organ-floods of severest sweetness. Dryden, who succeeded him, did not possess a similar inspiration. He had no message to the world to speak of, and yet he had a great deal to say. Accordingly with him the subject began to lower and the verse to increase in importance. In Pope this phase of poetry attained its highest development. With him everything gave way to beauty of expression. No prophetic burden was his to deliver. The music of the spheres had never caught his ear. Verse was the trade in which he was skilled, not the mere mode of utterance by which a mind overflowing with thoughts of heaven or earth communicated these thoughts to its fellows. He was an admirable performer upon an instrument the most delicate and finest-toned which humanity possessed. His power on it was such that the most trivial *motif*, the most mean topic became, in his hands, an occasion of harmony. We confess without hesitation that the music of Pope's verse does not enchant and enthrall our particular ear, but it did that of his own generation. It belonged, as does so much of the poetry of France, to an age more marked by culture than by nature; building upon certain doctrines and tenets of literary belief; trusting in style as in a confession of faith, and establishing as strict a severance between the orthodox and heterodox in literature, as ever a community of ecclesiastics has done in a religious creed. Perhaps that was the only period of English literature in which an academy would have been possible. Pope made himself the poetic standard of the age. His contemporaries were measured by it as by a rule; and no one came up to the height of the great master. He gave to his generation a stream of melodious words, such as might have made the whole country sweet, but which, unfortunately, being often employed to set forth nauseous or trifling subjects, gave no nobility to the mind of his period, but only a mathematical music—something which touched the ear rather than the heart. But in Pope his school came to a close. It was impossible to do anything finer, more subtle, or more perfect in the art of combining words. If there had been given to him a message to deliver, probably he would not have reached to such perfection in the mode of delivering it; but as it was, he brought to its highest fulfilment and completion the poetical style of which he was capable.”

Pope was born in London, of Roman Catholic parents. Delicate from childhood, and of misshapen form, he grew up morbid and sensitive. From London the family removed to Windsor Forest, and after the death of his father, to Twickenham, which home became the object of the poet's love and attention. Here, until her death, he bestowed that tender care upon his mother, which was a fit return for her incessant devotion to him. Here he received his admiring friends,* and here he made lasting enemies; for Pope, while the warmest and truest of friends, was the most irritable of authors. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, who was at one time one of Pope's most admired literary friends, became at last his professed enemy, as he became hers.

Pope mingled but little in religious or political controversies. In a letter to BISHOP ATTERBURY, he says:

"And, after all, I verily believe your lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another, and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbor.

* * * * *

"I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the Papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are, not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England."

Pope enjoyed the friendship of the best minds of his day. Addison, however, offended him by preferring Tickell's translation of Homer, which appeared at the same time with Pope's. For this he received the lash of Pope's ever ready satire. It is to Addison he refers in the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike.

* His friendship for Miss Martha Blount, or *Mrs.* Martha Blount, as the etiquette of the time called unmarried ladies, was lifelong and romantic.

*Who when two wits on rival themes contest,
 Approves of both, but likes the worse the best.*
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause."

Swift and Pope lived on terms of intimacy all their lives, although when Swift was on a visit to Twickenham "he found that two sick friends could not live in the house together."

The age was too keen and critical for poetry to thrive. It ignored the fact that it is genius, not art, that makes the poet. But few exceptions can be found. One was ALLAN RAMSAY (1686-1758), the son of a poor Scotch workman. With native instinct, his taste led him into descriptions of natural scenery and rustic manners. Of his own genius, he says :

"My Pegasus wad break his tether,
 E'en at the shagging of a feather,
 And through ideas scour like drift,
 Streaking his wings up to the lift." †

Among Allan Ramsay's first contributions to literature were the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, a collection of songs, partly his own, and a collection of early Scotch poetry, which he entitled *The Evergreen*. Among his well known lyric poems are *The Last Time I Came o'er the Moor*, *The Yellow-haired Lassie*, and *Lochaber no More*. He is best known, however, by his *Gentle Shepherd*, a pastoral drama. It is said to be a genuine picture of Scottish life, and is refreshing from its very contrast to the studied, artificial poetry of the times. Yet even Ramsay could not forbear to yield to the popular taste, and his hero and heroine in humble life must needs turn out in the end to be of "gentle" blood.

Another artless poet of this time was JOHN GAY (1688-1732), who began his literary career by the publication of a poem, entitled *Rural Sports*. This being dedicated to Pope, the two poets became friends, and at Pope's instigation, Gay wrote his six pastorals entitled *The Shepherd's Week*. The object was to burlesque the six *Pastorals* of AMBROSE PHILLIPS. ‡

* This couplet is expunged in later editions.

† Heavens, from *heafon*, to heave, to lift.

‡ The age, desirous of distinction in classic literature, shows repeated attempts and failures in rivalling the ancients in pastoral poetry.

Gay, after the publication of the *Shepherd's Week*, published his celebrated *Fables*. His most successful work, however, was the *Beggars' Opera*. This was a burlesque on the fashionable Italian opera. The characters are all from low life. It was written at the suggestion of Swift, and is offensive to refined tastes, but its natural elasticity and gayety made it a relief from the prevailing conventional proprieties of the opera, which had nearly driven the legitimate drama from the stage. The *Beggars' Opera*, by the introduction of a number of beautiful and popular airs, and by exchanging the recitative of the opera for the colloquial language of the ruder people, was received with the greatest applause. It was brought out at the Drury Lane Theatre, by Rich, the manager, when it was humorously observed that this successful opera had "made Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*." Gay's simple, childlike character is best described in the opening lines of his epitaph by Pope:

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man; simplicity, a child."

MATTHEW PRIOR (1664-1721), whose wit was at first used in the interest of the Whigs, came into literary notice by the publication of a burlesque on Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, entitled *The Country and the City Mouse*. In this work he was assisted by CHARLES MONTAGUE. Prior's most popular poems were his love songs.

Other poets of this time were THOMAS PARNELL (1679-1717), mainly noted for his poem, *The Hermit*, a story based upon a very old tale; DR. ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748), the famous hymn writer; SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, and ROBERT BLAIR.

The poets of this age are called the Artificial Poets. Their style, based upon the classical writers of antiquity, was finished, cold, and artificial. This style, inaugurated by Dryden, had been growing for half a century, and culminated in the reign of Queen Anne. No sonnets were written during this period. The age was given over to satire and to classical imitations.

The Drama.

In dramatic literature, CONGREVE still ruled the stage. SOUTHERNE, VANBRUGH, and ROWE, mentioned in the preceding chapter, belong equally well to the Augustan age; and COLLY CIBBER (1671-1757), who, by offending Pope, was created by him the hero of his *Dunciad*, acted and wrote for the stage from the first year after the Revolution (1689) until nearly the

close of his long life. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE (1667-1723) was an actress, and wrote for the stage a number of plays. The best known are, *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, *The Busy-Body*, and *The Wonder*.

Prose Writers.

SWIFT, ADDISON, STEELE, ETC.

This classical age, while too keen and critical for poetry, was an admirable school for prose. The very endeavor to express thoughts in clear, correct language, caused clearer and more accurate thinking.

Among the most vigorous prose writers of this age was JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745). His principal vein was satire, and his ready pen was employed in the interest of Tory or Whig, as his whim or conviction favored. His undoubted genius and ability made him a powerful ally on whichever side the weight of his influence was cast, but his writings are disfigured by coarseness of the lowest order, so that, except for the unsurpassed wit, they are repellent to the taste of the present age.

A willing dependent on the charity of others, never having acquired the manly spirit of self-support, we trace Swift through his childhood and early manhood, and find him under the roof of his distant relative, Sir William Temple, in the capacity of secretary to that gentleman. Quitting this home, he took orders in the Irish Church, and, although ambitious of a bishopric, he never rose higher than to a deanery. Swift himself forestalled his advancement in the church by writing his *Tale of a Tub*. The title is in no way significant of the character of the work, but means simply an absurd story, the phrase having been used for that by English writers of a very early day. Swift's tale was a satire on the three different forms of church government—Roman Catholic, represented by Peter; Lutheran by Martin; and Calvinists, or Dissenting, by Jack. These three are brothers, to whom their father, in dying, had bequeathed each a coat. As time passes, the fashion of each coat changes, but is greatly modified by the character of the wearer. Peter covers his coat with tinsel and embroidery, Martin makes compromises in the trimming of his, while Jack impatiently tears off

all the embroidery which, while under Peter's influence, he had put on, and in his violence tears off also some of the cloth of which the coat is made.

While enjoying the patronage of Temple, Swift wrote his *Battle of the Books*, a witty satire on the opponents of Temple in the celebrated contest concerning the relative merits of the ancient and modern writers, to which allusion has been made in the preceding chapter.

Swift's duties as the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, were not congenial, nor was he at all popular with the Irish people, until at last, by his powers as a combatant, he aroused them to oppose a measure of the English Parliament. This one act is usually lauded as the great deed of Swift's life, whereas, the truth stands simply thus: The Irish nation, unsupplied with proper coins for currency, had been using almost anything as a medium of exchange, until the English ministry gave to one William Wood a contract for coining a certain amount of copper money, to be put into immediate circulation in Ireland, which would certainly have been much better than the irregular currency used before. But Swift, with his combative genius and specious arguments, succeeded in inflaming the Irish people to such an extent against the English, and against Wood especially, that the act was repealed. Swift's letters against the act were published in a Dublin newspaper. They were signed M. B. Drapier, but it was soon known that Swift was the author of them. They are known in literature as the *Drapier Letters*.

Swift was on intimate terms with Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, and together they formed the Scriblerus Club, their object being "to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity enough, that had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each." *Gulliver's Travels*, the best known of all of Swift's works, had its origin in this club. It is a satire on English politics, English people—in fact, a satire on the human race. Rid of its coarse features, it becomes for children a charming story of pigmies and giants.

Swift wrote innumerable "verses," but no poetry. His nature was at enmity with the genius of poetry. His rhymes are perfect, the measure complete, but they lack the one essential

quality of true poetry, fine feeling, and pure imagination. His *Verses on his Own Death* are very remarkable productions of their kind.

While at Sir William Temple's, Swift formed an attachment for a young girl to whom he stood in the relation of tutor, and to whom he gave the romantic name of "Stella." The attachment ripened with years, and nothing but the plea of insanity can excuse his inexplicable treatment of her. Nor was Stella the only victim of Swift's selfish conduct. Another, whom in his romantic fancy he styled "Vanessa," died literally of a broken heart. It is no wonder that on the death of Stella he said, "It is time for me to be out of the world." He became morbid, hating the sight of a human face, losing his memory, his ability to read or even to talk. He became a maniac, and at last utterly imbecile. Several instances are given of his knowledge of his approaching insanity. The most curious result of this knowledge was his singular will, in which he bequeathed £10,000 to build an asylum for the insane and for idiots. Yet even of that he jests in his *Verses on his Own Death* :

"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To shew, by one satiric touch,
No nation needed it so much."

Like issuing from a noisome fen to the genial sunlight, is the transition from Swift to JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719). Although Swift had unquestionably the greater genius, he left no work of heart or head for which mankind to-day can be grateful. Addison, on the contrary, wrote to make others better. In short, he "made virtue fashionable," and that in an age which was polishing, not correcting, the vices of the preceding age. He was not universal, scarcely broad, in his sympathies, nor was he profound in knowledge or wisdom. He had culture, pure classic tastes, and refined instincts, and he had, besides, a "message" to the world.

In conjunction with STEELE, he created a new species of literature—the *Periodical Essay*. Steele began the *Tatler* in 1709, and Addison joined him in the *Spectator* early in 1711. The *Tatler* was a penny paper, published three times a week; the

Spectator was published daily, and was likewise a penny paper, until a half-penny stamp duty raised its price to two pence. The *Spectator* excluded politics and devoted itself more to literary discussions, rural studies, and thoughts on morals and manners. The wit of Addison was without bitterness. "He was," in the language of Macaulay, "the great satirist who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy and virtue by fanaticism."

The *Spectator* was represented as being under the direction of a club, and Sir Roger de Coverly, the English country gentleman, was one of its imaginary members. This character, conceived by Steele, was usually filled out by Addison. The *Spectator*, as conducted by Steele and Addison, ended in 1712. Addison made an attempt to revive it shortly afterwards, but did not succeed for any length of time. Both Addison and Steele afterwards contributed largely to the *Guardian*, which succeeded the *Spectator*. Addison's political journals were the *Freeholder* and the *Examiner*, and even in these he preserved the tone of good breeding, gentleness, and moderation.*

Addison's first literary attempts were in poetry. He had won distinction while at Oxford for his Latin verses, and on entering the literary world he made successful hits by dedications to eminent men and by praises of their actions. He became at once the recipient of government patronage. At the death of William III. Whig support was for a while withdrawn from him, and he lived in "dignified poverty" in the garret of an obscure lodging in Haymarket. This turn of affairs was but temporary. The great battle of Blenheim was fought in 1704, and the victorious English sought to immortalize the event and the great conqueror, the Duke of Marlborough. Addison was requested to celebrate in song the victory of Blenheim. He responded in his poem known as *The Campaign*. This established his reputation, and he was rewarded by an important office under the Whig ministry.

* "Addison's work was a great one, lightly done. The *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, and the *Freeholder*, in his hands, gave a better tone to manners, and a gentler one to political and literary criticism."—Rev. Stopford Brooke, M. A.

One of Addison's earliest poems, *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*, shows him to be deficient not only in poetic fire, but in appreciation, as he fails to mention Shakespeare ! Some of his later poems, several short hymns, published in the *Spectator*, are admirable in thought and expression. Nothing could be finer than his Ode beginning,

"The spacious firmament on high."

Towards the end of Anne's reign, when party spirit was running high, Addison produced his tragedy of *Cato*. Its popularity was immense, both Whig and Tory applauding, each thinking the sentiments of their own party were reflected in it. The play is a grand poem, but has not sufficient natural emotion to make it a complete dramatic work.

Addison was unhappy in his marriage with a lady of high degree, the Countess of Warwick, to whose son he had formerly been tutor. He died four years afterwards, at their stately residence, the Holland House, since so famous in literary history.

Addison appears as a bright and shining light in the age in which he lived ; and yet his life would scarcely be approved in this age of "purer manners." He was by no means free from the vices of his time.

Inseparably connected with the name of Addison stands that of RICHARD STEELE (1671-1729). They were classmates as boys at the celebrated Charter-house school in London, and afterwards at Oxford, where they formed an enduring friendship. Steele was of a more volatile turn of mind, gay, affable, and ever ready in sympathy with human nature in every aspect.

Steele did not seek the patronage of the great. He was daring, wild, impulsive, given to pleasure, and reckless in its pursuit. In the wildest, most extravagant period of his life, he wrote his most serious work, entitled *The Christian Hero*. This, he said, was "principally to fix upon his mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity to unwarrantable pleasures !" His next work was a comedy, *The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*. This, also, was moral in its tone, conveying under the garb of humor a satire

on the manners of the age. He also wrote other comedies, *The Tender Husband*, and the *Conscious Lovers*.

Steele was intensely patriotic, and a Whig under all circumstances. He loved truth and wrote in its behalf, even while his life presented such strange inconsistencies. For Addison he always maintained a species of reverence.

Of the two hundred and seventy-one papers of which the *Tatler* consists, Steele wrote more than two hundred, and Addison the greater part of the remaining number. In the *Spectator*, Addison's papers are more numerous by far than Steele's. The *Guardian* was the last work in which the two friends joined.

Steele did not originate a periodical review,* but gave dignity and popularity to the *Essay*, which, from its regular and appointed appearance in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, etc., has been styled somewhat awkwardly the Periodical Essay. The essays of Bacon a hundred years before were models of condensed thought and expression; the essays of Steele and Addison are like the pleasant ripple of conversation. They talked to the public in the characters of the fine old country gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverly, the retired merchant, Sir Andrew Freeport, the courtly beau, Will Honeycomb, and the old soldier, Captain Sentry.

The most independent writer of that time was DANIEL DE FOE (1661-1731). His *Robinson Crusoe* antedated Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* by seven years. Both were tales of daring and singular adventures. His *Review* antedated Steele's *Tatler* by five years, and if he is to take a rank among English novelists, he anticipated Richardson, the so-called father of the English novel, by twenty years.

De Foe was a bold adherent of the Whigs, caring more for their liberal principles than for their party interests. His fearless and ironical writings sometimes gave offence to both Whig and Tory parties, and for his satire against the High-Church party, entitled *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, he was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned. Although this satire was mainly aimed at the High-Church party, he did not spare the Dissen-

* DE FOE had established *The Review*, a tri-weekly journal, five years before the *Tatler*, devoting it to politics, literature, and to subjects of daily interest, and likewise to satirizing the follies of the age.

ters, to which body he himself belonged. He protested against intolerance wherever it existed, and upheld sound policy from whatever party it originated. It was during his imprisonment at Newgate that he began his independent critical journal, the *Review*, in which he lashed the abuses of the age. He was nearly two years in prison. Released, he was sent to Scotland by the cabinet of Queen Anne to arrange measures for the union of that country with England. Of this union he afterwards wrote a history. His independent speech and disregard of public sentiment caused him frequent persecutions, both in Anne's reign and the first part of her successor's. In 1715 he wrote an *Appeal to Honor and Justice*, but his health failed before its completion, and he retired from the strife of politics, and in the seclusion of his family wrote the *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. This was published in 1719, and was followed in close succession by other stories, all marked by the same air of reality that distinguishes that wonderful production. Three of them, *The Journal of the Plague Year*, *The Memoirs of a Cavalier*, and those of *Captain Carleton*, have been frequently mistaken for authentic narratives.*

Other works of De Foe's are *The Dumb Philosopher*, *Captain Singleton*, *Duncan Campbell*, *Moll Flanders*, *Colonel Jacques*, *Roxana*, *The New Voyage Round the World*, etc. The separate publications of this indefatigable writer number two hundred and fifty-four works.

De Foe was of humble parentage, the son of a butcher, James Foe, a zealous Dissenter, who gave his son a good education, intending him for a minister. The "De" was an addition fancied and adopted by the son before he was known in the literary world.

Other prose writers of this time were ARBUTHNOT, BOLINGBROKE, SHAFTESBURY, BENTLEY, BISHOP ATTERBURY, BISHOP BERKELEY, and LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

JOHN ARBUTHNOT, M. D. (1675-1735), a member of the *Scriblerus Club* and joint contributor with Pope and Swift to the *Miscellanies*, is

* The Earl of Chatham, it is said, used to recommend the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* as the best account of the civil wars, while Dr. Johnson believed in the verity of *Captain Carleton*!

known better as the friend of these two wits than for his own writings. His principal works are the *Memoirs of Martin Scriblerus* and the *History of John Bull*. The latter is a satire on the Duke of Marlborough.

HENRY ST. JOHN (VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE) (1678-1751) likewise belonged to the party which opposed the Duke of Marlborough, and eventually went over to the cause of the Pretender. BISHOP ATTERBURY (1662-1732) was also suspected of an intrigue to secure the Pretender as successor to Anne, and in the reign of George I. was banished.

RICHARD BENTLEY (1662-1742) was the greatest scholar of the age. His fame as a writer rests mainly upon his *Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris*, in which he puts to rout all the host of scholars arrayed against him in the great controversy created by Temple's Essay on Ancient Learning.*

GEORGE BERKELEY (1684-1753), philanthropist and philosopher, was a native of Ireland and a friend of Pope, Swift, Addison, Steele, Atterbury, and Arbuthnot. Pope ascribes

"To Berkeley every virtue under heaven,"

and Atterbury said, "So much understanding, so much innocence, and such humility I did not think had been the portion of any but angels till I saw this gentleman." Berkeley opposed the materialistic tendencies of the time with his theory that only ideas are real, while matter is non-existent. His first philosophical work was the *Theory of Vision*. Among Berkeley's philanthropic but rather visionary schemes was the establishment of a university in the Bermudas, "a scheme," as he said, "for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda." Anticipating this great event he wrote the well-known *Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America*, the last stanza commencing,

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Sir Robert Walpole failing to advance the money to promote the undertaking, the scheme failed. Berkeley spent more than two years in America on a farm which he purchased in the interior of Rhode Island.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE (1690-1762) was a friend of Pope's until he quarrelled with her. She wrote essays and poems, but is better known by her *Letters from Constantinople*, published after her death.

* See Swift's *Battle of the Books*, p. 199.

Illustrations of the Literature of the Augustan Age.



POPE.

From ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

You, then, whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character:
His fable, subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day and contemplate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compared his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.—*Line 129.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!—*Line 232.*

Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.—*Line 525.*

But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.—*Line 371.*

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.—*Line 625.*

From the RAPE OF THE LOCK.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid:
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.

From EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
E'en Sunday shines no sabbath-day for me.
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.

From ESSAY ON MAN.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate.

Line 82.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.—*Line 95.*

Lo the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind.—*Line 100.*

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

Cease then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit—in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is is right.*—*Epistle I., line 294.*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.—*Epistle II., line 1.*

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Epistle II., line 217.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,

More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness:
 But mutual wants this happiness increase;
 All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend;
 Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Epistle IV., line 193.

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.—*Line 203.*

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.—*Line 215.*

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.—*Line 247.*

One self-approving hour, whole years outweighs.—*Line 255.*

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 Oh Grave! where is thy victory?
 Oh Death! where is thy sting?

GAY.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child whom many fathers share
 Hath seldom known a father's care.
 'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way
 Complied with everything, like GAY,
 Was known by all the bestial train
 Who haunt the wood or graze the plain.
 Her care was never to offend,
 And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies;
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
 She hears the near advance of death;
 She doubles, to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round:
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half dead with fear she gasping lay:
 What transport in her bosom grew
 When first the Horse appeared in view!
 Let me, says she, your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend.
 You know my feet betray my flight,
 To friendship every burden's light.
 The Horse replied, Poor honest Puss,
 It grieves my heart to see you thus:
 Be comforted, relief is near,
 For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately Bull implored,
 And thus replied the mighty lord:

Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.
The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm,
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those, how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view!

SWIFT.

FROM THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

The quarrel first began (as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighborhood) about a small plot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been, time out of mind, in quiet possession of certain tenants called the Ancients; and the other was held by the Moderns. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the Ancients complaining of a great nuisance—how the height of that Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the east; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, either that the Ancients would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summit, which the Moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their

place; or else that the Ancients would give leave to the Moderns to come with shovels and mattocks and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the Ancients made answer that they would advise the Moderns rather to raise their own side of the hill than dream of pulling down that of the Ancients. . . . And so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war. . . . In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted. . . . Now it must be understood that ink is the great missile weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy by the valiant on either side. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer, who invented it, of two ingredients, gall and copperas, by its bitterness and venom to suit in some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. . . . The terrible fight took place on Friday last, between the Ancient and Modern books in the King's library.

* * * * *

Now the Moderns had not proceeded with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle that Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the Ancients, who thereupon drew up their scattered troops, determined to act upon the defensive. Upon which several of the Moderns fled over to their party, and among them Temple himself. This Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the Ancients, was, of all the Moderns, their greatest favorite and became their greatest champion.

* * * * *

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the books, upon the close of this long descant of Æsop; both parties took the hint and resolved it should come to a battle. The Moderns were in warm debate upon the choice of their leaders. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Withers. The light-horse were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux (Boileau).

* * * * *

The army of the Ancients were much fewer in number. Homer led the horse and Pindar the light-horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates the dragoons; the allies, led by Vossius and Temple, brought up the rear.

* * * * *

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the Moderns half

inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot a captain, whose name was B-ntl-y; in person the most deformed of all the Moderns. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing. . . . As he came near, behold two heroes of the Ancients' army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep. B-ntl-y would fain have dispatched them both, and stealing close aimed his flail at Phalaris's heart. . . . Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilded, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher.

From VERSES ON HIS OWN DEATH.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the Dean? He's just alive.
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes. The Dean is dead.

* * * * *

Oh may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is—
'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.

* * * * *

Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

* * * * *

'Twas he that writ the "Drapier letters!"
He should have left them to his betters.
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding.

* * * * *

Perhaps, I may allow, the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,

And seemed determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.

* * * * *

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad.

ADDISON.

From *THE SPECTATOR*, No. 112.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY * AT CHURCH.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular, and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book, and, at the same time, employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that pur-

* The papers relating to Sir Roger de Coverly are—No. 2 is his Character, by Steele—No. 106, Visit to his Country Seat, by Addison—No. 107, his Conduct to his Servants, by Steele—No. 109, his Ancestors, by Steele—No. 112, his Behavior at Church, by Addison—No. 113, his Disappointment in Love, by Steele—No. 116, A Hunting Scene with Sir Roger, by Budgell—No. 118, Sir Roger's Reflections on the Widow, by Steele—and Nos. 122, 130, 269, 271, 329, 335, 383, and 517 containing an account of his death, all by Addison.

pose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up, when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father does, whom he does not see at church, which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

ODE.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim :
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

STEELE.

From THE TATLER, No. 117.

THE DREAM.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows : When I was a youth, in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourselves upon the top of a cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such

little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand and ran away with them. I was following her when, on a sudden, the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious a height upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion than for me to express it. I said to myself, It is not in the power of heaven to relieve me! when I awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person, which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded; inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accessory; whereas her real decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover-cliff in Shakespeare's tragedy of King Lear without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy must have a good head, or a very bad one.



SYLLABUS.

The Augustan age of literature extends from 1700-1727. It includes the reigns of Anne and of George I.

Pope, Addison, Steele, and Swift were the principal writers.

Pope implicitly followed Dryden.

Pope aimed at accuracy, not originality.

He perfected the classical or artificial school which Dryden began.

Pope's principal works are *Pastorals*, *The Messiah*, *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, *Essay on Criticism*, *Rape of the Lock*, *The Temple of Fame*, *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, *Windsor Forest*, *Translation of the Iliad*, *Epistle from Eloise to Abelard*, *Essay on Man*, *Miscellanies*, *Dunciad*, *Epistles*, *Satires*, *Moral Essays*, *The Universal Prayer*, *The Dying Christian to His Soul*, etc.

Pope's mission was to teach correctness of style.

Pope was a Catholic in the best sense of the word.

He was intimate with the best minds of the age.

His residence was at Twickenham.

This age was too keen and critical for poetry to thrive.

Allan Ramsay, a Scotch poet, was the most natural of the poets.

Ramsay wrote *The Gentle Shepherd*, a pastoral drama, and *Songs*.

John Gay's chief work is *The Beggars' Opera*.

Matthew Prior, associated with Charles Montague, wrote *The Country Mouse and the City Mouse*.

Other poets of the time were Thomas Parnell, Dr. Watts, Blackmore, and Robert Blair.

This age, with the preceding and following, constitute the artificial age of poetry.

No sonnets were written during this time. It was an age of satire.

The character of the drama was a continuation of that of the previous period.

The critical age was unfavorable for poetry, but excellent for prose.

Swift was one of the most vigorous prose writers. Satire was his forte.

Swift became Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

His principal works are *The Battle of the Books*, *Tale of a Tub*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Drapier's Letters*, *Verses on his Own Death*, contributions to the *Scriblerus Club*, etc.

Swift lived an unhappy life, and made a sorrowful end.

Addison was a genial writer.

In conjunction with Steele, he began *The Spectator*.

The influence of *The Spectator* was great. It ended in 1712.

Addison's first literary attempts were in poetry.

The Campaign was a poem in honor of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim.

Addison was patronized by Whigs.

The tragedy of *Cato* was written in the latter part of Anne's reign.

Steele was more volatile than Addison.

He wrote *The Christian Hero* during the wildest period of his life.

Steele began *The Tatler* in 1709. *The Spectator* followed, 1711.

The Guardian was the last journal in which Steele and Addison joined.

Daniel De Foe published a *Review* five years before Steele's *Tatler*.

The fictitious adventures of *Robinson Crusoe* were written by De Foe twenty years before Richardson published his first novel.

De Foe was persecuted for his liberal sentiments.

De Foe wrote over two hundred and fifty works, many of them fictions.

Other prose writers were Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Shaftesbury, Bentley, Bishop Atterbury, Bishop Berkeley, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague.





DR. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AGE OF DR. JOHNSON.

1727—1784.

NO period is more interesting in its literary or political history than that upon which we are now entering,—Dr. Johnson the central figure in the one and the “Great Commoner,” William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, in the other. It is a period fraught with events which shaped the destinies of nations.

In 1727 George II. succeeded his father to the throne, and engaged in a war in which nearly all Europe took part—the war of the Austrian succession.* During the King’s absence on the continent, Charles Edward, the young Pretender, landed in Scotland to make one more effort to secure the throne of his ancestors, but was defeated in the battle of Culloden, 1745. This was the last attempt of the Stuarts to regain the throne of England.

In 1760 George III., grandson of George II., ascended the throne, and Bute was created prime minister, but, becoming unpopular, he soon resigned, and the ministry fell upon Grenville. It was during this ministry that the American colonies offered resistance to the unjust taxation imposed upon them. In William Pitt they had a strong friend. Through his exertions the Stamp Act was repealed. His acceptance of the

* George espoused the cause of Maria Theresa, the heir to the throne of Austria, and in person defeated the French at the battle of Dettingen.

Earldom of Chatham somewhat affected his popularity, for the people loved to think of him as the "Great Commoner."

The House of Commons had ceased to represent the people. It had become as arrogant as royalty itself; but when, in 1771, it issued a proclamation forbidding the publication of its debates, the indignation of the people arose. Meetings were held, the politics of the nation discussed in towns and boroughs, and a public sentiment created which the press reëchoed, until the House of Commons was made to feel that there was a power in the will of the people which they were bound to respect.

The right of the press to discuss public affairs was established when, in Grenville's ministry, the *North Briton*, a journal published by John Wilkes, was prosecuted for a free discussion of the affairs of government, and when the "LETTERS OF JUNIUS" appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, in which not only the ministry but the King himself was attacked.

Not least among the prominent events of this period was the establishment of the British empire in India, with which the names of Clive and Warren Hastings are connected. Aside from the selfish aggrandizement of the scheme, the intercourse which it opened up with the East awakened an interest in oriental studies and researches.

It was an era of beginnings. New fields were opening in literature, science, and politics.

The history of the literature of this time until the accession of George III. in 1760 presents a striking contrast to the preceding age of Pope—the age of patronage, when successful writers were rewarded by substantial gifts of office.* In Johnson's time "the harvest was over and famine began. All that was squalid and miserable might be summed up in the word *poet*." It was an age which separated two great epochs in literary history—a pause when patronage had ceased and the public taste had not begun to demand the productions of literary

* Addison was Secretary of State; Steele was a member of Parliament and Commissioner of Stamps; Sir Isaac Newton was Master of the Mint; Locke was Commissioner of Appeals and of the Board of Trade; Gay, at twenty-five, was Secretary of Legation; Congreve, Rowe, Prior and Montague, Tickell and Ambrose Philips, were all employed in offices of state.

genius. Patronage only had ceased ; genius was stirring, and starving and penniless, as were the "literary hacks of Grub street," they were creating a literature more permanent and brilliant than that of the Augustan age. Johnson and his century established English prose.

Poetry.

In taking a retrospective glance at the history of poetry from the time of Dryden to that of Johnson, we shall find that most of the productions aim at a style based upon the classical writers of antiquity ; that the style which commenced with Waller and Dryden culminated in Pope, and entailed its influence upon the succeeding age of Johnson. In GRAY, COLLINS, THOMSON, GOLDSMITH, and YOUNG the spirit of poetry seemed to revive. The restraint of the preceding age in a degree removed, healthful imagination began to resume her sway. Excellence characterized the poetry of the time. The influence of Pope's careful labor was felt. Gray never printed a line that could be improved. Collins so exquisitely modulated his verse that the rhyme is not even missed. Thomson, who three times corrected and rewrote his *Seasons* ; Goldsmith, whose every line is a picture ; and Young, whose *Night Thoughts*, in many instances, reëcho the *Essay on Man*, all show the influence of Pope's teaching.

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771) was born in London. To his mother's sacrifice and care he owed his education. At Eton he prepared for Cambridge. Here he made the acquaintance of Horace Walpole, son of the great Whig minister. The two friends set out together for a tour on the continent, but owing to some misunderstanding separated in Italy. Returning, Gray established himself in chambers at Cambridge and devoted his life to literature, varying it with occasional visits to his mother and aunt at Stoke Pogis. It was in the churchyard at this place that he wrote his *Elegy* ; and from the end of the garden walk leading from the West End, as the old-fashioned house was called, he had a distant view of Eton college, and here, no doubt, he wrote his famous *Ode* to that nurse of his early muse.*

* He travelled in Scotland, and became familiar with the Celtic traditions. He

His *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, begun in 1742, was finished in 1750. It is curious and interesting to watch the progress of this famous poem as it grew under the author's own hands—to notice the various shades of thought produced by the substitution of words, and the ever vigilant care exercised over every line. The fifteenth stanza originally read :

“Some village Cato, who, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Tully here may rest,
Some Caesar, guiltless of his country's blood.”

The final substitution of the great names of the English commonwealth for those of the Roman republic made the poem less classical, but more consistent, and brought it wholly to the hearts and homes of England.

The first line of the 27th stanza originally read :

“With gesture quaint, now smiling as in scorn,”

and the following exquisite stanza is supposed to have originally followed the 29th stanza, immediately preceding the epitaph ; but, exquisite as it is, surpassing many of the stanzas, it interrupts the progress of the poem, and therefore was omitted :

“There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found ;
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.”

Gray's two great odes, *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, were received with less favor than the *Elegy*. They are grand and sonorous, replete with classical and learned allusions, which will repay the student for hours of patient study. Gray's other poems are, an *Ode to Spring*, *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, *Ode to Adversity*, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, *The Progress of Poesy*, and *The Bard*.

WILLIAM COLLINS (1720–1756) was a poet endowed with

had studied also the poetry of Scandinavia, subjects which hitherto had attracted but little attention. The office of poet-laureate becoming vacant by the death of Colley Cibber, it was offered to Gray, who refused it, accepting instead the professorship of modern history in Cambridge.

rare genius. Like Gray, he was a purely lyrical poet. The best known of his poems is his *Ode to the Passions*, in which the personification of fear, anger, despair, pity, etc., shows the liveliest fancy. Hope and cheerfulness, sentiments to which this poet was perhaps the greatest stranger, are the best portrayed of all :

“ But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes, at distance, hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale
 She called on Echo still, through all the song;
 And where her sweetest themes she chose,
 A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.”

The bright and gloomy pictures, the “sprightlier tones” and “woful measures,” are most skilfully intermingled :

“ Hope longer would have sung, but with a frown
 Revenge impatient rose;
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne’er prophetic sounds so full of woes;
 And ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien;
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

“ Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed—
 Sad proof of thy distressful state!
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
 And now it courted Love—now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired;
 And, from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes, by distance made more sweet,

Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
 Or, o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,—
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,—
 In hollow murmurs died away.

“But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,—
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
 The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green:
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
 And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.”

Nothing could be more melodious than the soft and “mingled measures” descriptive of melancholy, the passion to which the poet was himself a prey. His short life of thirty-eight years terminated in insanity. Collins's first publications were pastorals, in which oriental personages and incidents replaced the customary and traditional pastoral type of the ancient Greek and Roman. The age did not perceive the genius which inspired these *Persian Eclogues*, and they were but little noticed. Among the minor lyrics of Collins, his elegy on the *Death of Thomson*, *The Dirge in Cymbeline*, *How Sleep the Brave*, and *The Ode to Evening* are best known. There are marked resemblances in the poetry of Collins and Gray.

The story of the life of OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774) is known almost as well as his *Vicar of Wakefield* or *Deserted Village*. His youthful genius, his humor, his vagrancies, and unwarrantable acts of charity have attracted the pens of numerous biographers, while, perhaps, his own delineations of character frequently portray himself more truly.

Born in Ireland, but not of Irish descent, his early childhood was spent in and about the village of Pallas, in the county of

Longford. He was the second son of Charles Goldsmith, a clergyman in straightened circumstances, who, in bestowing a liberal education upon his eldest son, had not the means left to educate the little Oliver, so it was decided that he should be brought up to some mercantile pursuit. He was sent to various school-masters, the first of whom entertained his little pupil with stories of strange adventures, which, perhaps, gave Oliver his first desire for wandering. His rhymes, at the age of seven and eight years, when he could scarcely write legibly, attracted the notice of his family.*

At the age of sixteen he entered Dublin College as a sizer or charity student.† He was next sent to London to study law, but stopping in Dublin on his way, he squandered the sum provided for his journey. Still, not discouraged, the good uncle next sent him to Edinburgh, to study medicine. Here he remained about eighteen months, when he was obliged to leave on account of having gone security for a considerable sum for a classmate. From Edinburgh he took passage for Leyden, where he studied for about a year, and then set out to make the tour of Europe on foot, without money, and unincumbered with baggage, carrying with him but one clean shirt and his flute.

In the character of "George Primrose," in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, he tells his own career through this memorable journey :

*On one occasion, his sister tells us, being but recently recovered from the small-pox, by which he was much disfigured, he was dancing a hornpipe to the music of a fiddle. The player, observing the short, thick, little figure, compared him to *Æsop* dancing, upon which Oliver stopped short in the dance, with the retort :

"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying—
See *Æsop* dancing, and his monkey playing."

"His ready reply concerning *Æsop*," says his sister "decided his future, for from that time it was determined to send him to the University." Several relatives, who had more means than the father, offered their assistance, particularly an uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine.

† His tutor here was a man of unusual severity, who could not tolerate Goldsmith's wild, extravagant habits, and who, through his harsh and brutal treatment, impelled the youth to leave college. Selling his books and clothing, Goldsmith wandered about the streets of Dublin until he was reduced to the point of starving. Filled with remorse for his follies, he sent word to his brother, who hastened to his relief and reinstated him in college.

"I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry, for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day."

Thus through Flanders and portions of France, Germany, and Switzerland he travelled, and reached home within a year from the time he set out, penniless, as a matter of course, but prepared to enrich the world of literature by his contribution of the *Traveller*, or a *Prospect of Society*. Settling in London, he engaged in whatever offered a means of support, however meagre—at one time acting as a chemist's clerk, at another as usher in a boarding-school, and often as physician among the very poor. After numerous discouraging attempts at self-support, he began his literary career—the only career for which nature had endowed him—at first hiring his time to booksellers as the merest drudge, then writing articles for Reviews, and publishing anonymously his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*.

The Bee was a series of essays, on different subjects, which he published weekly. Their sprightly tone and genial humor should have won the patronage which the Spectator of the previous age received, but the author was unknown, and literature was not yet loved for itself. Next appeared Letters from a *Citizen of the World*, purporting to have been written by a Chinaman residing for a short time in England, and observing the manners of the people. *The Traveller* was not published until 1764, and was the first of his writings to which he affixed his name. It instantly became popular, and when the previous articles which he had written were known to be from the pen of the author of the *Traveller*, they received the notice which they had always deserved. Goldsmith was now becoming popular. His genius had won the warm friendship of Dr. Johnson, and he was made one of the first members of that famous Literary Club of which Johnson was the brilliant centre. From that excellent friend and critic we have the

following account of the publishing of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, two years after the appearance of the *Traveller*:

"I received, one morning," says Johnson, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit, told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

In 1768 appeared his drama of the *Good-Natured Man*, one of the most genial comedies in the language. The next year *The Deserted Village* was published, which became immediately popular. The same year found him industriously engaged in compiling his *Histories of England, Greece, and Rome*. These were, for the most part, adaptations of other works, with still enough of Goldsmith in the welding together to give the charm of his style. In 1771, he produced his second comedy—*She Stoops to Conquer*.* This was received with much more favor than the first, the humor being broader, and more suited to the taste of indiscriminate playgoers, than the delicate, genial humor of the *Good-Natured Man*. Among Goldsmith's last works was a *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*. In this he made no pretensions to originality, the work being a condensed translation of Buffon, a French naturalist, contemporary with Goldsmith. For this work, as for many others, Goldsmith received large profits, but so great was his improvidence

*The plot of this inimitable comedy is founded on a blunder which Goldsmith himself made when a very young man, in mistaking the house of a gentleman—an early friend of his father's—for an inn; calling for his supper, ordering hot cake for breakfast, and not discovering his blunder until he asked for his bill. The host, being a man of humor, on seeing the youth's mistake, encouraged all the household to keep up the deception. Other incidents were woven into the drama, giving it the title of *She Stoops to Conquer*, but it was originally called *The Mistakes of a Night*.

and so boundless his charity, that no sum, however great, was sufficient to satisfy his propensity to give.* In his *Citizen of the World*, the Man of Black, who sometimes resembles Goldsmith himself, says, speaking of his father, and his instruction to his children :

“We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society. We were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own—to regard the *human face divine* with affection and esteem. He wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress. In a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the necessary qualifications of getting a farthing.”

In Dr. Primrose, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the family again recognized the father ; likewise in the Preacher, in the *Deserted Village*:

“A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year.
His house was known to all the vagrant train :
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast :
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed.
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o’er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e’en his failings leaned to virtue’s side.”

Of the writings † of Oliver Goldsmith there can be but one

* In the genial words of Thackeray, “The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust and speak his word of compassion.”

† Of the life and character of Goldsmith there have been various estimates. Macaulay says of him : “There was in his character much to love, but little to respect.

opinion, that they are among the most elegant and delightful compositions in the language. Every line breathes his spirit of gentleness and humanity. His prose is as charming as his poetry; and so versatile was his genius, that he might be classed among poets, dramatists, novelists, or essayists.

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748) holds the same rank among the poets of England that Bryant holds among American poets—both preëminently the poets of nature. Thomson's love of nature was a passion sincere and devotional. His imagination was pure and unfettered, and while he seldom or never startles the reader with bold or daring flights, he is always pleasing, always true and simple, and sometimes grand.

His first poem was *Winter*, written without any thought of connecting it with a series. Finding this poem popular, he next wrote *Summer*, and finally added the other two, publishing them all under the title of *The Seasons*. Pope was still living when Thomson published these poems, and, it is said, made many suggestions which the poet always heeded. And yet there is none of Pope's stiffness in the *Seasons*. In the description of a summer morning, with "the dripping rock," "the mountain's misty top," there is a perfect picture of awakening dawn:

"With quickened step
Brown night retires; young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine,
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade

His heart was soft even to weakness; he was so generous, that he quite forgot to be just; he forgave injuries so readily that he might be said to invite them, and was so liberal to beggars that he had nothing left for his tailor and butcher."

We cannot but feel the justice of these strictures of Macaulay, though it may be he was so just that he forgot to be generous!

Thackeray, if less discriminating, is more charitable. He says: "Think of him reckless, thoughtless, vain, if you like, but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. His humor delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his words in all our mouths; his benevolent spirit still seems to smile on us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and poor."

The wild deer trip, and often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn."

The coloring is gray, as Thomson's pictures usually are, but there is not a word amiss in this description of early dawn.

EDWARD YOUNG (1681-1765), known mainly as the author of the *Night Thoughts*, was contemporary with Pope and the writers of that age, but was more prominent in the succeeding period of literature. His *Night Thoughts* were written, at the age of sixty, apparently under the pressure of great sorrow, and represent the meditations of nine nights.* They consist mainly of serious reflections on Life and Death and Immortality. The style of the *Night Thoughts* is labored, and, like Pope's *Essay on Man*, is more enjoyable read in fragments. There is more play of imagination than in Pope, and the whole poem, as contrasted with the *Essay on Man*, shows "more matter with less art." Young's epigrammatic sentences, like those of Pope's, fix themselves in the memory, and become familiar phrases in ordinary conversation. Young wrote other works, but none became as popular as *Night Thoughts*. Among them are a satire on the *Love of Fame*, and a tragedy entitled *Revenge*.

There were, during this period, two poets of singular fame, JAMES MACPHERSON and THOMAS CHATTERTON, both perpetrators of literary forgeries, claiming to have discovered valuable relics of literature, the products of remote ages. The new interest awakening in the study of the national ancient literature was favorable to the reception of these forgeries, but that the nation and the reading world should accept them as genu-

* Young had entered the church soon after the accession of George II., and was appointed the king's chaplain. Like Dryden and Addison, he married a titled lady, the daughter of the Earl of Litchfield; but unlike his two predecessors, he lived most happily with his wife. It was on occasion of her death, and that of her two children, that the *Night Thoughts* were written. The Lorenzo is a purely imaginative character, representing the man of the world, and an atheist.

ine, must be attributed to the general lack of critical knowledge on these subjects.

JAMES MACPHERSON (1738-1796), a Scotchman, represented that in his travels through the Highlands he had discovered the veritable works of the ancient Celtic poet *Ossian*; but as no other traces of these poems could be found to exist, they were finally believed to have been Macpherson's own productions. There is a misty grandeur in the half-revealed scenes, and a roll of melancholy music in the words. Thus Colma says :

"I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard on the mountain, the torrent pours down the rock.

* * * * *

"Such were the words of the bards in the days of song, when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear, at times, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!"

In all probability these poems were neither entire forgeries nor wholly genuine. That a Celtic poet named Ossian lived in the third century is believed, and that traditions of him, or fragments of his song, remained and were treasured by his Gaelic descendants is altogether probable. Names of other Celtic bards and heroes are mentioned throughout the poem, giving it the air of genuineness.

In THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752-1770) we have the most remarkable instance of precocity on record. When we consider all that he accomplished and all that he suffered in that short life of less than eighteen years, it seems almost incredible.

He was born in Bristol. His parents were poor, and his education was obtained chiefly at a charity school. His pre-co-

cious genius was displayed in his infancy. When eleven years of age he composed the following hymn, beginning:

“Almighty Framer of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls was made,
Till thy command gave light.

“The sun of glory gleamed, the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapors rise,” etc.

Encouraged, no doubt, by the success of Macpherson's imposture (if it was wholly an imposture), Chatterton conceived the idea of imitating some early English writers. Quaint and ingenious as his device was, and successful to a degree, Gray and a few others, who were better versed in the old language, recognized the forgeries. The works were represented by Chatterton to have been “wroten” by the “gode prieste Thomas Rowley.” There was a prevailing taste for antiquities and heraldry; so for one man, fond of heraldic honors, Chatterton made out a pedigree extending to the time of William the Conqueror; for another he obligingly found an ancient poem, *The Romaunt of the Cnyghte* (Knight), which had been written, he said, by one of the gentleman's ancestors in the fourteenth century. The poems of Chatterton published as “Thomas Rowley's” consist of the *Tragedy of Ælla*, *The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin*, *The Battle of Hastings*, *The Tournament*, etc. The mask of these poems is mainly their antiquated spelling and phraseology.

Conscious of his power, and hopeful of success as a poet, Chatterton went to London. Here he would have starved to death, but in despair he ended his life by poison. Too proud to accept of charity, he refused a dinner offered him by his landlady but the day before his death. Thus sadly ended the life of that

“Marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.”

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE (1734-1789) translated the “Lu-

siad" of Camoëns, the great Portuguese poet, but is better known by his sprightly little poem *The Mariner's Wife*, or *There's nae Luck about the House*. His poem of *Cumnor Hall* is said to have suggested to Sir Walter Scott his romance of *Kenilworth*.

To DR. THOMAS PERCY (1728-1811) may be traced the influences acting on the poetry of the next and succeeding ages. By his indefatigable researches he brought to light the old ballads of England and Scotland, opening up a fresh fountain of poetry. His collection is known as *Reliques of English Poetry*, or, more familiarly, *Percy's Reliques*.

There were other poets of this time, who wrote less, but are perhaps as well known and admired as those already named. They were JAMES BEATTIE (1735-1803), author of *The Minstrel*; MARK AKENSIDE (1721-1770), who wrote *Pleasures of the Imagination*; the two brothers JOSEPH and THOMAS WARTON (1728-1790), the latter best known, however, by his *History of English Poetry*. WILLIAM SHENSTONE (1714-1763) wrote *The Schoolmistress*; WILLIAM FALCONER (1735-1769), *The Shipwreck*; ROBERT BLAIR (1699-1746), *The Grave*.

Scottish Poets.

Thomson, Blair, Macpherson, Beattie, Mickle, and Falconer were all Scotchmen, but they wrote in the purest English. Among those who wrote in dialect, ROBERT FERGUSON'S (1751-1774) name is most prominent.

There are several gems of Scottish poetry written about this time. The well-known ballad of *Auld Robin Gray* was written by LADY ANNE LINDSAY, afterwards LADY ANNE BARNARD (1750-1825), who for fifty years kept to herself the secret of its authorship. *The Flowers of the Forest* is the name of two national ballads written by MISS JANE ELLIOT (1727-1805) and MRS. COCKBURN (— 1794). They are lamentations for Scotland's losses at Flodden Field. *The Braes of Yarrow* was written by WILLIAM HAMILTON (1704-1754), the "volunteer-laureate" of the Jacobites.

Many Jacobite songs were written about this time; for, although the party was overthrown at Culloden, the Scots clung with an ardent devotion to the last representative of the Stuart

line, and for his ill fate poured out their grief in song. Among these songs might be named *Bonny Charlie's noo awa'*, *Safely O'er the Friendly Main*, *A Hundred Pipers*, *Wha'l be King but Charlie*, etc. *The Song of Tullochgorum*, written by the REV. JOHN SKINNER (1721-1807), an Episcopal clergyman, is a plea for unity and good-will between the factions.

The Drama.

We have seen the origin of the drama in the Miracle Plays, its period of splendor in Shakespeare's time, its cessation in Milton's, its revival in a corrupt form in Dryden's time, and its dulness in the time of Pope. The lighter comedy began when Gay wrote his *Beggars' Opera*. In the age of Dr. Johnson not only the drama itself, but the histrionic art was raised to a high degree of excellence. DAVID GARRICK (1716-1779), the prince of actors, was also a dramatist. SAMUEL FOOTE (1720-1777) and GEORGE COLMAN (1733-1794) were actors and dramatists, and COLLEY CIBBER, an old man in Johnson's time, was still acting and writing. The only classic comedies, however, of the time are GOLDSMITH's *Good-Natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, and SHERIDAN's *Rivals*, *School for Scandal*, and *The Critic*.

Tragedy was represented by JOHNSON's *Irene*, HOME's *Douglas*, and YOUNG's *Revenge*. THOMSON also wrote a tragedy called *Sophonisba*, but it was not successful on the stage.

The Novel.

A new species of literature, the novel, was springing up to replace the drama. SAMUEL RICHARDSON (1689-1761), whose first novel, *Pamela*, was published in 1740, may be styled the father of the English novel, while FIELDING, SMOLLETT, and STERNE, immediately following, should be considered with Richardson as the founders of this new feature in literature.

Pamela is represented as a poor country girl, innocent and beautiful, who enters the service of a rich gentleman. The whole story is told in a series of letters, mostly written by Pamela, who details minute accounts of her master's wickedness, the trials that surround her, and her afflictions, until her marriage with her former persecutor. *Clarissa Harlowe* is con-

sidered Richardson's best novel. It is a story of the middle class of society. The heroine represents Richardson's ideal of perfect female virtue and honor. This novel met with even more success than the first. Four years afterwards *Sir Charles Grandison* appeared. As *Pamela* represents the lower class of society, *Clarissa Harlowe* the middle, *Sir Charles Grandison* is made to represent the highest.

The life of HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754) was in strong contrast with that of Richardson, so it is not to be wondered at that his first novel, *Joseph Andrews*, was a caricature of *Pamela*. This hero was represented as the brother of *Pamela*, and *Pamela* herself was represented as Mrs. Booby. The hero and his friend, Parson Adams, are models of virtue! By far the best of Fielding's novels is *Tom Jones*. In that are some inimitable paintings of real life. Two other novels of Fielding's were the *Life of Jonathan Wild* and a *Journey from this World to the Next*. His novel entitled *Amelia* was written as a sort of tribute of gratitude to his wife, who, through all his wild, extravagant life, exhibited ceaseless patience and devotion.

Tristram Shandy and the *Sentimental Journey*, besides a volume of *Sermons*, constitute the works of LAURENCE STERNE (1713-1768), a man whose character little fitted him for the serious profession of a minister.

Tristram Shandy is a biographical romance, the story being told partly in the character of the "phantom-like Tristram" and partly by Yorick, a clergyman and a humorist, supposed to be Sterne himself. The *Sentimental Journey* was written as a sequel to *Tristram Shandy*. The material for this work was prepared during the author's travels on the Continent. In both novels Sterne "is always trembling on the verge of an obscene allusion," and is seldom read now except in extracts. The same may be said of all these novelists, who wrote for a less refined age than our own.

The novels of TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT (1721-1771) are, *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *The Adventures of Ferdinand*, *Count Fathom*; *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, and *Humphrey Clinker*.

Smollett's genius was versatile, and, besides these novels, he

wrote various short poems, principal of which are the *Tears of Scotland*,* an *Ode to Independence*, and lines on *Levan Water*, near whose banks his early life was spent.

Smollett also wrote a *History of England*, but his violent political opinions were seen in this, as in many of his other works. He also translated *Don Quixote*, and was at one time editor of a *Review*. His health failing, he travelled on the Continent, and, like Fielding, died in a foreign land.

Under the head of Novels of this period might be mentioned Goldsmith's charming story of the *Vicar of Wakefield* and Miss BURNEY'S (MADAME D'ARBLAY'S) (1752-1840) *Evelina*, which was written when the author was but eighteen.† JOHNSON'S *Rasselas* comes under this head as a Didactic Tale, and *The Fool of Quality*, by HENRY BROOKE (1706-1783), is a Theological Tale. HORACE WALPOLE (1717-1797), the friend of Gay, wrote a novel, and called it the *Castle of Otranto*.

Theologians.

The rise of Methodism, which dates from about 1730, gave a new impulse to the literature of theology. It was a reaction against "the faithless coldness of the times."

* The *Tears of Scotland* was an expression of a generous heart, indignant at the outrages committed in the Highlands by the English forces under the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden. Smollett was not a real Jacobite, but his sympathies with Scotland, his native country, were so warmly expressed in his poem, that his friends, fearing his personal safety, represented the danger of so free an expression against government, whereupon the indignant Scotchman sat down and added another and still stronger stanza to the six already written:

"While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn."

† Macaulay says: "Miss Burney did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama. She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and the vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force, and with broad comic humor, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality, or even with virgin delicacy. She took away the reproach which lay on a most useful and delightful species of composition. She vindicated

JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY, sons of Rev. Samuel Wesley, after a home education by the best of mothers, were sent to Oxford University. Here, with fourteen other students, they organized an association for seeking religious improvement. They were reviled by their fellow-students, and called the "Godly Club," "Bible Bigots," "Bible Moths," and, on account of the methods which they adopted as rules of conduct, they were also ridiculed under the name of "Methodists."

The two brothers accompanied General Oglethorpe to America in 1735, and after two or three years spent in travelling in the colonies, and preaching in various places, they returned. JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791) then began his field-preaching, travelling through Great Britain and Ireland; and, in the open air, gathering around him men, women, and children, to listen to the new gospel which he felt commissioned to preach. Thus, until he was eighty-eight years of age, did this venerable man continue to labor, and when, on March 2, 1791, he died, he had preached forty thousand sermons, and travelled three hundred thousand miles. John Wesley's contributions to literature were, *A Plain Account of the People Called Methodists*, and *A Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation*. He also, in the midst of his ministerial labors, wrote various hymns.

CHARLES WESLEY (1708-1788) wrote six thousand separate hymns, composing as he rode on horseback,—at any time, and all times.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD (1714-1770) was associated with John Wesley, and was the greatest field-preacher of that or any age. Hume said he would go twenty miles to hear him preach. Whitefield followed the Wesleys to Georgia in 1737, and, after having crossed the Atlantic Ocean seven times, died at Newburyport, Mass. Whitefield was the founder of the Calvinistic branch of the Methodists.

DR. ROBERT LOWTH (BISHOP LOWTH) (1710-1787) enriched literature by his *Prelections* (Lectures) on *Hebrew Poetry*, and a *Translation of Isaiah*. He also wrote a *Life of William of Wykeham*.

the right of her sex to have an equal share in a fair and noble promise of letters. Burke had sat up all night to read her writings, and Johnson had pronounced her superior to Fielding."

BISHOP Warburton (1698-1779) was famous in his own day as a controversialist. His chief work, *The Divine Legation of Moses*, was never finished. Gibbon, the historian, called it a "brilliant ruin," and the metaphor has been applied to Warburton's literary character.

In 1736 BISHOP BUTLER (1692-1752) published his *Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature*. PHILIP DODDRIDGE (1702-1751) was a dissenting minister. Besides sermons he wrote many fine hymns. The following epigram was composed by him:

"Live while you live, the *epicure* would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred *preacher* cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be,
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee."

Philosophy.

In England, as in France, skepticism reigned in philosophic minds. The historian DAVID HUME (1711-1776) was most conspicuous among the writers on metaphysical science. His chief offence against orthodoxy was his avowed disbelief in miracles, asserting that it was more probable that human testimony should be false, than that the grand harmony of nature's laws should be interrupted. It was not against religion, but against dogmatic theology that Hume contended. His *Treatise on Human Nature* was published in 1738, after a sojourn of three years in France. It was not well received, and he afterwards recast and republished it, under the title of *An Inquiry Concerning the Human Understanding*. Other metaphysical works of Hume's are *An Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals*, *The Natural History of Religion*, and *Dialogues on Natural Religion*.

Scotland seemed to foster metaphysical talent. Hume's speculations invited other theorists into the field, some in support of his ideas, but most of them to oppose him. Among the latter DR. THOMAS REID (1710-1796) was most prominent, who, in his *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, made a direct attack upon Hume.

In 1776 ADAM SMITH (1723-1790) published the first work on political economy. In this he advocated principles of free trade, and promulgated the idea that labor, not money, is the true source of national wealth. This work is entitled *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*.

One of the greatest lights in physical science of this age, in England, was DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY (1733-1804), whose discovery of oxygen "was to chemistry what the discovery of gravitation was to the celestial mechanism," so that he has been well styled "the Newton of chemistry." *

He was as earnest in his religious investigations as in his scientific researches. Dissenting from the commonly received doctrines of the church, he was early imbued with the belief in Unitarianism. In the face of opposition and abuse he fearlessly maintained and promulgated his belief. †

History.

DAVID HUME, whose philosophical treatises had met with but little favor, published, in 1754, the first part of his *History of England*. This work may be said to have been written backwards. It began with the Stuart line of kings, and embraced the reigns of James I. and Charles I. The anti-puritanic tone of this volume so offended the Whig party that it was not only neglected but cried down. Two years after he published a continuation of the Stuart kings, till the Revolution of 1688. This volume was received more favorably than the first had been. He then went back, in point of time, and took up the history of the line of kings preceding the Stuarts, calling it the *History*

* Oxygen, that element in nature hitherto called *phlogiston*, "fire air," had always been a stumbling-block in scientific experiments, until Priestley, in 1774, discovered its place among gases and its use in supporting life. Of this, the greatest discoverer of his age thus simply speaks: "Who can tell whether this pure air may not, at last, become a fashionable luxury? As yet, only two mice and myself have had the privilege of breathing it."

† So great was the opposition which his theological works created that he found it necessary, he said, to write a pamphlet annually in their defence! After several of his publications were issued, a mob in Birmingham, where he resided, set fire to his house, destroying a valuable library, apparatus, and specimens. Soon after this he emigrated to America, and settled in Northumberland, Pennsylvania. Here he reared a little church, where, until his death in 1804, he continued to preach his doctrines, now widely spread over the civilized world.

of England under the House of Tudor. This was liked but little better than the first parts. Not discouraged, he went back to a still earlier time, in fact, to the earliest times in English history; and, in 1762, eight years after the publication of the first volume, he issued the work as it now stands—*A History of England from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Revolution of 1688*.

SMOLLETT's history of England from that date to the end of the reign of George II. is frequently published as a continuation of Hume's history.

EDWARD GIBBON (1737–1794), like Hume, was affected by the skepticism of the time. Early in life, while at Oxford, he had embraced the Catholic religion, but was removed from the university by his father and sent to Switzerland, that old stronghold of Protestantism, as a cure for his Catholic opinions. At Lausanne, in Switzerland, he spent five years, and here he met Voltaire.* His life at Lausanne had fitted him for French society, for that portion of Switzerland was as French as France itself. In Paris he had access to all the fashionable drawing-rooms, where men and women gathered to discuss, in brilliant language, the affairs of the nation and philosophy in general. France was trembling on the verge of a great revolution, and yet social intercourse—"society"—seemed to be the great interest of the day. Again Gibbon went to Lausanne, to fit himself by study for a tour through Italy. He "had the root of all scholarship in him, the most diligent accuracy and an unlimited faculty of taking pains," and everything of interest concerning Italy was studied by this indefatigable student. After this careful preparation he set out on his travels through Italy. His first impressions of Rome are thus given:

"My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm which I do not feel I have ever scorned to affect. But at the distance of twenty-five years I can neither forget nor express the strong

* Here also he met with Mlle. Susanne Curchod, whose lively wit and elegant manners won the admiration of the youth of twenty, and she reciprocated his attachment. Returning to England, he found his father objected to the "strange alliance," "and so," says the dutiful son, "I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." The lady afterwards became Madame Necker, and was the mother of the celebrated Madame de Staël.

emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum. Each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was, at once, present to my eye, and several days of intoxication were lost and enjoyed, before I could descend to a cool and minute examination."

He made good use of his time, spending the most of it in and around Rome and Naples, studying with curious diligence every subject of interest. He says :

"It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind."

Here, then, was a definite centre, round which all his future study was to concentrate. The subject grew in breadth and in interest. His original idea was to consider but the decline and fall of the city of Rome. This expanded into the fall of the empire of the West, and this into the fall of the Eastern empire, or the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453.

The vast scope of the design rendered still further study necessary. Not only was classical knowledge needed, but a knowledge of all the social, political, and religious institutions of the Middle Ages.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON (1721-1793) began life as a clergyman, but directing his attention to historical subjects, is ranked among the historians of the eighteenth century. He was born in Scotland, and educated at the University of Edinburgh. While Hume was writing his detached portions of English history, Robertson was writing a *History of Scotland, During the Reigns of Queen Mary and James VI., till his Accession to the Throne of England*. Ten years afterwards he published his *History of the Emperor Charles V., of Germany*. His last work was a *History of America*.

In Biography the period is made illustrious by JOHNSON'S *Lives of the Poets*, and by the greatest biographical work ever written—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795) was a Scottish advocate, who, early in life, attached himself to Dr. Johnson, and, by watching

every act and listening to every word of his great patron, was enabled to present, to the life, the character of this singular man.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Through the indefatigable labor and devotion of Boswell we have a more perfect realization of DR. JOHNSON (1709-1784) than of any man of that period. We see him as the great dictator in the literary world of London; we grow familiar with his eccentricities, close our eyes to the jerks and contortions of his body, and see only his manly strife with adversity, the sustained integrity of his purpose, his considerate care for others, and his love for human kind.

Johnson was one of the laborers in the literary field, who, by patient, upward toiling, at last won the summit of literary fame. He was a Conservative in politics and religion. His strong prejudices kept him a Tory; and his strong religious sentiments kept his faith unswerving. The tendency of the age he did not take the pains to sift. "Hume," he said, "was an echo of Voltaire;" Rousseau was one "fit to be hanged;" and Voltaire, himself, "possessed sharp intellect, but little learning." Johnson was English in everything—in thought, in education, and feeling. "He had studied," says Macaulay, "not the genus man, but the species Londoner."

Johnson's father was a poor bookseller, and not able to defray the college expenses of his son; so, leaving college without a degree, Johnson at first tried teaching. Only three pupils came to school. One was DAVID GARRICK (1716-1779), between whom and Johnson a life-long friendship was formed. This school, it may be readily conjectured, did not succeed. While teaching, Johnson had begun a tragedy—*Irene*. It was still uncompleted when he was obliged, for lack of pupils, to break up his school at Lichfield. Johnson and his pupil, David Garrick, set out together to seek their fortunes in the great heart of London. Johnson was twenty-eight and Garrick twenty-one. The latter was going to complete his education, and then apply himself to law; but, fortunately for histrionic art, he followed his inclination and the guidance of his genius, and went upon the stage.

In what manner Johnson lived during his first effort to pro-

cure employment in London, may be judged from his own words :

"I dined very well for eight-pence, with very good company. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite as well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing."

His tragedy of *Irene* was offered at Drury Lane theatre and rejected. Johnson from that time became a regular contributor to the *Gentlemen's Magazine*.

His first year in London was one of wretched poverty. Not unfrequently he had not the means to pay for a meal, and often he and his friend, RICHARD SAVAGE (1696-1743), another starving poet, walked the streets of London at night, too poor to pay for a night's lodging. In this bitterest experience of unrecognized power Johnson wrote his satire entitled *London*.*

While Johnson was toiling as the veriest day-laborer, earning a mere pittance, Garrick had won his way into popular favor as the finest actor of the time. He was now manager of the Drury Lane theatre, and, in 1749, brought out upon the stage Johnson's long-neglected tragedy of *Irene*.† It was not successful; but, owing to Garrick's liberality, Johnson realized by its performance and its sale more than by any of his previous works.

In 1747 Johnson had issued a *Plan for an English Dictionary*, addressing the prospectus to Lord Chesterfield. That gentleman gave but little heed to this compliment; but, undismayed, the great lexicographer toiled on, writing, at intervals, minor works for his support. *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, written in imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal, was published in 1748. Two periodical papers, in the style of Steele and Addison's *Tatler* and *Spectator*, Johnson issued from 1750 to 1760. They were the *Rambler* and the *Idler*. The latter was of short con-

* Independent from his boyhood, he would accept nothing that he did not earn. While at college a pair of new shoes, that had been kindly left for his acceptance by one who noticed his need, were flung into the street by the proud-spirited youth.

† The first night of its performance Johnson appeared in one of the side boxes, in a scarlet waistcoat and a gold-laced hat, fancying that as the author he owed it to himself and to the public to dress in a distinguished manner.

tinuance. The Rambler was issued twice a week, but the style was too sombre and too pedantic to suit the general reader.

In 1755, after seven years of earnest labor, the *Dictionary of the English Language* was completed and published. The indifference with which Lord Chesterfield had received the dedication of the plan of the dictionary irritated Johnson; and, when the work was completed and Chesterfield wrote two articles praising the dictionary, Dr. Johnson took it as a "courtly device" on the part of Chesterfield to have the completed work dedicated to himself, as the prospectus had been seven years before. Scorning the proffered patronage bestowed at that late day, Johnson wrote to Chesterfield the following letter, which, for manly disdain and elegance of sarcasm, is unequalled:

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

"MY LORD:—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*: that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached the ground,

encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed, though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exaltation.

"My lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,
SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Johnson had but little knowledge of the basis or structure of the English language. Of its Teutonic life-blood he was wholly ignorant; so that the dictionary, with respect to its etymology, is imperfect; but the definitions, and quotations illustrating the use of words, are excellent, most especially when we consider that it was the first work of the kind in the language.

Johnson's strong individuality is as observable in the dictionary as in any of his writings. His definitions are marked by prejudices and characteristic independence; as, when he defines a "*patron*" as "one who countenances, supports, or protects," and adds, by way of emphasis, "commonly a wretch who supports with insolence and is paid with flattery."

"*Oats*" he defines as "a grain which, in England, is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."

"*Pension*, an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country."

"*Pensioner*, a slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master."

"*Lexicographer*, a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

"*Network*, anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

Johnson himself afterwards received a pension from the King, and, although reluctant to receive it, it was a happy release from the bondage of poverty. He thus expressed his obligation: "The English language does not afford me terms adequate to my feelings on this occasion. I must have recourse to the French. I am *pénêtré* with his Majesty's goodness."

Johnson, in turn, had his pensioners. His house in Bolt court was the asylum of no less than six poor people, all with exaggerated peculiarities and with but little love for each other.*

Rasselas was written to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. Its subject is still his favorite theme, the vanity of human wishes. His edition of Shakespeare was issued in 1765. It added but little to his fame.

His happiest hours were those spent at the Literary Club, which had been organized by Sir Joshua Reynolds and himself.† Johnson's writings but half convey the character of his mind. It is in his conversation,‡ in his quick flashes of wit, united to profound wisdom, that we see his gigantic mental structure.

Wine and its effects were the frequent subjects of conversation. On the side of total abstinence Johnson stood alone. At a dinner at General Paoli's he said:

"Wine makes a man better pleased with himself. I do not say that it makes him more pleasing to others. The danger is, that while a man grows better pleased with himself, he may be growing less pleasing to others. Wine gives a man nothing. It only puts in motion what has been locked up."

* He writes: "Mrs. Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll loves none of them." And yet with these quarrelsome pensioners upon his bounty he divided his own small allowance, and tolerated their ingratitude, paying a servant extra wages to bear with their ill-temper and strife.

† During Johnson's life this Club numbered among its members, besides the two chief founders, the illustrious Edmund Burke, Goldsmith, Dr. Thomas Percy, David Garrick, Sir William Jones, Boswell, Charles James Fox, Edward Gibbon, Adam Smith, the brothers Joseph and Thomas Warton, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan. At this Club Johnson's marvellous conversational powers were exercised. He was the great central figure, and loved to be surrounded by those who, as he said, could send him back every ball that he threw. This Club became a power in the literary world. The meetings were held once a week at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard street.

‡ "Johnson used to say that he made it a constant rule to talk as well as he could, both as to sentiment and expression."

To one of his friends suggesting that "wine, then, is a key which opens a box, but the box may be full or empty," Johnson replied :

"Nay, sir, conversation is the key ; wine is a picklock, which forces open the box, and injures it."

On one occasion, speaking of a nobleman who was never satisfied unless his guests "drank hard," Johnson said :

"That is from having had people around him whom he is accustomed to command. From what I have heard of him, one would not wish to sacrifice himself to such a man. If he must always have somebody to drink with him, he should buy a slave, and then he would be sure to have it. They who submit to drink as another pleases, make themselves his slaves."

Of his own experience in wine drinking, he said :

"I did not leave off wine because I could not bear it, but because it is so much better for a man to be sure that he is never to be intoxicated, never to lose the power over himself. I shall not begin to drink wine again till I grow old and want it."

He was then in his seventieth year.

It was quite fashionable for ladies to mingle in the literary assemblies when held in their own homes, and to take part in the conversation. These social literary gatherings were called *Blue-Stocking Clubs*, and the ladies who attended them *Blue Stockings*, though the title came from the fact of one of the gentlemen, Mr. Stillingfleet, always wearing blue stockings. So excellent was the conversation of this gentleman, that when he was absent from the party, it used to be said, "We can do nothing without the blue stockings."

In 1773, in company with Boswell, Dr. Johnson visited the Hebrides, and his journey through Scotland greatly overcame his prejudice against the people of that country. One generous Scotchman, in reverting to Johnson's definition of oats, as a grain which in England is given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people, said, "And where will you find better horses or better men?"

As may be supposed, Johnson had no sympathy with Eng-

land's rebellious American subjects. He was no statesman and no politician, and his political treatise, *Taxation no Tyranny*, was a complete failure, as even Boswell admitted.

His last and best work, *The Lives of the Poets*, was undertaken at the request of some London booksellers.* In this work the peculiarities of his style, often called Johnsonese, were very much modified. He was as true to his prejudices as to his principles, and many of the *Lives* suffer at his hands. His dislike of Milton's puritanic opinions caused him to be unmindful of half of Milton's greatness, and to Gray he was positively narrow and unjust. The *Life of Cowley*, Johnson himself considered as the best of the series. Johnson had not a genuine love for poetry. His criticisms were based on established rules, which he himself could write by; so that in Shakespeare and Milton, who wrote before Dryden and Pope had prescribed the path in which the Muse should travel, Johnson could see more violations of poetic laws than beauty and grandeur of poetic imagery. And yet finer praise of Shakespeare has seldom been given than that which Johnson gave in the Preface to his edition of Shakespeare:

"The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another; but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of Time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare."

Johnson's love of antithesis is displayed in his wonderful parallel between Dryden and Pope. Every word falls into its proper place, and every sentence is as clear as it is harmonious. The peculiar Johnsonese style which his earlier writings illustrate was best described by Goldsmith when he said, if Johnson should write a story about little fishes, he "would make the little fishes talk like whales." The sentence preceding the one above quoted from the Preface to Shakespeare is an example of his inflated style:†

"The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved

* Boswell, regretting that Johnson was not to have the choosing of the poets whose lives he was to write, but "was to furnish a preface and life to any poet the booksellers pleased," asked him if he would do this to any dunce's works, if they desired it. "Yes, and say he was a dunce," said Johnson.

† See also definition of *Network*, p. 233.

by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase nor suffers decay. The sand," etc.

Johnson was buried in the south transept of Westminster Abbey, near the foot of Shakespeare's monument, and near his friend Garrick. A blue flagstone bears the simple inscription, in Latin, of his name and age—Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Died 13th day of December, 1784, aged 75.

The genius of EDMUND BURKE (1730–1797) displayed itself in Johnson's famous Literary Club. In Parliament he was conservative, and dreaded every form of revolution in government.* In the trouble with the American colonies he favored compromise, recommending that Great Britain should assert her right to tax the colonies, but that she should, at the same time, refrain from exercising that right. His career has been thus summed up :

"His life is a history of those eventful times, for in them he acted a part more conspicuous than any other man. His able and eloquent opposition to those infatuated measures of the ministry which led to and prolonged the contest between England and our own country—his advocacy of the freedom of the press—of an improved libel law—of Catholic emancipation—of economical reform—of the abolition of the slave-trade—his giant efforts in the impeachment of Warren Hastings—and his most eloquent and uncompromising hostility to the French Revolution, in his speeches in Parliament and in his well-known 'Reflections on the Revolution in France'—all these will ever cause him to be viewed as one of the warmest and ablest friends of man."

Burke was born in Dublin, Ireland. He was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, with Goldsmith, and graduated there at the age of eighteen. He soon after went to London to study law. Here he contributed to periodicals. His first publication of any importance was his *Vindication of Natural Society*, a satire in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke's attack upon revealed religion.

Burke's next essay was *On the Sublime and Beautiful*. This placed him at once in the first ranks of writers on criticism. Other publications followed, including the *Annual Register*, which he edited and mainly supported. In 1774 he made his

Speech on American Taxation, and in the next year his equally famous *Speech on American Conciliation*.

In the trial of Warren Hastings, which lasted for seven years, Burke was the chief prosecutor. His opposition to the French Revolution was bitter and strong, and in 1790 he published his celebrated *Reflections on the Revolution of France*. This was answered by THOMAS PAINE (1737-1809) in *The Rights of Man*.

THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

For three years—from 1769 to 1772—the literary and political world was kept in a state of admiration and suspense concerning the authorship of a series of letters signed JUNIUS, which appeared in the *Public Advertiser* of London. Their tone was that of bitter invective and powerful sarcasm. The letters were addressed to different members of the Ministry, and even to the King himself, but so complete was the secrecy of the authorship, that to this day it is not known with certainty who wrote them. They were attributed to many of the leading men of the day, Burke among the number, but it is now generally believed that they were written by SIR PHILIP FRANCIS (1740-1818), a leading member of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

No period in England's history has ever produced such statesmanlike eloquence as the *Letters* of JUNIUS and the speeches of BURKE, PITT, SHERIDAN, and FOX.

One of the purest patriots of this time was SIR WILLIAM JONES (1746-1794), whose well-known Ode, beginning "What Constitutes a State?" represents his high-minded political views. He is principally known, however, for his Oriental studies. Receiving an appointment to a responsible position in India, he improved his advantages for the study of the Eastern languages, and, by his arduous labors, brought to light the unexplored riches of the literature of the East.

One of the most important works published in this period was the *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, by SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE (1723-1780).



Illustrations of the Literature of the Age of
Dr. Johnson.



GOLDSMITH.

From THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn:
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

* * * * *

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

* * * * *

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school:

A man severe he was, and stern to view:
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declared how much he knew—
 'T was certain he could write, and cipher too,
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

FROM THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

What a pity it is that any man's good-will to others should produce so much neglect of himself as to require correction! Yet we must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand. There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue.

I saw with indignation the errors of a mind that only sought applause from others; that easiness of disposition, which, though inclined to the right, had not courage to condemn the wrong. I saw with regret those splendid errors, that still took name from some neighboring duty; your charity, that was but injustice; your benevolence, that was but weakness; and your friendship but credulity.—*Ibid.*

YOUNG.

From NIGHT THOUGHTS.

NIGHT I.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays
 Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
 Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

* * * * *

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
 Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

* * * * *

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 (Procrastination is the thief of time.)

* * * * *

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
 The palm, "that all men are about to live,"
 Forever on the brink of being born.

* * * * *

All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage. When young indeed,
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
 In all the magnanimity of thought,
 Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

NIGHT II.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
 Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
 And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
 Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
 With holy hope of nobler time to come;
 Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
 Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

* * * * *

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed;
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly; angels can do no more.

* * * * *

The man

Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
"I've lost a day!".—The prince who nobly cried,
 Had been an emperor without his crown.

* * * * *

Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
 A power ethereal, only not adored.

* * * * *

We waste, not use, our time; we breathe, not live;
 Time wasted is existence; used, is life.

* * * * *

The spirit walks of every day deceased;
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

* * * * *

The man who consecrates his hours
 By vigorous efforts and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death;
 He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.

* * * * *

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
 And ask them what report they bore to heaven.

* * * * *

How blessings brighten as they take their leave.



THOMSON.

From THE SEASONS.

WINTER.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
 Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
 With a continual flow. The cherished fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods
 Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun,
 Faint from the west, emits his evening ray;
 Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
 Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
 Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them.

SPRING.

Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony.

* * * * *

Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
 And teach the young idea how to shoot.

AUTUMN.

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
 Oft startling such as studious walk below,
 And slowly circles through the wavering air.

COLLINS.

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

FROM ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales.

O, nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed.

Now air is hush'd, saye where the weak-eyed bat,
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn.

As oft he rises, midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim, borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain.

GRAY.

From THE BARD.

This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!

Confusion on thy banners wait!

Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,

They mock the air with idle state.

Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,

Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail

To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,

From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears.

* * * * *

On a rock whose haughty brow

Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,

Robed in the sable garb of woe,

With haggard eyes the Poet stood.

Loose his beard, and hoary hair

Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air;

And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,

Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

* * * * *

Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,

That hush'd the stormy main,

Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:

Mountains, ye mourn in vain

Modred, whose magic song

Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,

Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:

Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;

The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,

Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,

Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,

Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—

No more I weep. They do not sleep.

On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,

I see them sit; they linger yet,

Avengers of their native land:

With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.

Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King!

FROM ODE ON ETON COLLEGE.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late.

And happiness too swiftly flies!
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

But are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
Put on the mickle pat;

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday's coat.
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their stockins white as snaw;
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
 He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,
 Hae fed this month and mair,
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
 My stockins pearl blue—
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue;
 His breath's like caller air;
 His very fit has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
 In troth I'm like to greet.

LAURENCE STERNE.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—From *The Sentimental Journey*.

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.—From *Tristram Shandy*.

HENRY FIELDING.

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he liked the best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The king, without doubt."

"Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player* who ever was on the stage."

* Garrick.

"He the best player!" cried Partridge with a contemptuous sneer. "Why I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner and done just as he did."—From *Tom Jones*.

JOSEPH WARTON.

He who wishes to know whether he has a true taste for poetry or not should consider whether he is highly delighted or not with the perusal of Milton's *Lycidas*.

JOHNSON.

From *THE RAMBLER*.—No. 185.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavor to avoid with a passion which all concur to detest.

* * * * *

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

Though learning may be conferred by solitude, its application must be attained by general converse. He has learned to no purpose that is not able to teach; and he will always teach unsuccessfully, who cannot recommend his sentiments by his diction or address.

From *THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS*.

LETTER TO THE KING.

SIR:—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth, until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you

received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects, on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, *that the king can do no wrong*, is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your majesty's condition, or that of the English nation would deserve most to be lamented.

BURKE.

CHARACTER OF JUNIUS.

Where, Mr. Speaker, shall we look for the origin of this relaxation of the laws and of all government? How comes this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still, pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me or you: no; they disdain such vermin when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broken through all their toils, is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the king, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and that there was an end of his triumphs: not that he had not asserted many truths. Yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths, by which a wise prince might profit. But, while I expected from this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of Parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terror of your brow, sir; he has attacked even you; he has; and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. Kings, Lords, and Commons are but the sport of his fury. Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and integrity! He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigor. Nothing would escape his

vigilance and activity; bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity; nor could promises or threats induce him to conceal anything from the public.

JOHN HOWARD.

I cannot name this gentleman without remarking that his labors and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of coloring he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that department of the art in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history and of the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appears not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to have been derived from his paintings. He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter he was a profound and penetrating philosopher.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the throne greater than the king himself.—*Speech, March 2, 1770.*

The poorest man may, in his cottage, bid defiance to all the force of the crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow

through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter! All his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.—*Speech on the Excise Bill.*

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms,—never—never—never!—*Speech, November 18, 1777.*



SYLLABUS.

In the period between 1727 and 1784 William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was the great political centre. Dr. Johnson was the literary centre.

The battle of Culloden was the last effort of the Stuarts to regain the throne of England.

George III. ascended the throne in 1760.

The influence of the press began to be felt.

The British Empire was established in India.

An interest was aroused in Oriental studies.

A contrast is presented between the age of Johnson and the preceding age of Pope. Patronage of authors had ceased and an age of poverty for authors began.

A genuine taste for literature had to be created.

Johnson and this century established a good prose style.

Dryden's and Pope's influence in poetry was still felt in Johnson's time, but a more natural tone was given by Goldsmith, Collins, Gray, Thomson, and Young.

Gray's poems are, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, *An Ode to Spring*, *The Progress of Poesy*, *The Bard*, *Ode on Adversity*, and an *Ode on a Distant View of Eton College*, etc.

William Collins was a poet of genius. Like Gray, his poems are mostly lyrical. His *Ode to the Passions* is his chief poem.

Oliver Goldsmith was of Irish descent. His principal works are *The Traveller* and *Deserted Village*; his series of essays entitled the *Bee*; his *Letters from a Citizen of the World*; his novel or story, *The Vicar of Wakefield*; his plays, *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good-Natured Man*; his *Histories of England, Greece, and Rome* (adapted); his condensed translation of Buffon, which he called *Animated Nature*.

James Thomson was the poet of nature. His chief poems are *The Seasons* and *Castle of Indolence*.

Edward Young was author of *Night Thoughts*. He resembled Pope somewhat in style.

Literary impostures were a peculiar feature of this period, perpetrated by Thomas Chatterton, James Macpherson, and "Junius."

Chatterton died at eighteen. He was a wonderful genius.

Macpherson was the probable author of much of Ossian's poetry.

William Julius Mickle was a more natural spontaneous poet.

Dr. Percy rendered a vast aid to poetry in his collection of old ballads, known as *Percy's Reliques*.

Other poets of the time were James Beattie, Mark Akenside, Joseph Warton, Thomas Warton, William Shenstone, Robert Blair.

Scotch poets were Robert Ferguson, Lady Anne Barnard, William Hamilton, etc.

The drama was best represented by the two comedies of Goldsmith, by Sheridan's plays, and by the acting of Garrick.

The novel dates its existence to this period, to Samuel Richardson. His first novel was *Pamela*. This was followed by *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison*.

Other novelists of the time were Fielding, Sterne, and Smollett.

Fielding's novels are *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, *The Life of Jonathan Wild*, *A Journey from this World to the Next*, and *Amelia*.

The novels of Sterne are *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey*.

Smollett's novels are *Roderick Random*, *Perigrine Pickle*, *The Adventures of Ferdinand*, *Count Fathom*; *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, and *Humphrey Clinker*.

Other novels of this time were Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, Miss Burney's *Evclina*, Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*, Burke's *Fool of Quality*, Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*.

The most important divines were the Wesleys, George Whitefield, Robert Lowth, Joseph Butler, and William Warburton.

The skepticism of the age was represented by Voltaire in France, and Hume in England.

Scotland produced metaphysical talent.

Adam Smith wrote *The Wealth of Nations*, the first work on Political Economy.

Dr. Joseph Priestley discovered oxygen gas. He was persecuted for his religious beliefs.

The three great historians in England at this time were Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson. The greatest biographer was James Boswell.

Dr. Johnson was conservative, prejudiced, and narrow, but honest, earnest, and grand in his way. He is best remembered for his conversation.

His tragedy of *Irene* was unsuccessful on the stage, even in Garrick's hands.

His *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* were satires.

The *Rambler* and *Idler* were periodicals, published by Johnson after the style of the *Tattler* and *Spectator*.

Johnson's *Dictionary of the English Language* was published in 1755.

His story of *Rasselas* was written to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral.

His edition of *Shakespeare* did not contribute to his fame.

Johnson's last and best work was *The Lives of the Poets*.

Edmund Burke was conservative.

The literary works of Burke are *A Vindication of Natural Society*, *An Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, *Reflections on the French Revolution*, and numerous speeches.

The *Letters of Junius* were written to the king and the ministry. Their authorship was unknown.

Sir Philip Francis was the probable author.

Sir William Jones was a genuine patriot and scholar.

Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England* was published in 1765.





BURNS.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW ERA—A RETURN TO NATURE.



THE AGE OF BURNS AND COWPER.

1784—1800.

THE eighteenth century may be divided into three distinct periods—that of Pope, of Johnson, and that of Burns. In the age just ended there was a perceptible dawning of natural vigor, but it was reserved for the next era to show the complete return to nature in the spontaneous outpouring of song. It was reserved for Robert Burns, the “Ayrshire plowman,” to break through the hardened soil, impoverished with the sameness of successive crops. Dryden had sowed rhymed couplets and transplanted the classics into British soil. Pope had reaped Dryden’s crops and sowed the seeds he had gathered, never varying the rotation, and the product was still rhymed couplets and classic imitations. In the next age Gray tried to engraft into poetry the withered classic branch that Pope bequeathed him, but it would not prosper. Collins, Thomson, and Goldsmith planted some fresh seeds and left the soil of English poesy greener; but the influence of Pope’s roller was still keeping the perfect level of the smooth-shaven lawn, and nothing less than a plowshare could break up the hard, unyielding soil, and call back the daisy to the field, the wild birds to their long-deserted woodlands.

ROBERT BURNS.

This singer had no need to go to ancient Greece or Rome for inspiration. Close at hand he found it. Every flower, every

dumb animal around, furnished him a theme. Happy for this plowman, and for the world of poetry, if all of his inspirations had been as innocent as these. Like his great prototype, Chaucer, he was truest to himself and nature when alone with her in open fields, with the pure, fresh air of heaven around him.

Near the banks of "bonny Doon" stands the little clay-built cottage in which ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796) was born. Close by are the ruins of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," and two miles to the north is the town of Ayr. Perhaps no better description of Burns's home could be given than that which he himself has left us in the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, when

"With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;¹
The social hours, swift-wing'd unnotic'd fleet,
Each tells the uncos² that he sees or hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars³ auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due."

William Burns, the poet's father, was a man of sterling qualities, ennobling poverty and hardship, and exemplifying his son's brave words,

"The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."

To educate his young family was his one ambition. His own education was superior to that of most farmers in his condition, and to him all the family turned for guidance and instruction. In that humble, clay-walled cottage were to be found, not only all the school-books common at that time, and the familiar traditions of Scotland's heroes, but the plays of Shakespeare, the sermons of Jeremy Taylor, Locke on the Human Understanding, Boyle's lectures, Pope's complete works, and last, but not least, the works of Allan Ramsay and Robert Fergusson.* On one

* From the reading of these two Scotch poets Burns ascribed the waking of his own muse. "These," said he, "I pored over driving my cart or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender or sublime, from affectation and fustian."

¹ inquires.

² strange things.

³ makes.

occasion, "some one entering the house at meal-time found the whole family seated each with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other."

The thrifty mother had a mind stored with old songs and traditions, which she repeated by the "clean hearthstane," lending cheer to many a winter's night. Like her husband, she was of a deeply religious nature. Robert was the eldest of seven children. Of all these the second brother, Gilbert, seems to have been to the poet the most companionable.* Together they studied their early lessons; together they tilled the unyielding soil. From his eighteenth to his twenty-fifth year Robert Burns labored with his brother as a farm hand, receiving from his father seven pounds a year for his services. His days were full of drudgery; but as soon as the evening came and the farm work was ended, he bade farewell to toil and care, and gave himself up to pleasure—either to penning the verses he had composed while at his farm work, or to the social circle, not always the best.

Poetry was Burns's highest enjoyment; but it was not with him a sacred art. He loved it as he loved all things that added to his enjoyment. If he had known of his ultimate triumphs, he might possibly have resisted evil.

Finally, discouraged with repeated failures in farming, he was about starting for the West Indies, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh, changed the whole current of his existence. The poet had published a volume of poems for the purpose of defraying his expenses to the West Indies, and these meeting the appreciative eye of Dr. Blacklock convinced that gentleman of the rare genius of their author.

"His opinion," says Burns, "that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition of my poems, fired me so much that away I posted for that city without a single acquaintance or a single letter of introduction."

The whole winter of 1786-'87 in Edinburgh was to Burns a

* "Gilbert used to recall with delight the days when they had to go with one or two companions to cut peat for winter fuel, because Robert was sure to enliven their toil with a rattling fire of witty remarks on men and things, mingled with the expressions of a genial, glowing heart, perfectly free from the taint which he afterwards acquired by contact with the world."

succession of brilliant pageantries, with himself the central figure. He was lionized and fêted by the élite, and substantial proof of genuine appreciation was given by liberal subscriptions for a new edition of his poems. The capital of Scotland was at that time the great seat of learning. Dr. Robertson, the historian, was the head of the university, Dugald Stewart was professor of moral philosophy, and Dr. Hugh Blair, who occupied the chair of belles-lettres, was then delivering his celebrated lectures on rhetoric. Adam Smith, though not connected with the university, was in the city at that time, so likewise was the novelist, Henry Mackenzie.

At this time Burns had composed *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *The Twa Dogs*, *Address to the Deil*, *The Mountain Daisy*, *To a Mouse*, and many of his descriptive poems, while innumerable *rhymed epistles* flowed from his pen. His prose letters are as remarkable for their stiffness as his rhymed ones for their ease and fluency. In his prose his thoughts, even, seem constrained, and move as if in straight-jackets! But he says:

“Leeze me on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,
My chief, amais't my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark, at leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie!
Though rough an' raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy.”

And it was only in his native Scotch dialect that his Muse could revel.

With his wife, Jean,* he removed to a new farm at Ellisland, and, for a time, was a happier, better man than he had been since he and his brother used to cut peat together in the bog. But the farm which he had bought was poor; his crops failed, as they always had failed, and, fearing the wolf at his door, he sought employment as an exciseman, and removed to Dumfries. This was the last step towards a downward career.

While at Ellisland he composed *Tam o' Shanter*, *To Mary in Heaven*, *Bonny Doon*, and a few short poems. “Autumn,” he

* After making love and writing songs to a score of lasses, he at length married Jean Armour. To posterity he has left one sacred image—that of “Highland Mary.” Death sanctified her in the poet's memory and in ours.

says, "is my propitious season. I make more verses in it than in all the year else." When seized with a poetic inspiration he used to wander off by some burn-side, and croon over to himself his thick-coming fancies.*

Burns's custom in writing songs was to fit the words to the air, after which he submitted them to his wife's voice, the "sweetest wood-note wild" in the country, he used to say. He also added stanzas to old songs. *Auld Lang Syne* was an ancient song. As it now stands it is entirely Burns's. Sympathy with the French Revolution, together with the patriotic love of Scotland's heroes, inspired the song of *Scots wha ha*.

The last years of the poet's life were spent at Dumfries, and there is but little that is pleasant to recall of his life there. At war with himself and the world, he sank lower and lower in the esteem of both, trying, alas! to drown his remorse in maddening pleasures. He cherished a growing dislike to the rich and titled, in whose smiles he once had basked. To name a lord in his presence became an offence.

But the spark of genuine manhood still glowed within him, and it is a pleasure to know that only the year before his death he wrote that noblest poem, *A Man's a Man for a' that*.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Not to Burns alone does the world of poetry owe its new birth. The age was a period of revolutions in thought of every character. American independence, the struggle for liberty in France, were themes agitating all minds, and opening up a new era to mankind.

* His wife describes his moods as she observed them when he composed both *Highland Mary* and *Tam o' Shanter*. As the anniversary of Highland Mary's death approached, he was always observed to grow melancholy. It was in October, 1789, that he wrote his song *To Mary in Heaven*. His wife says of him that, after a day of toil, "When twilight came he grew sad about something, and could not rest. He wandered first up the water-side, and then went into the stack-yard, and then threw himself on some loose sheaves, and lay looking at the sky, and particularly at a large, bright star, which shone like another moon. At last, but that was long after I left him, he came home." The song was then completed. *Tam o' Shanter* was composed the next year. Mrs. Burns describes his excited appearance as she found him on the banks of the Nith wildly gesticulating, and reciting aloud the verses that came into his mind. "I wish you could have seen him," said she; "he was in such ecstasy, that the tears were happening down his cheeks!"

While Burns was pouring forth his spontaneous songs, a brother poet, in England, WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800), with sweet refinement, was interpreting nature's quiet moods—was, like Burns, taking for his subjects of poetic inspiration themes of every-day life. The passing events of the day, too, stirred his quiet soul. Horrified with the acts of the Reign of Terror, he wrote :

“My ear is pained,
My soul is sick of every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.”

And again he sighs :

“Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more.”

It was in quiet rural or domestic scenes that his spirit delighted. What a picture of fireside comfort in the lines :

“Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.”

The life of Cowper was a very sad one. Gifted with refined and tender sensibility, he became a prey to morbid religious melancholy, which for many years caused him to live under a cloud of insanity.

Although descended through a long line of noble families, from a king of England five hundred years before (Henry III.), Cowper cared little for these high pretensions. He says :

“My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed beyond the skies.”

His touching lines on his Mother's Picture have made all his readers familiar with the little, crouching, timid child :

“Wretch even then, life's journey just begun.”

We see the wistful, yearning little face at the nursery window, watching the sad funeral train that follows the body of his loved mother; and in the dejected, grief-stricken child we see the epitome of the man.

At six years of age he was placed at a neighboring school, where the system of fagging was in full force.* At ten years of age he was sent to Westminster school, where he continued until his eighteenth year. Having spent three years in an attorney's office, he entered the Middle Temple, where he continued eleven years. A clerkship falling vacant in the House of Lords, and being at the disposal of one of Cowper's influential relatives, it was offered to the poet, but the dread of appearing before the House of Lords for an examination so preyed upon his sensitive mind, that he actually made attempts upon his own life. It was soon discovered that his nervous anxiety had resulted in insanity. A quiet retreat was secured for him with the congenial and never-to-be-forgotten family of Unwins. In one of his letters he says :

"They are altogether the most cheerful and engaging family it is possible to conceive. I think now I should find every place disagreeable that had not an *Unwin* belonging to it."

It was just this quiet cheerfulness that Cowper needed. After Mr. Unwin's death the family removed to Olney. Here, at the request of the Rev. Mr. Newton, Cowper undertook to write a series of hymns, which, with those Mr. Newton himself supplied, constitute what is known as the *Olney Collection of Hymns*. Too much mental strain and anxiety concerning the sinfulness of his heart—which never entertained a bitter thought except against himself—was bringing on another attack of insanity. On the eve of this stroke, while walking alone in the fields, he composed the hymn beginning :

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

* Of one of the large boys who had become the dread of this timid child, he said, in after-life, "I well remember being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than his knees, and I knew him better by his shoe-buckles than by any other part of his dress."

For five years reason's throne tottered, and one never-varying thought haunted him,—that God had rejected him. In vain all consolation was offered by the kind Dr. Newton. To Mrs. Unwin's healthy brain came the healthful idea that some amusing employment might divert his sad thoughts, and, upon this suggestion, he was presented with some pet rabbits or hares, the care of which greatly diverted his mind.

The kind Mrs. Unwin seeing the good results of such occupation, now proposed to him some original work, whereupon the compliant Cowper produced successively *The Progress of Error*, *Truth*, *Table Talk*, and *Expostulation*. To these *Hope and Charity*, *Conversation*, and *Retirement* were added. Cowper was fifty years of age before he was known as a poet.

To Mr. Newton; with whom he always held an intimate correspondence, he writes :

"It will not be long, perhaps, before you will receive a poem, called *The Progress of Error* ; this will be succeeded, in due time, by one called *Truth*. Don't be alarmed. I ride Pegasus with a curb. He will never run away with me again. I have even convinced Mrs. Unwin that I can manage him, and make him stop when I please."

Cowper's letters, when not pervaded with an unwholesome gloom, are as delightful as the most genial conversation. He writes frequently to his cousin, Mrs. Cowper, to Mrs. Unwin's son, and to Dr. Newton.

The uneventful life at Olney was broken by the arrival of Lady Austin, who came up from London to reside at Olney. Meeting frequently with Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, a cordial friendship was established, and the society of this lady was most healthful to the melancholy poet. He says of her :

"She is a lively, agreeable woman ; has seen much of the ways of the world, and accounts it a great simpleton, as it is. She laughs and makes laugh, without seeming to labor at it. She has many features in her character which you must admire, but one in particular, on account of the rarity of it, will engage your esteem. She has a degree of gratitude in her composition, so quick a sense of obligation, as is hardly to be found in any rank of life. Discover but a wish to please her, and she never forgets it ; not only thanks you, but the tears will start into her eyes at the recollection of the smallest service. With these fine feelings she has the most harmless vivacity you can imagine."

Her sprightly conversation never failed to cheer him. Once, in one of his gloomy moods, she told him the story of John Gilpin, which she had heard when she was a child. The next morning he confessed that the amusing story had kept him awake all night laughing over it, and that he had written a rhymed version of it.

For more poems than *John Gilpin* we are indebted to Lady Austin. She now wished the poet to try his powers in blank verse. He hesitated to undertake the task, but finally said that he would if she would furnish a subject. "Oh!" she replied, "you can never be in want of a subject; you can write upon anything: write upon—this *sofa*." He complied; and again we are indebted to Lady Austin for Cowper's *Task*.

It is worthy of observation that every literary task of Cowper's was suggested by a friend. His *Hymns* were suggested by Mr. Newton. His early poems were written to gratify Mrs. Unwin, and, as we have just seen, *John Gilpin* and *The Task* were suggested by Lady Austin.*

The Task was completed in 1784, and a much more arduous enterprise was begun—again at the suggestion of Mrs. Unwin and Lady Austin. This was nothing less than a *Translation of Homer*. It was well that just at this juncture he had a task so absorbing, for circumstances were shaping which were to cause the gentle poet much grief. He was to lose his excellent friend Lady Austin. She removed from Olney, and again Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were left alone. Soon, however, another pleasant companionship replaced, as far as it could, that of Lady Austin. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, had returned to England from a long sojourn abroad, and proposed a visit to Olney. She came, and by her means Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were in many ways much benefited.

Never was a poet blessed with truer friends. His simple,

* At the suggestion of his publisher, Cowper undertook an edition of Milton's works. The gentle poet had been so incensed at Johnson's treatment of Milton in his "Lives of the Poets," that he exclaimed, "I could thrash his old jacket till I made the pension jingle in his pocket!" "I am convinced," he says, "that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped by prejudice against the harmony of Milton's. Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of 'Paradise Lost'?" It is like that of a fine organ—has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute."

earnest nature attracted all who met him, and his urgent need called forth the highest motherly sentiments of the three women to whom he owed so much. The heaviest bereavement was awaiting him in the death of Mrs. Unwin. Her praise he had sweetly sung in the little poem *To Mary*, written three years before her death, after her health began to fail :

“The twentieth year is well-nigh past
 Since first our sky was overcast;
 Ah, would that this might be the last,
 My Mary!

“Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
 I see thee daily weaker grow;
 ’Twas my distress that brought thee low,
 My Mary!” *

His feeling of desertion by the supreme Giver of Good was the one ineradicable thought. It grew upon him, and but little of the time after Mrs. Unwin’s death was his mind sufficiently quieted to take up his work of revision. His last poem was a reflection of his despair. It was called *The Castaway*.

In the spring of 1800 Cowper died. Those who watched by his bedside scarcely knew when the change came, so gently did the angel of death pass by ; but on the face of the sleeper was observed a look of “holy surprise,” as if the gates on golden hinges turning had opened wide to his astonished gaze, and divine love was all that he saw.

Illustrations of the Literature of the Age of Burns.



BURNS.

BONNY DOON.

Ye banks and braes o’ bonny Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu’ o’ care!

* Not alone in verse did Cowper sing her praise. His was the most grateful of hearts, and he fully appreciated the sacrifices she made for him and her incessant care.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonny bird,
 That sings beside thy mate;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist no' o' my fate.
 Aft hae I rov'd by bonny Doon
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover stole my rose,
 But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Upon a morn in June;
 And sae I flourished in the morn,
 And sae was pu'd at noon.

BANNOCKBURN.

Bruce's Address to his Army.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front of battle lower;
 See approach proud Edward's power,
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freemen stand or freemen fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die!

From TAM O'SHANTER.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy.
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure.
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious!
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!
 But pleasures are like poppies spread;
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snowfalls in the river—
 A moment white, then melts forever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm.

From ADDRESS TO A MOUSE.

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain;
 The best laid schemes of mice and men
 Gang aft a gley,
 An lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest compar'd wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna' see,
 I guess an' fear!

From ADDRESS TO A LOUSE ON A LADY'S BONNET.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
 To see oursels as others see us!
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us
 And foolish notion.

From ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY
 RIGHTEOUS.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've naught to do but mark and tell
 Your niebour's faults and folly!

* * * *

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentlier sister woman:
 Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
 To step aside is human.

* * * *

Who made the heart, 't is He alone
 Decidedly can try us;
 He knows each chord—its varying tone,
 Each spring—its various bias.
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it;
*What's done, we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.*

COWPER.

From THE TASK.

WINTER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

Hark! 't is the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
 That with its wearisome but needful length
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
 With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks,
 News from all nations lumbering at his back.
 True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
 Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
 Is to conduct it to the destined inn;

And having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
 Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
 With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill.
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But O, the important budget! ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
 Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
 Not such his evening who, with shining face,
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed
 And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
 Outcolds the ranting actor on the stage:
 Nor his who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.

* * * * *

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
 To peep at such a world; to see the stir

Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.

* * * *

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
 Of long, uninterrupted evening, know.

* * * *

Here the needle plies its busy task,
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
 Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
 And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair;

* * * *

The poet's or historian's page, by one
 Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
 The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
 And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
 And in the charming strife triumphant still,
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
 On female industry: the threaded steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.

* * * *

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.

* * * *

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free.

* * * *

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.

* * * *

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.

* * * *

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

* * * *

Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.

* * * *

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.

* * * *

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.

From his LETTERS.

To the REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

Amico Mio:

Be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond pencil. I have glazed the two panes designed to receive my pine plants; but I cannot mend the kitchen windows till, by the help of that implement, I can reduce the glass to its proper dimensions. If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier; and possibly the happy time may come when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighboring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a business in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. A Chinese, of ten times my fortune, would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any Mandarin in China? Rousseau would have been charmed to have seen me so occupied, and would have exclaimed with rapture, "that he had found the Emilius who (he supposed) had subsisted only in his own idea." I would recommend it to you to follow my example. You will presently qualify yourself for the task, and may not only amuse yourself at home, but even exercise your skill in mending the church windows; which, as it would save money to the parish, would conduce, together with your other ministerial accomplishments, to make you extremely popular in the place.

I have eight pair of tame pigeons. When I first enter the garden in

the morning, I find them perched upon a wall, waiting for their breakfast; for I feed them always upon the gravel walk. If your wish should be accomplished, and you should find yourself furnished with the wings of a dove, I shall undoubtedly find you amongst them. Only be so good, if that should be the case, to announce yourself by some means or other. For I imagine your crop will require something better than tares to fill it.

Your mother and I last week made a trip in a post-chaise to Gayhurst, the seat of Mr. Wright, about four miles off. He understood that I did not much affect strange faces, and sent over his servant on purpose to inform me that he was going into Leicestershire, and that if I chose to see the gardens, I might gratify myself without danger of seeing the proprietor. I accepted the invitation, and was delighted with all I found there. The situation is happy, the gardens elegantly disposed, the hothouse in the most flourishing state, and the orange-trees the most captivating creatures of the kind I ever saw. A man, in short, had need have the talents of Cox or Langford, the auctioneers, to do the whole scene justice.

Our love attends you all.

Yours.

September 21, 1779.

AN EPISTLE IN RHYME.

To the REV. JOHN NEWTON.

My very Dear Friend:

I am going to send, what when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose, there's nobody knows, whether what I have got be verse or not.

The news at *Oney* is little or none, but such as it is, I send it, viz.:

Page and his wife, that made such a strife, we met them twain in Dog-lane; we gave them the wall, and that was all. For Mr. Scott, we have seen him not, except as he pass'd, in a wonderful haste, to see a friend in Silver End. Mrs. Jones proposes, ere July closes, that she and her sister, and her Jones mister, and we that are here, our course shall steer, to dine in the Spinney;* but for a guinea, if the weather should hold, so hot and so cold, we had better by far, stay where we are. For the grass there grows, while nobody mows (which is very wrong), so rank and long, that so to speak, 't is at least a week, if it happens to rain, ere it dries again.

* A grove, belonging to Mrs. Throckmorton, of Weston, and about a mile from Olney.

I have writ Charity, not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the Reviewer should say, "To be sure, the gentleman's Muse wears Methodist shoes; you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard have little regard, for the taste and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoidening play, of the modern day; and though she assume a borrowed plume, and here and there wear a tittering air, 't is only her plan, to catch if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production on a new construction. She has baited her trap in hopes to snap all that may come, with a sugar-plum."

— His opinion in this, will not be amiss; 't is what I intend, my principal end; and if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid, for all I have said and all I have done, though I have run, many a time, after a rhyme, as far as from hence, to the end of my sense, and by hook or crook, write another book, if I live and am here another year. I have heard before, of a room with a floor, laid upon springs, and such-like things, with so much art, in every part, that when you went in, you was forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penn'd; which that you may do, ere madam and you are quite worn out with jiggling about, I take my leave, and here you receive a bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me,* W. C.

July 12, 1781.



SYLLABUS.

The eighteenth century may be divided into three periods, represented by Pope, Johnson, and Burns.

Burns, by his spontaneous song, inaugurated a new order of poetry,—the natural school.

Burns, like Chaucer, was intensely human.

His chief poems are, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *Tam O'Shanter*, *Holy Willie's Prayer*, *Address to the Deil*, *Address to a Mountain Daisy*, *To a*

*Cowper, in one of his letters, complained to Mr. Newton of the wanderings of his mind; his friend acknowledged a similar weakness. "Yes," replied the poet; "but you have always a serious thought standing at the door, like a justice of the peace, with the riot-act in his hand, ready to disperse the mob."

Mouse, To the Toothache; his heroic poem, *Bannockburn*, and *A Man's a Man*.

Among his best songs are those addressed to *Highland Mary*, *Bonny Doon*, *Sweet Afton*, *My Heart's in the Highlands*.

Auld Lang Syne and *Comin' thro' the Rye* are adaptations of old Scotch songs.

Burns was born at Ayr, in Ayrshire, and died at Dumfries, at the age of thirty-six.

Cowper, like Burns, was natural and simple in his style.

Both were unconscious of the great benefit they were rendering literature.

In character, no greater contrasts could be given.

Cowper was fond of quiet scenes and quiet life.

He was refined in every sentiment and expression.

Cowper's chief poems are *The Task*, *John Gilpin*, etc. His *Letters* afford the happiest illustrations of the use of good English.

Mrs. Unwin was Cowper's honored friend and care-taker.

Cowper died in 1800.





SCOTT.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



THE AGE OF SCOTT AND BYRON.

1800-1832.

REVOLUTIONS marked the close of the last century,— revolutions in government, in society, and in literature, and the spirit of progress it awakened gathered new strength as the nineteenth century dawned. The American and French revolutions had kindled a love of liberty that not even the Reign of Terror could extinguish. Napoleon Bonaparte, from his First Consulship, in 1799, to his final overthrow, in 1815, was the one central figure engaging the attention of the world. His triumphs ended at Waterloo, and England was left secure in her ancient prowess. But other troubles ensued. The wars with America and France had left the kingdom burdened with an enormous debt and with heavy taxations. New inventions in machinery, it is true, had given a new impulse to manufactures, and, by dignifying labor, was breaking down the barriers of caste; but the product of English industry overstocked and flooded the markets of the world. The supply so greatly exceeded the demand that the manufactories and mills were brought to a sudden stand-still, and the working-classes reduced to want and suffering. The heavy wars had raised the price of breadstuffs, and the landholders in Parliament kept the prices up to starvation-point by refusing to admit into the kingdom the products of other countries. Opposition and riots grew common in the manufacturing districts.

The long-continued denial of rights of citizenship to Catholics was a remnant of the original Test Act, requiring conformity to the Anglican Church as the first qualification for holding office or voting.* George III., rigidly adhering to the vow that caused his family to become rulers of England, could not discriminate between the rights of Catholics as citizens and their rights as rulers.

George III. died in 1820, after a reign of sixty years. During the last ten years of his life he was hopelessly insane, and his son, afterwards George IV., acted as regent. This prince was as dissolute in his habits, and regardless of the dignity of his trust, as Charles II. It was with great apprehension that his subjects saw him crowned king of England.

The literature of the nineteenth century greets us with the freshness and spontaneity of earnest conviction. Burns had struck the rock from which the fresh fountain gushed forth; Cowper, with his simple utterances, had testified to deep truths; and last, but not least, the influence of the old Ballad literature collected by Dr. Percy, and known to all lovers of literature as "*Percy's Reliques*," had given a wide-spread taste for simple, spontaneous poetry. These ballads, the expression of earnest, genuine sentiment, though rude in structure, aided the nineteenth century in the conviction that spontaneity, rather than decorum, was the essential of poetry.†

*In the minds of many of the most earnest people of the realm there had long been a desire for the removal of political disabilities from Catholic subjects, and the bestowal upon them of privileges hitherto denied. Daniel O'Connell, an Irish patriot, was especially active in his demands for Catholic emancipation. The clear-sighted wisdom and large-hearted statesmanship of Pitt demanded it, and, undismayed by the King's opposition to his measures, to the end of his life Pitt pursued his humane endeavors to obtain Catholic suffrage. He died in 1806. The Catholic Emancipation Act was passed in 1829. In conjunction with Wilberforce, Pitt labored, also, for the abolition of the slave-trade. To this humane project the life and energy of William Wilberforce were devoted. In 1787 he, with Thomas Clarkson, Granville Sharp, and ten others, "formed a committee to promote the suppression of the slave-trade." It had been decided in 1772, after many and bitter oppositions, that the moment a slave set his foot on English soil he was a free man. Cowper, in 1784, had said:

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free."

†It is difficult to divide the nineteenth century writers according to periods, as, for instance, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey had all of them distinguished themselves somewhat before 1800, but became more prominent in the world of letters

On no one of the nineteenth century poets did Percy's Reliques exercise more, or probably so much, influence as upon the boy WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832), who, as he lay on the banks of the Tweed, used to read these old legendary poems, which filled his young imagination with ruined castles and abbeys, knights and fair ladies, no less than with notions of honor and loyalty. Thus, living in the realm of imagination, and in ages long past, the great revolutions in which he was actually living and moving had comparatively little effect upon him. Loving, as he did, the chivalry of past ages and aristocracy of all time, and honoring the traditional glory of kings, the "levelling doctrines" of the French Revolution were especially odious to him. He would have made a stout Jacobite in the days of Jacobitism. Yet, partial as he was to kings, we find him just when he describes actual party strifes.

He was born in Edinburgh in 1771. His family belonged to the border clan of Scott, whose chieftain was the Duke of Buccleugh. Being a delicate child, he was sent to the country, and, roaming the fields on his grandfather's farm near Kelso, on the Tweed, he found books in nature more essential to his after-work than all his subsequent training at Edinburgh. He never made much proficiency in the classics, and left the University without taking a degree. He studied law under his father, but soon left it for literature.

His first publication was *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a collection similar to Percy's, with many original ballads. His next publication, 1805, was, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *The Vision of Don Roderick*, *Rokeby*, *The Bridal of Triermain*, *The Lord of the Isles*, and *Harold the Dauntless* followed in rapid succession.

Scott soon found that a more powerful singer* than himself was enchanting all listening ears; so, with marked good sense and rare magnanimity, he stepped aside to welcome "the fuller minstrel in." He at once turned his active mind and pen into another channel, and produced in rapid succession his unequalled novels. Nine years before, he had sketched the story

later—after the death of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, who, all three, died before 1825. Wordsworth lived until 1850.

* Byron.

of *Waverley*, which now became the initial number of that series which has delighted the world under the title of *The Waverley Novels*. They were anonymously published, and the author was called the "Great Unknown," "The Wizard of the North," etc. Following *Waverley*, came in rapid succession *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *The Black Dwarf*, *Old Mortality*, *Heart of Midlothian*, etc., etc., about thirty in number. They are mainly historical novels, and give very nearly a correct picture of the times they represent. *The Monastery* and *The Abbot* are concerning Mary Queen of Scots; *Kenilworth* gives a fair picture of Elizabeth's times; *The Fortunes of Nigel* gives the reign of James I.; *Woodstock*, the Civil War and the Commonwealth; *Peveril of the Peak*, the reign of Charles II.; *Waverley*, the period of the Pretender's attempt to secure the throne in 1745; while *Ivanhoe*, *The Talisman*, and *Count Robert of Paris* are concerning the Crusaders.

With Scott's regard for aristocracy and heraldic honors, it is not astonishing that his great ambition was to possess a large landed estate and a title. The first he procured in 1811. No associations in Scotland were more pleasing to him than those in which he formed his first conceptions of ancient glory, and peopled his busy fancy with knights and dwarfs of times gone by. So on the banks of his favorite Tweed, near the ruins of Melrose Abbey, he purchased his estate, and gave it the name of Abbotsford. Here his happy family sprang up around him, and here in 1820 he received from George IV. the coveted title of baronet. No greater instance of pecuniary success was ever recorded than that of Scott's, and no greater instance of pecuniary failure. The great publishing firm of Ballantyne & Co., in which Scott had a heavy interest, failed, involving Scott to the amount of more than a hundred thousand pounds.*

Without a word of weak and vain repining, he left his splen-

* Except Milton's self-imposed labor and sacrifice, no grander example in the history of literature can be found than that of Scott as we now see him,—risen almost to the summit of his worldly ambition, and suddenly dashed to the lowest earth,—not to grovel in despair, but to summon all the courage of a great heart to begin again the toilsome journey. "It is very hard," he said, "thus to lose all the labor of a lifetime, and be made a poor man at last, when I ought to have been otherwise; but if God gives me health and strength for a few years longer, I have no doubt that I shall redeem it all."

did home at Abbotsford, where, in princely hospitality, he had entertained princes and potentates, and securing a humble abode in Edinburgh, shut himself up from the genial world he loved, to labor with his tireless pen until the heavy debt of half a million should be paid off. *Woodstock* was the first-fruit of this period of his history. Story, biography, and history followed, until at last, just as the goal was nearly reached, the pen dropped from his nerveless fingers. He was prevailed upon to take a foreign tour, and he resided for several months in Naples. He was taken to his beloved Abbotsford to die. "He desired," says his son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart, "to be wheeled through his rooms, and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library. 'I have seen much,' he kept saying, 'but nothing like my ain house: give me one turn more.'" He died on the 21st of September, 1832, and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

The trio of poets next to be mentioned, BYRON, SHELLEY, and KEATS, were associated in life, but had few points of resemblance in character. The poetry of each has a striking individuality. Byron's is chaotic, impassioned, full of sublime energy. He is more at home in storms and warring elements than in quiet, peaceful scenes. His life was one series of revolt, and his poems reflect his life. SHELLEY, a higher, more spiritual poet, represents all that is rarest and most exquisite in the realms of the imagination. He is the Ariel of poets. His own *Skylark*, soaring "higher still and higher," best embodies his own spiritual elevation.

KEATS, with Miltonic tread, giving promise of the greatest possibilities had life been spared him, was more purely sensuous. While with Shelley all is ethereal, and the spirit is lifted into the pure realms of ideality, and there is a spiritual perception only, with Keats the perception of the spiritual is through the senses mainly, or as if the senses were taken captive by the intellect and made to contribute to the intellectual pleasure.

The diversity of these three poets makes it of interest to study them together, united as they were by the ties of friendship.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON (1788-1824) was born in London. A sensitive, passionate, wayward, generous child, what he

might have been if his early training had been different, it is idle to conjecture. His father was a worthless, dissipated spendthrift, and his mother, with a temper uncontrolled,—passionate in love or anger,—would sometimes heap endearments upon her little lame boy, and at other times would call him a “lame brat,” and in her rage throw at his head whatever missile came nearest to her hand. What wonder, with such an infancy, his whole life should be turbulent.*

In his eleventh year a grand-uncle died, and left George Gordon Byron heir to his title and estates, with the grand old baronial residence of Newstead Abbey.† With a new future opened to him, he was sent to Harrow School to prepare for Cambridge. After two years spent at Trinity College, Cambridge, he published a collection of his poems, entitled *Hours of Idleness*. These were harshly criticised in the *Edinburgh Review*, and from that event dates Byron’s entrance into the field of literature. To this criticism he replied in a powerful satire, called *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. All the rage, hatred, and animosity of his bitter nature were here expressed. None of his brother poets—the English bards—but received the lash of his satire, whether they were friends or foes. But the Scottish reviewers were the especial objects of his invective and scorn.

Soon after the publication of this satire, Byron took his seat in the House of Lords. He did not remain long in Parliament, but went travelling on the Continent. The classic lands of Greece invited his wandering footsteps. Here he recalled all her ancient grandeur as he bewailed her fallen state :

“’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start,—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness of death,
That parts not quite with parting breath,

* Deserted by her husband, who had squandered all her fortune, the unhappy mother of Byron went with her child back to her native country, Scotland, and there in Aberdeenshire placed the boy at a village school.

† It is told that when his name was called at school with the title for the first time prefixed, he was so overcome he could not answer the customary *adsum*, but after a painful silence burst into tears.

But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb."

Then bursting from these strains of pity, he changes into grander notes of patriotism :

"Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was freedom's home or glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! Can it be
That this is all remains of thee?

Approach, thou craven, crouching slave,
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh, servile offspring of the free,
Pronounce, what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!"

After two years' absence, he returned with two cantos of *Childe Harold* completed. These were published in 1812, and were received with such rapturous applause that he instantly became the popular poet of the day and the lion of London society. As he briefly expressed it in his diary, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." Between 1813 and 1816 he wrote *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, *Lara*, *The Siege of Corinth*, and *Parisina*.

Byron married a Miss Milbanke, from whom he separated in a year's time. They had one child—Augusta Ada. Again Byron quitted his native shores, and these are some of his sad and bitter feelings :

"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea;
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?

* * * *

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine."

He went to Flanders, then along the Rhine to Switzerland, and, imbibing on his journey all the grandeur of that scenery,

he produced the next year, while still in Switzerland, the third canto of *Childe Harold*, also *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Darkness*, *The Dream*,* and a portion of *Manfred*.

After a year spent in Switzerland he went to Italy, and there fell into every vice and excess. Here he wrote *Mazeppa*, parts of *Don Juan*, and the tragedies of *Marino Faliero*, *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, *Werner*, *Cain*.

In 1823 he enlisted, with all the vigor of his wasted life, in the cause of the Greeks, who were striving to throw off the Turkish yoke. He arrived at Missolonghi in January, 1824, prepared to give to the oppressed nation what aid his fortune and influence might wield, but was seized with a fever, and died in April, 1824, like Burns, in his thirty-seventh year.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822) was born at Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex. At thirteen he was sent to Eton to prepare for Oxford. In his eighteenth year he entered Oxford, but for writing a pamphlet on Atheism, which was rather a challenge to discussion than an avowal of confirmed atheism, he was expelled. But even if it had been the latter, the "confirmed" opinions of a youth of eighteen are very likely to undergo a change, and had Shelley been treated in a kindly, Christian manner, his opinions would not have been likely to contaminate the University. He was not only formally expelled from college, but prohibited by his father from returning home.

His first poem was *Queen Mab*, which was an attack on the existing forms of religion. He married a girl in humble life, and for a time seemed happy; but after three years they separated,† and soon after he married the daughter of MARY WOLLSTONCRAFT (1756-1836) and WILLIAM GODWIN (1759-1797), both of whom had acquired a literary fame. With his wife he travelled in Switzerland, and met with Lord Byron.‡

* *The Dream* is an embodiment of one passage of his early life—his ardent, unreciprocated love for Mary Chaworth. If that dream "might have been" realized, it seems, indeed, as if the restless, self-tortured soul might have found life worth living.

† On hearing of the unhappy death of his first wife, Shelley's remorse was so great that he was for a time almost insane. He claimed his children after her death, but was refused by the Court of Chancery; Lord Chancellor Eldon deciding against him on the ground that one who held such atheistic doctrines as Shelley was unfit to have charge of the education of his own children.

‡ One stormy evening the three were sitting round the fire in the parlor of one of

In 1818 Shelley took up his residence in Italy, where he continued on intimate terms with Byron, Keats, and Leigh Hunt, and other English men of letters who at that time were residing in Italy. He was passionately fond of boating, and on the 8th of July, 1822, he started with a friend from Leghorn to his home on the Bay of Spezzia. A violent squall upset the frail boat, and Shelley was drowned. Two hours afterwards his body was washed ashore. The quarantine laws there requiring that all bodies washed ashore should be burnt, Shelley's friends, Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Trelawney, attended the sad funeral rites, and buried his ashes in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, where Keats had been buried the year before.

Shelley's chief works are *Alastor, or The Spirit of Solitude*, *The Revolt of Islam*, *Hellas*, *The Witch of Atlas*, *Epipsychidion*, and *Rosalind and Helen*. These are all invectives against religion and social institutions. Shelley also wrote two important dramas, *Prometheus Unbound** and *The Cenci*. The latter is founded on the parricidal crime of the beautiful Beatrice Cenci. Shelley is best known by his shorter poems, especially *The Skylark*, *The Cloud*, and *The Sensitive Plant*. His poem of *Adonais* is a lament for the early death of Keats.

Of the life of JOHN KEATS (1796-1821) there is little to be told. He was born in London, early began to write poetry, and published *Endymion*, his longest poem, in 1818. It was severely criticised by the *Quarterly Review*, and Keats, unlike Byron, could only suffer for, not oppose, the ill opinion of the critics. He passed into a decline, from which he never rallied. To recover his health he travelled to Italy, but died in Rome in 1821, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. Besides his chief poem, *Endymion*, he wrote *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, and *Hyperion*. In the judicious words of a late critic,

the Swiss inns, when it was proposed that each should try which could write the most ghastly story. They retired to their tasks, and, when the stories were produced, it was decided that MRS. SHELLEY (1798-1851) had met the required conditions. Hers was the story of *Frankenstein*.

* "Prometheus bound to the rock represents Humanity suffering under the reign of Evil impersonated in Jupiter. Asia, at the beginning of the drama separated from Prometheus, is the all-pervading love, which in loving makes the universe of nature. The time comes when Evil is overthrown. Prometheus is then delivered and united to Asia, that is, Man is wedded to the spirit of Nature, and Good is all in all. The fourth act is the choral song of the regenerated universe."

"*Endymion* has all the faults and all the promise of a great poet's early work, and no one knew its faults better than Keats, whose preface is a model of just self-judgment. *Hyperion*, a fragment of a tale of the overthrow of the Titans, is itself like a *Titanic torso*, and in it the faults of *Endymion* are repaired and its promise fulfilled."

In the extract quoted from *Hyperion*,* there is a solemn grandeur and a stately cadence in the measured flow of the verse :

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone."

For the statuesque and stone-like Saturn the reader at once feels a human sympathy, and for the *Titanic* "goddess of the infant world," who is equally human. None but a poet confident of his power would have dared to embody a conception of female grace in such vast proportions. Yet how grand and harmonious the result.

Keats, unlike Shelley, was little affected by the spirit of his own times. The sources of Keats's inspiration were ideals of perfect beauty, and for these he turned to ancient Greece and mediæval times.

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852), the Irish song-writer, was essentially a lyric poet, and his songs are well termed *Melodies*. Melodious versification and vivid, gorgeous description constitute the excellence of his poetry. It touches the heart as strains of music, but there is little deep sentiment. He best describes it himself when he says,

"Mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly ;
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it, too."

His principal poem is *Lalla Rookh*,† which consists of four sep-

* Page 300.

† *Lalla Rookh* (Tulip Cheek) is the beautiful daughter of the Emperor Aurengzebi, who reigned at Delhi, India. She has been betrothed to a prince whom she has never

arate poems, *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, *Paradise and the Peri*, *The Fire-Worshippers*, and *The Light of the Harem*.

The order of Moore's works is as follows: In 1800 appeared his translation of the *Odes of Anacreon*. These were followed by miscellaneous poems, under the title of *The Poetical Works of the late "Thomas Little."* In 1806 he visited America, and, returning to England, published *Epistles, Odes, and other Poems*. Later, his *Intercepted Letters, or The Two-penny Post Bag*, by "*Thomas Brown the Younger*," were published, and these were shortly followed by *The Fudge Family in Paris* and *Fables for the Holy Alliance*, all satires, and ephemeral in character. His *Melodies*, on the other hand, are enduring; and his *Last Rose of Summer*, *The Harp that once through Tara's Hall*, *The Minstrel Boy*, *Love's Young Dream*, etc., the world of song will not soon let die. In 1823 his *Loves of the Angels* was published, which was also an Eastern story. The most of his works after this date were in prose. In 1825 appeared his *Life of Sheridan*, and in 1830 his *Life of Byron*.

Another poet, contemporary alike with Dr. Johnson and with Byron, was GEORGE CRABBE (1754-1832), "the poet of the poor." His poems are *The Library*, *The Village*, *The Parish Register*, *The Borough*, *Tales in Verse*, and *Tales of the Hall*. He was a clergyman, and the latter part of his life lived at the rectory of Trowbridge.

Other minor poets of this time were ROBERT BLOOMFIELD (1766-1823), author of *The Farmer's Boy*; REGINALD HEBER (1783-1826), whose beautiful *Hymns* are favorites in all denominations of churches; ROBERT POLLOK (1799-1827), author of *The Course of Time*, a poem in ten books, describing man's spiritual life and destiny. Pollok died at the early age of twenty-seven. HENRY KIRKE WHITE (1785-1806) was another youthful genius, who, like Pollok, was a martyr to severe and serious study. After publishing some sonnets and odes, he died at the age of twenty-one. MARY TIGHE (1774-1810) wrote a poem called

seen, and when the poem opens, is just setting out on her journey to Cashmere, where the marriage is to be solemnized. A suitable retinue is in attendance, and on the way a minstrel, or poet, joins the company, who beguiles the tedium of the journey by reciting, in hearing of the princess, the four stories or poems just named. On arriving at their journey's end the poet discovers himself to her as the prince whom she is to marry. Of this poem Hazlitt said, "If *Lalla Rookh* be not a great poem, it is a marvellous work of art, and contains paintings of local scenery and manners unsurpassed for fidelity and picturesque effect. The poet was a diligent student, and his oriental reading was as good as riding on the back of a camel."

Psyche. MRS. BARBAULD (1743-1825), contemporary also with Dr. Johnson, wrote *Hymns in Prose for Children* and *Essays*.

HANNAH MORE (1745-1833), also a friend of Dr. Johnson, likewise of Cowper, lived until 1833. Her first works were dramatic, and afterwards of a religious and moral character. Her dramas were *The Search after Happiness*, *The Inflexible Captive*, *Percy*, and *The Fatal Falsehood*. In 1786 her poem on the *Slave Trade* was published. *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* is one of a series of tales, and *Coelebs in Search of a Wife* was a very popular novel. Her last writings were *Moral Essays* and *Reflections*.

Scottish Poets.

The Scotch poets of this early part of the nineteenth century are especially worthy of notice. ROBERT TANNAHILL, JAMES HOGG, ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, all belong to the "full-throated" minstrelsy of Scotland, and in some of their productions are not inferior to Burns himself.

The best-known songs of ROBERT TANNAHILL (1774-1810) are *The Braes o' Balquhither*, *The Braes o' Gleniffer*, *Gloomy Winter's noo Awa*, and *Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane*.

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835), better known by the more euphonious name of the "Ettrick Shepherd," belonged to the peasantry of Scotland. He was what his poetical name suggested,—a shepherd of Ettrick dale. Poetry was his passion, and some of his songs are unsurpassed. For rhythmic beauty and soaring motion his *Skylark* is unparalleled. *When the Kye comes Hame* is another of his popular songs. His crowning endeavor, however, was *The Queen's Wake*, which consists of a collection of ballads and legends supposed to be sung to Mary Queen of Scots by Scottish bards at a royal wake at Holywood. The most popular of these is the fairy story of *Bonny Kilmeny*, one of the most harmonious and exquisite poems in the language.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM (1784-1842), when a child, lived near neighbor to Burns, and recalled, as a never-to-be-forgotten event, the poet's recital of *Tam O'Shanter*. He was afterwards one of the numerous biographers of Burns. Cunningham's best-known poems are, *My Nan-nie O*, *The Poet's Bridal-day Song*, and *A Wet Sheet and Flowing Sea*.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL (1797-1835) wrote *Jeannie Morrison*, *The Midnight Wind*, and the weird, strange *Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi*.

One of the sweetest of Scotch songs, *The Land o' the Leal*, was written

by the BARONESS NAIRNE (1766-1845), originally CAROLINE OLIPHANT. She also wrote *Caller Herrin*, *The Lord o' Cockpen*, and *The Lass o' Gowrie*.

The Drama.

Many of the poets of this time were dramatists also, but their dramas must be regarded as poems rather than plays; their character was of too high an order to render them pleasing to the ordinary taste. But the popular dramatic art was not wanting, and among the successful dramatists of this time was GEORGE COLMAN (1762-1836), "the Younger,"* who filled the stage with innumerable stock plays, principal of which were *The Iron Chest*, *The Heir at Law*, and the *Poor Gentleman*. Colman wrote also many poems of broadest humor. *The Newcastle Apothecary* and *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen* were published in a collection of humorous poems entitled *Broad Grins*.

MRS. ELIZABETH INCHBALD (1753-1821) was a successful dramatist and novelist of the time, and her own life as full of romance as many of her heroines upon the stage. The most celebrated play of JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1850) was *De Montfort*.

Novelists.

When Sir Walter Scott turned from poetry to novel writing, he is said to have been haunted with the fear that in that department he would be surpassed by MISS EDGEWORTH.

MARIA EDGEWORTH (1767-1849) was one of the most popular writers of the early part of the nineteenth century. She is now mainly remembered by her stories for the young, *Early Lessons*, *Rosamond*, *Harriet and Lucy*, *Waste Not, Want Not*, *Simple Susan*,† etc.

Miss Edgeworth's first literary performance was a humorous *Essay on Irish Bulls*, written in conjunction with her father, RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH (1744-1817). Most of her

* In deference to his father's memory, he added to his name the epithet "The Younger," not wishing, he said, that posterity should suppose the author of the "Jealous Wife" and the translator of Terence to be guilty of having written the *Iron Chest*.

† Her novels of society and tales of fashionable life were immensely popular, and there was some foundation for Scott's apprehensions.

life was spent in Ireland, where her father removed when she was young.

The age was prolific in lady novelists. JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817) wrote *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, and several other novels of less note.* The two sisters ANNA MARIA and JANE PORTER were likewise great favorites with Scott. The former wrote more than fifty novels. The sister, JANE PORTER (1776-1850), wrote two which are popular in the present day,—*Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *The Scottish Chiefs*. The best-known work of MRS. ANNE RADCLIFFE (1764-1823) is the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. WILLIAM BECKFORD'S (1760-1844) popularity rests on his wonderful Arabian tale, *Vathek*. HENRY MACKENZIE (1745-1831) was a Scotch novelist, known by his *Man of Feeling*, a popular novel in Burns's day. WILLIAM GODWIN (1756-1833) was novelist, political economist, and biographer. Of his numerous novels, *Caleb Williams* was most powerfully written. MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS (1775-1818), oftener called "Monk Lewis," wrote a wild romance called *The Monk*.

It is curious and interesting to observe the number of novelists of this time, besides Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth, representing the humble life of the Scotch and Irish. Principal among them were JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART,† the son-in-law of Scott, and JOHN WILSON,‡ endeared to all readers by his *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*. JOHN GALT (1779-1839), ELIZABETH HAMILTON (1758-1816), and MISS FERRIER (1782-1854), also gave quaint and touching delineations of Scottish life, while LADY MORGAN (1783-1859) portrayed in animated sketches the national manners of Ireland.

Other novelists were the sisters SOPHIA and HARRIET LEE (1750-1824), (1756-1851), MRS. OPIE (1771-1853), MISS MITFORD,§ and THEODORE EDWARD HOOK (1788-1842), one of the most prolific writers of the time. MADAME D'ARBLAY (1752-1840) (the sprightly Frances Burney of Dr. Johnson's day, and one of the "Blue Stocking" lights) was still living. Her *Evelina* and *Cecelia* had been published even before Burns became famous.

* After reading *Pride and Prejudice* for the third time, Sir Walter Scott said of Miss Austen, "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of early life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever have met with. The big *bow-wow* strain I can do myself; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early."

† See page 320.

‡ See page 320.

§ See page 319.

Philosophical Writers.

The names of DUGALD STEWART (1753-1828) and SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH (1765-1832) stand prominent among the metaphysical writers of this time. Both were Scotchmen, and both were in Edinburgh during Burns's first visit in that metropolis. Metaphysical subjects have largely engaged the Scottish mind. DR. THOMAS BROWN (1778-1820), a pupil and afterwards colleague of Dugald Stewart in the Edinburgh University, was a prominent Scotch metaphysician. His fame rests chiefly on his *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*.

The department of political economy is represented by JEREMY BENTHAM (1748-1832), ROBERT MALTHUS (1766-1834), DAVID RICARDO (1772-1823), and JAMES MILL (1773-1836).

In physical science SIR HUMPHREY DAVY (1778-1829) ranks as one of the greatest chemists and discoverers of the age, and SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL (1738-1822) as an astronomer.

Theologians.

Among theological writers and pulpit orators of this time were ROBERT HALL * (1764-1831), one of the greatest pulpit orators of his day; THOMAS CHALMERS (1780-1847), a Scotch Presbyterian, who seceded from the Established Church of Scotland with the more liberal party of Dissenters; and EDWARD IRVING (1792-1834), at one time an assistant of Dr. Chalmers. He rose to great distinction in the Scottish Church, and as rapidly declined in popularity, owing to his supposed unorthodox opinions. "I come to tell you God loves you," was the gospel Irving carried with him to every scene of sorrow, and even to every haunt of vice. ADAM CLARKE, LL.D. (1760-1832) is best known as a commentator on the Bible. He was a profound scholar, and, besides his *Commentary*, he pub-

* Of his eloquence, DR. PARR, himself a clergyman, and one of the greatest scholars in England, says: "Mr. Hall, like Bishop Taylor, has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint." Of the perfections of his writings, Dugald Stewart said: "There is a living writer who combines the beauties of Johnson, Addison, and Burke without their imperfections. It is a dissenting minister of Cambridge, the Rev. Robert Hall. Whoever wishes to see the English language in its perfection must read his writings."

lished a *Bibliographical Dictionary*. He was an eminent minister in the Methodist Church.*

History and Biography.

Many historical works of interest were added to the literature of this period.

The *History of Greece from the Earliest Period*, by WILLIAM MITFORD (1744-1827), was one of the most important works in this department. He, however, viewed his subject from an aristocratic standpoint, and hence is unfair in his views of the "*barbarisms of Democratic government*."

DR. JOHN LINGARD (1771-1850) published, in 1819, *A History of England*. Being a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, he views some of the important subjects of history from that standpoint. He also wrote a learned work on the *Antiquity of the Anglo-Saxon Church*.

SHARON TURNER (1768-1847) wrote a series of works on *English History*,—the first and most important is the *History of the Anglo-Saxons*. PATRICK FRAZER TYTLER (1791-1849), of Edinburgh, wrote a *History of Scotland*. *A History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France* (1807 to 1814), by SIR W. F. P. NAPIER (1785-1860), is considered one of the most valuable histories of the war waged by England against France and Napoleon.

Writers distinguished in other fields of literature also produced works on history and biography. SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH and JAMES MILL, besides their more strictly philosophical works, wrote some historical works of value. The former wrote a *History of England* and a *Life of Sir Thomas More*. James Mill wrote a *History of British India*, said to be the best work on that subject.

Although in minuteness and accuracy of detail no biographies arose equal to Boswell's, of the century just passed, there were some great biographies written during this time. Among the most important were SOUTHEY'S *Life of Nelson*, and MOORE'S *Life of Sheridan*.† The poet CAMPBELL'S best biographical works were the short sketches of lives in his *Specimens of British Poetry*. SIR WALTER SCOTT wrote a life of *Napoleon Bonaparte*, a work of nine volumes. WILLIAM ROSCOE (1753-1831) wrote valuable lives of *Lorenzo de Medici* and *Leo X*.

* THOMAS SCOTT, D. D. (1747-1821) had published his *Commentary on the Bible* some years before, but it was a work of less erudition than that of Clarke's.

† Of the latter, the Edinburgh Review says: "It exhibits the clearest and most intelligent account of all the great questions which were agitated during that momentous period."

Periodical Literature.

The middle and latter part of the eighteenth century had produced two or three critical reviews and several magazines, which held their place in literature until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when another critical review sprang into existence, which cast the others wholly in the shade.

This was the *Edinburgh Review*, whose establishment marked an era not only in periodical literature and criticism, but in the history of human progress. It originated in 1802, among a knot of young men assembled in the humble rooms of one who was afterwards to take the chief part in conducting the Review. This was FRANCIS JEFFREY, who had just been admitted to the Scotch bar, and had, even at this early date, displayed great ability as an advocate. This coterie of youthful critics consisted of Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, Dr. Thomas Brown, Lord Murray, Dr. John Thomson, Francis Horner, and Lord Brougham.*

SYDNEY SMITH (1771-1845), to whom is attributed the first suggestion of the Review, thus describes the inception of the scheme. He, then a young curate, had set out with a friend for the University of Weimar, but Germany becoming the seat of war, "in stress of politics," he says,

"We put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray (late Lord Advocate for Scotland), and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island.

"One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story† or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the Review was,

* The latter but twenty-five years of age, and then simply Henry Brougham.

† The houses in the part of Edinburgh called the old town were some of them built ten and eleven stories high.

'Tenui musam meditamur avenâ.'

'We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.'

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto* from *Publius Syrus*, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line, and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success. I contributed from England many articles, which I have been foolish enough to collect and publish with some other tracts written by me.

"To appreciate the value of the Edinburgh Review, the state of England at the period when that journal began should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emancipated, the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed, the game laws were horribly oppressive, steel traps and spring guns were set all over the country, prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel, Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily upon mankind, libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments, the principles of political economy were little understood, the law of debt and of conspiracy was upon the worst possible footing, the enormous wickedness of the slave-trade was tolerated—a thousand evils were in existence which the talents of good and able men have since lessened or removed; and these effects have been not a little assisted by the Edinburgh Review."

FRANCIS JEFFREY (1773-1850) was the leading spirit of the enterprise, and after the first two numbers, which were edited by Sydney Smith, he edited the Review for nearly twenty-seven years. This Review became the powerful organ of the Whig party, and the repository of the products of the best minds of the time. But its literary censorship, severe, because unripe, caused bitterness of feeling to many young literary aspirants. Poor Byron could ill brook its treatment of his first published work, *Hours of Idleness*, and he turned with venom upon all English bards and *Scotch reviewers*. With riper years Jeffrey became more mellow in his criticisms. He, the leader of critics, learned that the province of criticism was wide; and, as from year to year the varied productions of gifted minds came under his critical examination, he could not but be conscious

* JUDEX DAMNATUR, CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.—*The judge is condemned when the guilty is acquitted.*

of receiving benefits which deepened and broadened his own narrower vision.

So great was the influence of the *Edinburgh Review* in disseminating Whig principles, that in 1809, at the instigation of Sir Walter Scott and others, the *London Quarterly Review* was established, to counteract the Whig influence and to represent the Tory or ministerial party. The editorship was undertaken by WILLIAM GIFFORD (1757-1826), a painstaking, unrelenting critic, unfitted by nature for the broad, humane art of criticism.* His attacks upon those who possessed more liberal sentiments than his own were personal and gross, as he could not divorce his political antagonisms from his literary criticisms. Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt were objects of his severe attacks. Poor Keats came under his coarse censure, and Shelley likewise; the satiric author of the *Baviad* † being wholly unfitted to appreciate the refined, poetic genius of either of these young poets. The *Quarterly Review* became in Gifford's hands a powerful Tory organ and an excellent literary journal, having the same fields of literature from which to cull as the *Edinburgh Review*, and, likewise, having for its contributors leading authors and statesmen.

In 1824 the Radical party established the *Westminster Review*, under the editorship of JEREMY BENTHAM, a scholarly recluse, singular in his modes of living and original in his modes of thinking‡.

Other Reviews are the *North British Review*, established in 1844; the *British Quarterly Review*, in 1845, and the *New Quarterly Review*, 1852.§

The early part of this century saw as great an improvement in mag-

* "He regarded authors," said Southey, "as a fishmonger regards eels, or as Izaak Walton did worms, slugs, and frogs."

† The *Baviad*, by Gifford, was a satirical poem, ridiculing the "Della Crusicans."*

‡ He based his principles of legislation on "the greatest happiness to the greatest number." "Priestley," says he, "was the first who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth. In this phrase I saw delineated, for the first time, a plain as well as a true standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or of politics."

§ Reviews are usually published quarterly, yet some, as the *Saturday Review*, are now published weekly.

* See p. 346.

azines as in reviews. "The Gentleman's Magazine," started by Cave in 1731, to which Dr. Johnson had contributed, was still a popular periodical; but the appearance of *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1817 overshadowed it as completely as the Edinburgh Review had overshadowed the old "Monthly" and "Critical Reviews." It was published in Edinburgh by William Blackwood, and received contributions from Scott, Lockhart, Hogg, Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, and Lamb. It was edited by Professor Wilson, whose influence in literature was most benign. The *New Monthly* was established in 1814, and edited successively by Campbell, Hood, Bulwer Lytton, and Ainsworth. Following the *New Monthly* and Blackwood's came *Fraser's*, 1830; *Dublin University Magazine*, 1832; *MacMillan's*, 1859; *Cornhill*, 1859, edited by Thackeray; *Temple Bar*, 1860, by George Augustus Sala; and, still later, *Good Words*, by Norman Macleod, a Scottish divine.

The weekly magazines were inaugurated in 1832 by the *Penny Magazine* and *Chambers's Journal*. In 1850 Dickens issued the first number of *Household Words*, and in 1859 *All the Year Round*. *Once a Week* was issued the same year.

A demand for cheap literature caused the publication of many compendiums of works, compiled under the attractive titles of *Family Library*, *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, etc.*

In 1832 those benefactors of the literary world, the brothers WILLIAM (1800 —) and ROBERT CHAMBERS (1802-1871) commenced their weekly periodical entitled *Chambers's Journal*. It consisted of original papers on subjects of ordinary life, science, and literature, each number containing a quantity of matter equal to the works issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, and sold at one-fourth the price.

The first encyclopedia of any great value was published in London, in 1728, by EPHRAIM CHAMBERS. In 1785 the same work was enlarged by Dr. Abraham Rees. But it is to the brothers WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, who have made accessible to all classes the vast stores of

*The active mind of Mr. Constable, the great Edinburgh publisher, about the time of his failure, had planned the publication of abridged works to be issued monthly in cheap forms, that "every decent house in Britain might afford a good library." With this view he issued *Constable's Miscellany*. It was not until after this series was started that the London publisher, Murray, began to issue the *Family Library*. The *Sacred Classics* were reprints of religious works abridged, and published every month. In 1825 a society was formed for the diffusion of useful knowledge, by the publication of a series of treatises on science and various branches of knowledge. As their condensed form rendered them too technical and the whole matter was too abstruse for the masses, another series was issued more successfully, entitled the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.

human knowledge, that the reading world is indebted. After the successful publication of the *Journal*, they issued other popular works—*Information for the People*, *Papers for the People*, *Chambers's Miscellany*, *Chambers's Encyclopedia for the People*, *Chambers's Encyclopedia of English Literature*, and that curious and most interesting compilation, *The Book of Days*.

Illustrations of the Literature of the Age of Scott and Byron.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

INTRODUCTION.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
 The minstrel was infirm and old;
 His withered cheek and tresses gray
 Seemed to have known a better day;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 The last of all the bards was he
 Who sung of Border chivalry;
 For, well-a-day! their date was fled;
 His tuneful brethren all were dead;
 And he, neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them, and at rest.
 No more on prancing palfry borne,
 He carolled, light as lark at morn;
 No longer courted and caressed,
 High placed in hall a welcome guest,
 He poured to lord and lady gay
 The unpremeditated lay:
 Old times were changed, old manners gone;
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door,
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

* * * * *

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!—*Canto II., Stanza 1.*

* * * * *

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned

From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.—*Canto VI., Stanza 1.*

FROM THE MONASTERY.

It was about this period that the “only rare poet of his time, the witty, comical, facetiously-quick, and quickly-facetious John Lyly,—he that sat at Apollo's table, and to whom Phœbus gave a wreath of his

own bays without snatching" *—he, in short, who wrote that singularly coxcombical work called "Euphues and his England," was in the very zenith of his absurdity and reputation. The quaint, forced, and unnatural style which he introduced by his "Anatomy of Wit," had a fashion as rapid as it was momentary. All the court ladies were his scholars, and to *parler Euphuisme* was as necessary a qualification to a courtly gallant, as those of understanding how to use his rapier or to dance a measure. * * * * *

"Credit me, fairest lady," said the knight, "that such is the cunning of our English courtiers of the hodiernal strain, that, as they have infinitely refined upon the plain and rustical discourse of our fathers, which, as I may say, more beseeemed the mouths of country roysterers in a May-game than that of courtly gallants in a galliard, so I hold it ineffably and unutterably impossible, that those who may succeed us in this garden of wit and courtesy shall alter or amend it. Venus delighted but in the language of Mercury, Bucephalus will stoop to no one but Alexander, none can sound Apollo's pipe but Orpheus."

"Valiant sir," said Mary, who could scarcely help laughing, "we have but to rejoice in the chance which hath honored this solitude with a glimpse of the sun of courtesy, though it rather blinds than enlightens us."

"Pretty and quaint, fairest lady," answered the Euphuist. "Ah! that I had with me my Anatomy of Wit—that all-to-be-unparalleled volume—the quintessence of human wit—that treasury of quaint invention—that exquisitely-pleasant-to-read and inevitably-necessary-to-be-remembered manual of all that is worthy to be known—which indoctrines the rude in civility, the dull in intellectuality, the heavy in jocosity, the blunt in gentility, the vulgar in nobility, and all of them in that unutterable perfection of human utterance, that eloquence which no other eloquence is sufficient to praise, the art which, when we call it by its own name of Euphuism, we bestow upon it its richest panegyric."

"Marvellous fine words," said dame Glendinning. "Marvellous fine words, neighbor Happer, are they not?"

"Trust me," said the knight, again turning to Mary Avenel, "if I do not pity you, lady, who, being of noble blood, are thus in a manner compelled to abide in the cottage of the ignorant, like the precious stone in the head of a toad, or like a precious garland on the brow of an ass."

"Credit me, fair lady," said Sir Piercie Shafton, addressing Mary Avenel, "it much rejoiceth me, being as I am a banished man from the delights of my own country, that I shall find here, in this obscure and

sylvan cottage of the north, a fair form and a candid soul, with whom I may explain my mutual sentiments. And let me pray you in particular, lovely lady, that, according to the universal custom now predominant in our court, the garden of superior wits, you will exchange with me some epithet whereby you may mark my devotion to your service. Be henceforth named, for example, my Protection, and let me be your Affability."

"Our northern and country manners, Sir Knight, do not permit us to exchange epithets with those to whom we are strangers," replied Mary Avenel.

"Nay, but see now," said the knight. "how you are startled! even as the unbroken steed which swerves aside from the shaking of a handkerchief, though he must, in time, encounter the waving of a pennon. This courtly exchange of epithets of honor is no more than the compliments which pass between Valor and Beauty, wherever they meet, and under whatever circumstances. Elizabeth of England herself calls Philip Sidney her Courage, and he in return calls that princess his Inspiration."

LORD BYRON.

FROM CHILDE HAROLD.

There was a sound of revelry by night;
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell—
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Canto III., Stanza 21.

* * * * *

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh, night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

Canto III., Stanza 92.

* * * * *

The Niobe of nations!* there she stands
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wo,
 An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

Canto IV., Stanza 79.

* * * * * *
 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
 Without a grave, unknelled, and unknown.

Canto IV., Stanza 179.

From LINES TO HIS WIFE AFTER THEIR SEPARATION.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
 Still for ever, fare thee well:
 Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
 Would that breast were bared before thee
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee,
 Which thou ne'er canst know again.
 Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
 Every inmost thought could show,
 Then thou wouldst at last discover
 'T was not well to spurn it so.

TO ADA.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun,
 My daughter! with thy name this much shall end—
 I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none

* Rome.

Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
 To whom the shadows of far years extend:
 Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,
 My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
 And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,
 A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

To aid thy mind's development,—to watch
 Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
 Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
 Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
 To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
 And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,
 This, it should seem, was not reserved for me:
 Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
 I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

SHELLEY.

From the ODE TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singest.

* * * * *

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught:
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

From THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew

Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense.

KEATS.

From HYPERION.

[Saturn and Thea.]

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin sand large footmarks went
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unscathed; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestalled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.

From ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

From ADDRESS TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

From ENDYMION.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever ;
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness.

SONNET.

[On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.]

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne :
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JAMES HOGG—The “Ettrick Shepherd.”

From THE QUEEN’S WAKE.

BONNY KILMENY.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
 But it wasna to meet Duneira’s men,
 Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
 It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
 And pu’ the cress-flower round the spring;
 The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
 And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
 But lang may her minny look o’er the wa’,
 And lang may she seek i’ the greenwood shaw;
 Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
 And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
 When mass for Kilmeny’s soul had been sung,
 When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
 Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
 When the fringe was red on the western hill,
 The wood was sere, the moon i’ the wane,
 The reek o’ the cot hung over the plain
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
 When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
 Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!

“Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
 Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
 By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
 Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
 Where gat ye that joup o’ the lily sheen?
 That bonny snood of the birk sae green?”

And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew,
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
And she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been.

From THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

From WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

Come, all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken.
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'T is to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'T is not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'T is not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbor of the great—
'T is beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird builds her nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough
Oh a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the lavrock frae the blue lift,
Draps down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

From THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers of the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly waves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

From THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blows the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets are covered with snaw;

How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
 Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!
 The wild flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they hae marched my dear Johnnie,
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

From THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin,
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom!
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

From THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O! my love's like the steadfast sun,
 Or streams that deepen as they run;
 Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
 Nor moments between sighs and tears—
 Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
 Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain—
 Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
 To sober joys and soften woes,
 Can make my heart or fancy flee
 One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
 In maiden bloom and matron wit—
 Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
 Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
 Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
 As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
 We strayed and wooed, and thought the moon
 Set on the sea an hour too soon;
 Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
 When looks were fond and words were few.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

ON WISDOM.

Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act, and when to cease—when to reveal, and when to conceal a matter—when to speak, and when to keep silence—when to give, and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill, besides, needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves.



SYLLABUS.

Napoleon Bonaparte, from 1799 to 1815, was engaging the attention of the world.

The wars with America and France had left Great Britain burdened with debt.

The poor were grievously oppressed.

Catholics were denied the rights of citizens.

Daniel O'Connell, aided by Pitt, demanded Catholic franchise.

William Wilberforce, Thomas Clarkson, and Granville Sharpe were pioneers in the abolition of the slave-trade.

George III. died in 1820, after a reign of sixty years. He was succeeded by his son George IV.

The influence of Burns, Cowper, and of Percy's *Reliques* was felt in the literature of the early part of the nineteenth century.

Byron, Shelley, and Keats all died before 1825.

Sir Walter Scott was a Royalist—a lover of crowned heads and aristocracy; but he was just to all.

Scott's first publication was his *Border Ballads*.

His next,—his longer poems, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, *Lady of the Lake*, etc.

Believing Byron to be a superior poet to himself, he directed his creative genius to novel writing.

His first novel was *Waverley*, which was succeeded by others; the whole series—twenty-nine in all—were called the *Waverley Novels*.

The author was called the "Great Unknown."

Scott called his manor Abbotsford.

He was knighted in 1820 by George IV.

In 1825 the firm of Ballantyne & Co. failed. Scott was involved to the amount of half a million dollars.

By his tireless pen he paid off that enormous debt in five years. He died in 1832.

Byron, Shelley, and Keats were associated in life. Their characters and poetry were wholly different.

Byron was chaotic. The ocean and storms were his elements.

Byron's first publication was *Hours of Idleness*. It was severely criticised by the *Edinburgh Review*. His next poem was a satire in reply to the critics, entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

Soon after this Byron took his seat in the House of Lords.

He soon after travelled on the Continent.

After two years spent abroad, he returned to England with two cantos of *Childe Harold*.

These were published in 1812.

In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke. In one year they separated.

They had one child, Augusta Ada.

Byron again left England.

The third canto of *Childe Harold* was written in Switzerland; also, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Darkness*, and *The Dream*.

The Dream is a history of his early life.

From Switzerland he went to Italy. Here he wrote *Mazeppa*, part of *Don Juan*, and several tragedies.

In 1823 he went in aid of the Greeks, but died at Missolonghi a few months after, in April, 1824.

Shelley's poetry represents all that is most spiritual.

For writing a pamphlet while at Oxford, entitled *The Necessity of Atheism*, he was expelled from the University. He was but sixteen years old at the time.

His first poem was *Queen Mab*.

Shelley's chief poems are *Alastor*, *The Revolt of Islam*, *Hellas*, *The Witch of Atlas*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Cenci*, *The Skylark*, *The Cloud*, *The Sensitive Plant*.

Shelley was drowned in the Bay of Spezzia, Italy.

Mrs. Shelley wrote the story of *Frankenstein*.

Keats's poetry combines the purest sensuous pleasures with the intellectual.

His chief poem, *Endymion*, was severely criticised by the Quarterly Review.

Some of his other works are *Hyperion*, *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*.

Keats died at Rome, in his 24th year.

Thomas Moore is best known by his *Irish Melodies*.

Lalla Rookh is his principal poem.

George Crabbe was the poet of the poor.

Other poets of this time were Robert Bloomfield, Reginald Heber, Mary Tighe, Robert Pollok, Henry Kirke White.

The Scotch poets were Robert Tannahill, James Hogg (the "Ettrick Shepherd"), Allan Cunningham, and William Motherwell.

The principal dramatists of the time were George Colman "the younger," Mrs. Inchbald, Joanna Baillie.

The novelists of the age were Sir Walter Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Jane Austen, Jane Porter, Anne Radcliffe, Henry Mackenzie, William Beckford, William Godwin.

Scotch novelists, besides Sir Walter Scott, were Lockhart, Prof. John Wilson ("Christopher North"), John Galt, Miss Ferrier, etc.

Philosophical writers were Dugald Stewart, James Mackintosh, Thomas Brown.

Writers on political economy were Bentham, Malthus, Ricardo, and James Mill.

Writers on physical science were Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir William Herschel.

Theology was represented by Robert Hall, Thomas Chalmers, Edward Irving, Adam Clarke.

History by Wm. Mitford, Lingard, Sharon Turner, Tytler, Napier, etc.

The *Edinburgh Review* was started in 1802 by Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, and others. It was a Whig organ.

The *London Quarterly Review* was started in the interest of the Tory party, 1809. It was edited by William Gifford.

The *Westminster Review* was started by the Radical party in 1824. Jeremy Bentham was chief editor.

The monthly magazines began to spring into existence in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Blackwood's Magazine was started in 1817 by William Blackwood.

Weekly magazines were started in 1832. Of these Dickens's *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* have been most popular.

The literary world owes a debt of gratitude to the brothers William and Robert Chambers for their indefatigable labors in procuring and furnishing popular information.



WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAKE POETS.



WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, AND SOUTHEY.

1832—1850.

GEORGE IV. died in 1830, and was succeeded by his brother, William IV. During his short reign of seven years, important measures of government were begun. In 1832 the great Reform in Parliament was carried by King and Commons against the Lords. The next year slavery was abolished throughout the British Colonies, and in the same year the first public grant was made in behalf of public schools. In England, America, and France, the spirit of universal freedom was awakened.

Among the most ardent upholders of the French Revolution in its earlier stages were the three young poets WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, and SOUTHEY. Without tracing the devious path which led to the final overthrow of all their political and religious convictions, it may be briefly stated that the three, starting in life as the most ultra radicals in politics and religion, ended their lives as the upholders of kings and supporters of the Church of England. They were the poets of humanity, and, following Burns, Cowper, and Crabbe in the natural school of poetic art, insisted on a still wider deviation from the artificial school.

Attracted by the beautiful scenery of Westmoreland and Cumberland, one after the other of these poets took up his

residence among the lakes of north-western England, and from this fact they have always been known as the "Lake Poets."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850), the chief of this school of poets, was born in Cumberland. He received his education at Cambridge, travelled on the Continent, and was in France at the beginning of the Revolution of 1791. Returning to England, he devoted his time to literary pursuits, and appeared as a poet in 1793. Soon after he met Coleridge, and the two became life-long friends. In 1797 their joint production of *Lyrical Ballads* was published.*

To bring the art of poetry back to nature, Wordsworth contended that the ordinary topics of daily life were fit subjects for poetry, and that the language should be that "really used by men." For this deviation from all preconceived ideas of propriety in poetic diction, he received showers of ridicule and censure; yet, undismayed, he held on his course, and, after fifty years of patient waiting, was recognized as the first poet of his age.

There are golden veins of poetry running throughout everything he has written, gleaming here and there in genuine colors, then again obscured, as he meant they should be, in the russet of common, every-day expression. In his *Ode to Immortality* there is the grand Æolian melody, the perfection of human utterance.†

In the poet's mind there was a natural order and sequence in the arrangement of his poems, typical of the development of his spiritual powers. *The Excursion*, his principal poem, was intended as a second part to a longer poem to be entitled *The Recluse*. The first part—*The Prelude*—records "the origin and progress of his own powers." The second part—*The Excursion*—deals with passing events and existing circumstances, and, being completed first, was published as an independent poem. In the language of Wordsworth, the two hold the relationship to each other of "the ante-chapel to the body of a Gothic church." The smaller poems, as he says, are to be

* To this Coleridge contributed his *Ancient Mariner*.

† This poem Emerson designates as the "high-water mark of English thought of the nineteenth century."

regarded as "little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses." The third part—*The Recluse*—which was never finished, was to consist of meditations "On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life."

The love of nature was with him a passion, and the influence of nature on man was a favorite subject. He says:

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

None but a poet inspired by the utmost confidence in himself would have risked such subjects as Wordsworth chose. Yet the sad music of humanity rings in minor tones through such poems as *The Idiot Boy*, notwithstanding the most prosaic and inharmonious lines. The poet is triumphant in producing a vivid picture, and in calling out the truest, kindest sympathy.

Wordsworth brought back the Sonnet, which, since Milton's day, had fallen out of English poetry.

The domestic life of the poet was unclouded and happy.* In 1802 he had married Mary Hutchinson, and till his death, in 1850, they lived in the quiet seclusion of Grasmere and Rydal Mount. All the lakes and mountains of that district seemed a portion of the great poet's existence.

Wordsworth's principal poems are, *The Excursion*, *Hart-Leap Well*, *Yarrow Unvisited*, *Visited*, and *Revisited*, and *Laodamia*. The poems most read are, *Ode on Immortality*, *She was a Phantom of Delight*, *We are Seven*, *Ruth*, *Lucy*, etc. Those most ridiculed were, *Peter Bell*, *The Idiot Boy*, *Alice Fell*, *The Blind Highland Boy*, etc.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834) was two years younger than Wordsworth. With kindred sympathies in literary tastes, they were wholly different types of men. Coleridge possessed a rare genius, but lacked "the reason firm, the temperate will." Incompleteness marked all his works, and his works were typical of his life. We probably obtain the truest

* To his sister Dora, his constant companion, Wordsworth attributes some of the best influences of his life.

estimate of his life and genius from his contemporaries rather than from later critics, who see only the fragmentary works of a great genius, and deplore the overthrow of a noble mind.*

Like Dr. Johnson, Coleridge was great in his own day ; because, like Dr. Johnson, the charm of his conversation won all who heard him. With Coleridge there was the added attraction of melodious utterance, genial temper, and the mingling of poetic and philosophical argument. To hear him talk was in itself an education. It has often been regretted that Coleridge did not reserve his best thoughts for posterity, instead of lavishing them in the evanescent breath of conversation. But so long as he has given to us the perfected poems of *The Ancient Mariner*, *Genevieve*, *The Hymn to Mont Blanc*, the translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and the unfinished poem of *Christabel*, we will not covet the unrecorded eloquence which charmed his contemporaries.

Although the two poets harmonized in their general views of poetry, Coleridge saw the fallacy of Wordsworth's theory concerning the use of ordinary diction in poetry, and argued "that philosophers, not clowns, are the authors of the best parts of language." The *Lyrical Ballads*, to which allusion has been made,† were partly composed by Coleridge, and it should also be remembered that Wordsworth suggested and wrote some few portions of *The Ancient Mariner*.‡

In company with Wordsworth, Coleridge went to Germany. The spirit of philosophic inquiry which he found here interested Coleridge quite as much as the poetry, and these, inter-fused with his poetic imaginings, produced those glowing conversations for which he was famed. Returning from Germany, Coleridge went to reside at Keswick, in Cumberland, near the home of Wordsworth.

Among the visionary schemes of Coleridge was that of the Pantisocracy, which he, with his friends SOUTHEY and LOV-

* He had become addicted to opium eating, which caused his ruin.

† See page 311.

‡ Singularly enough, although in their literary partnership Coleridge was to furnish the supernatural and highly imaginative, and Wordsworth was to give poetic significance to the common things of life, it was Wordsworth who suggested the killing of the *Albatross* and the steering of the ship by the ghastly crew.

ELL, had planned. Young and ardent, and inflamed with the desire to promote the welfare of mankind, these three enthusiasts anticipated the later Fourierism, and thought to build up here in the New World a species of Utopia. They were going to settle on the banks of the Susquehanna, and found their ideal republic—their Pantisocracy, or *all-equal government*.^{*} For want of means the Pantisocracy was given up.

When we consider the rare poetic ability displayed in the “fragments” which have been left us, we can better conceive of the mental stature of Coleridge, and see that, with these works completed, he would have been by far the greatest poet of his age.[†]

The prose works of Coleridge are, *Lay Sermons*, *The Biographia Literaria*, *The Friend*, *Aids to Reflection*, and *The Constitution of the Church and State*. These were published between the years 1817 and 1825. His *Table Talk* and *Literary Remains* were not published until after his death.

No two characters present greater contrasts than those of Coleridge and Southey. The supine indolence of the one is met by the untiring industry of the other. ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843) will be longer remembered as a man, perhaps, than as a poet. His acquaintance with Coleridge began while both were students at Oxford. Both were in sympathy with the French Revolution, the overthrow of tyranny, and the establishment of universal liberty. In support of this idea, Southey wrote his dramatic poem, *Wat Tyler*.

Each of Southey's long poems represents the national life of a people, or the chief incidents in the life of a nation's hero. *Joan of Arc*, a tale of France and England, was the first of his long poems. *Madoc* is the story of a Welsh hero; *The Curse of Kehama* embodies the Hindoo ideas of religion; *Thalaba* is a tale

^{*} The three young poets—Coleridge, Southey, and Lovell—married three sisters, the Misses Fricker.

[†] Subject to great bodily suffering, he early resorted to the use of opium as a temporary relief from pain. But the pain and the habit both increased, until, a wreck in body and mind, he died in 1834. The last miserable years of his life were spent under the hospitable roof of his friend Dr. Gilman, of London, while to his brother-in-law, the poet Southey, residing at Keswick, he left the care of his family. To ignore these painful facts would be to withhold the just meed of praise to his generous friends.

of Arabia; *Roderick*, a Spanish and Moorish story. Southey had drawn most of his poetic inspirations from Oriental literature, and from the Moorish ballads of Spain.* None of these long poems of Southey's bear any evidence of his concurrence with the simple diction advocated by Wordsworth. It is only in his earlier, shorter poems that he chooses humble scenes and commonplace language, as in the *Battle of Blenheim*, *Father William*, etc. *The Abbot of Aberbrothok* contains some lines quite similar to those of Coleridge in the *Ancient Mariner*. Southey's muse was happier in rhymes than in poetic conception. His *Cataract of Lodore* and *The March to Moscow* are examples.

Southey's prose works are now more highly valued than his poetry. His biographies are especially admired. These are the lives of *Nelson*, *Wesley*, *Cowper*, and *Henry Kirke White*. Besides moral and political essays, he wrote *Histories* of the *Peninsular War* and of *Brazil*, and innumerable *Letters*.

The literary works of Southey number one hundred and nine volumes, but his unceasing labors at length overtaxed his strength, and his brain succumbed to the too great pressure.

His second wife, CAROLINE ANNE SOUTHEY (1787-1854), was a sister of the poet BOWLES, and was herself a writer of ability.

To THOMAS HOOD (1798-1845) the sad world owes a debt of gratitude, not only for making it laugh, but for seeing its actual woes and for weeping with those who wept. Charles Lamb said jestingly, and as a pun on Hood's name, that he carried two faces—one tragic and the other comic. It was rather as if the two elements of his mind receiving simultaneously the same idea, the rarer medium invariably refracted the thought, and gave it an unexpected whimsical turn. As for instance, when speaking seriously in his address to his old associates, the boys of Clapham Academy:

"Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown,—to be a king!
And sleep on regal down!

* He had spent some time in Spain, after the failure of the Pantisocratic scheme, and soon after his return to England joined his friends at the lakes. His *Vision of Judgment*, published in 1821, was burlesqued by Byron in a poem of the same name.

Alas! thou knowest not regal cares;
 For happier is thy head that wears
 The hat without a crown!"

His poems of unmixed pathos are *The Bridge of Sighs*, *Eugene Aram*, and *The Song of the Shirt*. The last was written a short time before his death. His life was one of care and ill-health, and he was prone to melancholy. His heart, he said, "was hung lower than most people's, so he had to laugh to keep it up."

His works, published in four volumes, are poems of *Wit and Humor*; *Serious Poems*; *Hood's Own*, or *Laughter from Year to Year*; and *Whims and Oddities in Prose and Verse*.

He died in 1845, and the poor working-women of London, for whom he sang the *Song of the Shirt*, contributed their pittance to erect a monument to his memory.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844), born in Glasgow, Scotland, was one of the most polished writers of his age. While his poems evince more power than the classic school of writers following Pope, they have all the elegance of finish of that school combined with musical expression. His short lyrics of war have in them the very trumpet-blast. He was a true Highlander in spirit, and, like the other poets of his day, was zealous in the cause of liberty. Nowhere have finer words of indignation against Poland's oppressors been heard than those expressed by Campbell. His longest poems are, *The Pleasures of Hope* and *Gertrude of Wyoming*. *O'Connor's Child*, *Lochiel's Warning*, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, the *Exile of Erin*, and the *Soldier's Dream* are among his best-known poems. His stirring martial and patriotic songs are the *Battle of the Baltic*, *Ye Mariners of England*, and *Hohenlinden*.

Other poets contemporary with the Lake Poets, as well as with Byron and Scott, were WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, SAMUEL ROGERS, JAMES MONTGOMERY, EBENEZER ELLIOT, HORACE and JAMES SMITH, MRS. HEMANS, LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON ("L. E. L."), HARTLEY COLERIDGE, GEORGE CROLY, etc.

To the *Sonnets* of WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762-1850), Coleridge attributed some of his own inspirations. *The Pleasures of Memory*, by SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855), was published while Burns was living,

and his *Italy* was published in 1822. Rogers's home of luxury and wealth in St. James's Place was ever open to his later brother poets—to some of those of the present day.

EBENEZER ELLIOT (1781-1849), the "Corn-Law Rhymer," wrote stirring verses for the poor, who were oppressed with the grievous monopoly which raised the price of breadstuffs beyond the means of the laboring-man. The *Corn-Law Rhymes* of Elliot aroused the people to oppose the selfish monopoly and secure rights to the poorer classes. They were rude rhymes from a generous heart.

The brothers JAMES SMITH (1775-1839) and HORACE SMITH (1780-1849) became famous, in 1812, by the publication of their joint work entitled *Rejected Addresses*. These were poems written in imitation of the principal writers of the day, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Byron, and Scott.*

HORACE SMITH wrote also the spirited *Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Collection*, and the *Hymn to the Flowers*.

FELICIA HEMANS (1794-1835), whom it has been the fashion to decry somewhat, should be forever remembered as the author of the *Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*. Nothing finer has ever been written upon the subject. There is throughout all of Mrs. Hemans's poems a delicate play of fancy, and often the finest touches of pathos.

The Dramatists.

The theatre, with its trappings and scenic displays, has, in the present day, superseded the Drama itself, so that the dramatist of to-day is a far less important personage than the actor. During the time to which this chapter refers, however—from 1830 to 1850—there were in England several fine dramas produced by writers on miscellaneous subjects. Charles Lamb, by his revival of the old Elizabethan dramatists, did more, perhaps, than any one else of that time, to cultivate a taste for the drama. His *Specimens of the Old English Dramatists*, as well as his appreciative remarks concerning them, gave a new impulse and a taste for the rich dramatic poetry which he unfolded. It was almost like a new discovery in literature.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES (1784-1862) was the greatest of the

* That assuming to be Scott's was so like his own style, that he said, when it was read to him, that he "supposed he had written it, but that it had passed from his memory."

modern dramatists. He holds no other rank in literature; his dramatic works of themselves support his fame. His first plays were based on Roman history. They were *Caius Gracchus* and *Virginius*. Those best known upon the stage are *The Wife*, *The Hunchback*, *William Tell*, *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, *The Love Chase*, etc.

DOUGLAS JERROLD (1803-1857) was a witty journalist and miscellaneous writer, who wrote several dramas that were successfully acted. His first, *Black-Eyed Susan*, was very popular, and was followed by *Time Works Wonders* and *The Bubbles of a Day*. His fame, however, rests more upon his other works—his novels and sketches; most important of which are *Saint Giles and St. James*, *The Chronicles of Clovernook*, *Punch's Letters to His Son*, *The Caudle Lectures*, etc.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR (1800 —) published in 1854 his best-known play, *Philip van Artevelde*.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD (1795-1854), best known by his *Life of Charles Lamb*, contributed several pieces to the dramatic literature of that day. His Greek tragedy of *Ion* was produced in 1835, and played with success in Covent Garden theatre, as was his succeeding tragedy of the *Athenian Captive*. Two other dramas followed, *The Massacre of Glencoe* and *The Castilian*.

MISS MITFORD (1786-1855), who ranks equally high in other departments of literature, wrote numerous dramas, chief of which were *Rienzi* and *Julian*.

DEAN MILMAN (HENRY HART MILMAN) (1791-1868) was a most prolific writer, contributing to history, poetry, criticism, and the drama. His principal dramas are the tragedy of *Fazio*, *The Fall of Jerusalem*, *The Martyr of Antioch*, *Belshazzar*, and *Anna Boleyn*.

Novelists.

It is interesting to observe the march and countermarch of the Novel and Drama. Since the appearance of the first English novel, there has been a steady decline in the productions of dramatic literature, and a continued and rapid advance in the novel, until at the present day the narrative element has become the chief feature in prose literature. This age of the novel may be compared to the Elizabethan age of the drama, each representing the exuberance of imaginative genius. Nor is there any reason why they may not again change places, and the drama resume its original sovereignty.

To the novelist, a wider latitude is given than to the poet and dramatist. He is subject to no conventional rules of composition, no restraints except those imposed by good taste and knowledge. The scope of the novel, too, is infinite; the exponent of real life in a fictitious garb, it may take all human experience for its realm.

The novelists belonging more especially to the period of which this present chapter treats are CHARLOTTE BRONTË ("Currer Bell"), MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, CAPTAIN MARRYAT, SAMUEL LOVER, G. P. R. JAMES, MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE, and others who contributed to various departments of literature besides the novel.

The three sisters, CHARLOTTE, EMILY, and ANNE BRONTË, made their first appearance in the literary world under the assumed names of "Currer," "Ellis," and "Acton Bell." These names were attached to a volume of poems, which was unsuccessful. Again the three tried their fortunes in the literary field, with but little better success. This time the work of each was a novel. Charlotte's was entitled *The Professor*; Emily's, *Wuthering Heights*, and Anne's, *Agnes Gray*. Charlotte's was returned with the encouraging advice to try again. She did try again, and the very same day *The Professor* was returned she commenced the novel of *Jane Eyre*, which was published in 1847. Its success was immediate and unparalleled. Two years afterwards *Shirley* appeared from the same pen, and the obscure "Currer Bell" was discovered to be CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1816-1855), daughter of a clergyman in the village of Haworth, Yorkshire. In 1853 her next novel, *Villette*, was published. Charlotte married her father's curate, Mr. Nicholls. She died in less than a year afterwards.*

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD (1786-1855), who died the same year as Charlotte Brontë, had made her first appearance in the literary world as a poetess and dramatic writer. Her sketches of rural life are among

* "Early on Saturday morning, March 31st, the solemn tolling of Haworth church-bell spoke forth the fact of her death to the villagers, who had known her from a child, and whose hearts shivered within them as they thought of the two sitting desolate and alone in the old gray house. * * * * Few beyond that circle of hills knew that she, whom the nations praised afar off, lay dead that Easter morning. Of kith and kin, she had more in the grave, to which she was soon to be borne, than among the living."—From the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, by Mrs. Gaskell.

the most charming of her prose works. The first was entitled *Our Village*. In 1852 her *Recollections of a Literary Life* was published, and her last work, *Atherton and Other Tales*, in 1854.

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE (1778-1863), having spent three years in America, published in 1832 her first work, *Domestic Life of the Americans*, in which she caricatured the manners and customs of this country. Notwithstanding the censure received for this work, she continued her satiric sketches in a novel called *The Refugee in America*. Mrs. Trollope afterwards travelled in Germany, and wrote *Belgium and Western Germany in 1833*. In her first books on the Americans she ridiculed their foibles and vices, particularly the excessive use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors. In 1836 she renewed the attack, this time depicting the sufferings of the colored people in the Southern States. This work was called *The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw*. Other works were *Vienna and the Austrians*, *Paris and the Parisians*, *Visit to Italy*, and innumerable novels,—*The Vicar of Wrexhill*, *The Laurringtons*, etc.

Two sons of Mrs. Trollope have also won fame in literature.* The elder, THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE (1810 —), wrote chiefly works of travel and biography. Several novels also came from his pen, chiefly of Italian life. His residence being for a number of years at Florence, most of his writings are associated with Italian life. His best biographical work is *A Decade of Italian Women*.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART (1794-1854), the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, wrote four novels before he became editor of the *Quarterly Review*, which he conducted from 1826 until 1852. He wrote several biographical works, among them a *Life of Burns*, but his fame will rest upon his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*. Lockhart died at Abbotsford and was buried near Scott in Dryburgh Abbey.

JOHN WILSON (1788-1854), known as well by his pseudonym of "Christopher North," and oftener called Professor Wilson, from his occupying the professorship of moral philosophy in Edinburgh University, has given us some exquisite sketches of rural life in Scotland. He first appeared as a poet, by the publication of a volume of poems entitled *The Isle of Palms*. He was then residing on the banks of Lake Windermere, near Wordsworth's home. In 1822 appeared his *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, consisting of twenty-four short stories. His other stories are *Trials of Margaret Lindsay* and *The Foresters*. The *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, a series of papers written mainly by Wilson, contains some of the finest essays and criticisms in the language. A collection of the

* ANTHONY TROLLOPE, a younger brother, noticed in the next chapter.

most valuable of these has been published under the title of *Recreations of Christopher North*.

G. P. R. JAMES (1801-1860) wrote innumerable novels, generally of a historic character. *Richelieu* is said to be the best.

Two Irish novelists wrote at this time. SAMUEL LOVER (1798-1868) wrote sketches of Irish life, and is the author of several popular songs, *The Angel's Whisper*, *Rory O'More*, *The Four-leaved Shamrock*, etc. CHARLES JAMES LEVER (1806-1872), a most industrious and voluminous writer, was also a native of Ireland. After his first novel in 1839, he published one yearly until his death. Some of his earlier novels rivalled those of Dickens in popularity.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT (1792-1848) was a popular novelist. Most of his stories are of sea life. In 1837 he visited America, and, like Mrs. Trollope, caricatured the manners of the people. Some of his novels are *Jacob Faithful*, *The Phantom Ship*, *Midshipman Easy*, *Peter Simple*, etc.

Philosophic Writers.

The literature of Germany, which only sprang into vigorous life the latter part of the eighteenth century or the beginning of the nineteenth, had great influence upon the English writers of that time. Everywhere among thinking minds we see its vivifying power.

No English writer shows greater evidence of this influence than THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881). To a naturally fearless, independent mind, it added intensity and vigor. His thoughts moulded themselves into heavy weapons, which he wielded against all forms of sham and hypocrisy. His words fell with sledge-hammer force, and there is inspiration in their very ring. He is the Thor of writers, and the ring of his mighty hammer will echo through all time with the earnest purpose of his strokes. He has been accused of writing for dramatic effect. He certainly succeeded in producing dramatic effects. His subjects are vigorously conceived and as vigorously executed; such writing *must* produce strong effects. Force was his idol.

Carlyle takes his place in literature as essayist, historian, biographer, translator, and satirist, while in all there is the inquiring mind of the philosopher. His first works were

critiques on *Montesquieu*, *Montaigne*, *Nelson*, *Norfolk*, and the two *Pitts*, published in Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. Soon after he translated Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, which was followed by the *Life of Schiller*, and an unequalled *Essay on Burns*.

Sartor Resartus, published in 1833, brought Carlyle prominently before the public. It is really a philosophical essay, but purports to be the history of an imaginary German professor. The title *Sartor Resartus* literally means the Tailor re-tailored or re-made. The work is a disquisition on the relative value of the material and immaterial. With grim humor, he treats of the philosophy of clothes. Society is invested in worn-out rags, and under this shabby habiliment the "divine idea" is concealed.

In 1837 Carlyle published his *French Revolution*—a series, as it has been called, of "terrific tableaux."* After the publication of the *French Revolution*, he wrote *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, and *Chartism*. His essays on *Hero Worship* were delivered in London in 1840 as lectures, and published the next year. His *Latter-Day Pamphlets* assailed with invective and ridicule the institutions and politicians of his day. He is unsparing in his censure and irony. "Poor devils," "fools," "blockheads," and "knaves," are terms he never hesitates to use. He also wrote the *Life of Oliver Cromwell*, *Life of John Sterling*, *The Past and Present*, besides numerous articles published in various *Reviews*. His *Critique on Boswell's Johnson* shows the tenderness of his nature as well as the strength. Evidences, however, of the gentleness of his nature are not wanting, but his "intense convictions" oftener found utterance, and, to the eyes of the world, he is the exponent of force merely.

Among his later works his greatest is the *Life of Frederick*

* The manuscript of this wonderful work, having been lent to a friend for inspection, was by accident destroyed, an ignorant servant taking it to light a fire. This brilliant and extensive work was the result of unwearied years of research and labor. Long afterwards Carlyle thus spoke to one of his friends of the disastrous event: "For three days and nights I could neither eat nor sleep, but was like a daft man. Then I went away into the country, and did nothing for three months but read Maryat's novels. Then I set to work and wrote it all over again. But," said he, sadly, and in his native Scotch dialect, "I dinna think it's the same; no, I dinna think it's the same."

the *Great*, the first portion of which appeared in 1858, the last in 1865.

Carlyle lost rank in the esteem of all true Americans when, after the breaking out of the rebellion, he sided with the oppressor against the oppressed, with the master against the slave.

Few critics, probably, have sounded Carlyle's depths, but all must feel the genuine ring of his "gospel of Work," of Duty, of Truth, of Force,—force, without which the highest preached doctrine will be unavailing.

The chief works of SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON (1788–1856) are *Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education, and University Reform, Lectures on Logic, and Lectures on Metaphysics*.

In physical science the names of the Herschels, Sir Charles Bell, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir David Brewster, and Michael Faraday are prominent.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL (1738–1822), although a native of Hanover, lived in England from the age of twenty-one until his death. He was one of the most remarkable astronomers of his day. His efficient help in his great discoveries was his sister, CAROLINE HERSCHEL (1750–1848), a memoir of whom was published in 1876, by Mrs. John Herschel.*

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL (1792–1871) was a son of Sir William Herschel, and a distinguished astronomer. His chief works are *Treatise on Sound, on Light, Outlines of Astronomy, Physical Geography*, etc.

SIR CHARLES BELL (1774–1842) made important discoveries in physiology. His *Exposition of the Natural System of the Nerves of the Human Body*, and one of the "Bridgewater Treatises," *The Hand, its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as evincing Design*, are among his important contributions to science and literature.

DR. WILLIAM WHEWELL (1794–1866), who also wrote a

* "By sheer force of will and devoted affection," says her biographer, "she learned enough of mathematics and of methods of calculation to be able to commit to writing the result of his researches. She became his assistant in the workshop; she helped him to grind and polish his mirrors; she stood beside his telescope in the nights of midwinter, to write down his observations when the very ink was frozen in the bottle." She herself discovered eight comets.

"Bridgewater Treatise," entitled *Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology*, was the author of a work, published anonymously, entitled *Of the Plurality of Worlds*. He maintained that the earth is the only abode of an intellectual, moral race of beings.

The writings of HUGH MILLER (1802-1856) have enriched literature quite as much as science. He was a native of Carmarty, Scotland, and his interest in geology was awakened as he labored as a stone-mason. His chief works are *The Old Red Sandstone*, *Footprints of the Creator*, *The Testimony of the Rocks*, besides many of personal interest. *The Life and Letters of Hugh Miller* was published by PETER BAYNE, in 1872.

SIR CHARLES LYELL (1797-1875), one of the most eminent geologists of the age, was born in Forfarshire, Scotland. His greatest works are *The Principles of Geology* and *The Antiquity of Man*.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER (1781-1867) was born in Jedburgh, Scotland. He became one of the most successful experimental philosophers, while his writings are rich contributions to literature. His principal works are a *Treatise on the Kaleidoscope* (which instrument he had invented), *Treatise on Optics*, *On the Microscope*, *The Martyrs of Science* (Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler), and *More Worlds than One*. "Among his chief titles to celebrity are his discovery of the law of polarization of light by reflection, and his researches on double refraction."

MICHAEL FARADAY (1791-1867), "the founder of the science of magneto-electricity," was the son of a poor blacksmith. By the encouragement of Sir Humphry Davy and other members of the Royal Society, he was enabled to devote his life to science. His lectures at the Royal Institution were noted for their singular clearness and elegance.

Theologians.

In 1833 a movement was made in the Church of England towards high-church doctrines. The principal advocates of this semi-papal innovation were the REVS. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801 —), EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY (1800-1882), and JOHN KEBLE (1792-1866). They advocated their doctrines in a series

of tracts, *Tracts for the Times*, which gave them the name of "Tractarians." All of the writers being members of the University of Oxford, the movement is sometimes called the "Oxford movement." They were also denominated "Puseyites."

The principal works of DR. NEWMAN were a *History of the Arians of the Fourth Century*, *The Church of the Fathers*, *Essay on Miracles*, etc. He became a member of the Roman Catholic Church in 1845. The writings of PUSEY have a less permanent hold upon literature, while JOHN KEBLE is better known for his sacred lyrics.

REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON (1816-1853) spent his short life in trying to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, and in elevating the moral and intellectual condition of the working-classes. His *Life and Letters*, *Sermons*, *Lectures*, and *Addresses* fill several volumes.*

DEAN ALFORD (DR. HENRY ALFORD) (1810-1871) began his

*"He was one who thought for himself. When he entered Oxford, the Tractarian party, under the lead of Newman and Pusey, was rising rapidly into notice. He was pressed to join the movement; he examined its principles carefully, saw whither it would tend, recoiled from it, and took his stand on the opposite side. If he came under the influence of any one, it was that of the great and good Dr. Arnold; and he went forth from the University into the world resolved to do, in the name of Christ, all the good he could, by preaching the gospel, as the great Preacher preached it, to the poor, and by elevating and improving the masses. At Cheltenham he drew to hear him, on the first day of the week, crowds whom he had encouraged and helped on the other six days. But it was at the wider field of Brighton that he labored most and accomplished most. Into that wonderful ministry of six years an amount of work was crowded which could have been done only by a man who felt that life *would* be short, and that it *might* be useful and sublime. His heart had often yearned for the poor, to do them good if possible, to raise them from their low and sad condition, and to pour into their too weary lot the gentle and warm charities of Christian hearts and hand. But some men, then called *good*, trembled at the thought of *elevating* the working-classes, and rather looked round for power to keep them down. It was his habit to review all national events, and to seek to pour light upon all great public questions in his preaching, as well as by other means that offered themselves. He preached to his own age, but always uttered truths and principles which lay at the deep hearts of all ages. As he said himself, 'the great depths of humanity remain the same from age to age.'"

"There is something," he says, "worse than death. Cowardice is worse. And the decay of enthusiasm and manliness is worse. And it is worse than death, ay, worse than a hundred thousand deaths, when a people has gravitated down into the creed that the 'wealth of nations' consists, not in generous hearts—'Fire in each breast, and freedom on each brow'—in national virtues, and primitive simplicity and heroic endurance and preference of duty to life,—not in MEN, but in silk and cotton, and something that they call 'capital.'"

literary life by publishing a volume of *Poems*. "His reputation as a divine is founded on an excellent edition of the Greek New Testament." He was appointed Dean of Canterbury by Lord Palmerston, in 1857. His *Queen's English*, a critical work on language, is chiefly remarkable for its own bad English.

NICHOLAS WISEMAN (1802-1865) was one of the first scholars of Europe, and the leading English Catholic. In 1849 he became Archbishop of Westminster, and the next year was made Cardinal. His assumption of Archbishop met with great opposition from the English Protestants, but his great talents and liberal culture finally overcame the prejudice. Besides numerous *Sermons*, *Lectures*, and *Essays*, he was editor of the *Dublin Review*, a Catholic periodical.

BISHOP COLENSO (JOHN WILLIAM) created some considerable interest by publishing, in 1864, a denial of the inspiration and historic accuracy of some of the books of the Old Testament.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY (1787-1863), best known to students by his *Elements of Logic and Rhetoric*, was one of the most liberal and profound thinkers of his time. He was educated at Oriel College,* Oxford, where Newman, Pusey, and Keble imbibed their high-church doctrines. Whately opposed the views of Newman and Pusey. He wrote *Essays on Romanism*, *Essays on some of the Difficulties of the Writings of St. Paul*, etc.

The brothers AUGUSTUS W. (1794-1834) and JULIUS C. HARE (1795-1855) became famous by their joint work, published in 1827, entitled *Guesses at Truth*. They published numerous sermons.

History.

The greatest name among historical writers of this period is that of HENRY HALLAM (1778-1859). His first important work was a *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, published in 1818. *Supplemental Notes* were afterwards added. His next work was *The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.* His

* Dr. Arnold also received his education here at the same time with Richard Whately. An intimate friendship between the two college friends sprang up which lasted through life.

most important work was his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON'S (1792-1867) most important works are *A History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons* (1789-1815). This was followed by *A History of Europe from 1815 to 1852*. *The Life of the Duke of Marlborough* is an introduction to these.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1808-1859) may be ranked almost equally well among poets, essayists, and historians. His *Lays of Ancient Rome* have a genuine ring, and hold a high rank in lyric poetry. His *Essays* are masterly productions, and his *History* is unrivalled in its strength of conception and clearness of expression. With strong sympathies and antipathies, he is not always just nor reliable; and for the sake of a brilliant period, he has sometimes sacrificed important truths. His vivid imagination wrought intense pictures. The first portion of Macaulay's *History of England* appeared in 1848. The history begins at the accession of James II., and was to be carried down to the writer's own time. But ill-health assailed him, and the work was only carried to the time of William III.*

The *Essays* of Macaulay are nearly all biographical. The first prose that drew him into public notice was his *Essay on Milton*, published, as most of his essays were, in the *Edinburgh Review*. This was followed by his *Essay on Lord Bacon*, *Lord Clive*, *Warren Hastings*, *Sir Robert Walpole*, *Sir William Temple*, and many more. He also wrote a great many critical reviews, as of *Hallam's Constitutional History*, *Boswell's Johnson*, *Horace Walpole's Letters*, etc.

In 1830 Macaulay entered Parliament, and, after his memorable speech on the bill for the renewal of the charter of the East India Company, he was made a member of the Supreme Council of India. He spent three years in India, and, becoming acquainted with its history and inhabitants, was rendered all the more able to produce his brilliant essays on Lord Clive and Warren Hastings. Returning from India in 1838, he again entered Parliament, this time as a representative of the city

* Some one has called the history "an epic poem, with King William for its hero." Macaulay was a staunch Whig.

of Edinburgh. He was raised to the peerage in 1857, with the title of Baron Macaulay.*

HENRY HART MILMAN (1791-1868) wrote a *History of the Jews*, a *History of Christianity*, and the *History of Latin Christianity*.

DR. THOMAS ARNOLD (1795-1842), the beloved master of Rugby School, contributed to the historic works of this period. His principal work is the *History of Rome*. His *Lectures on Modern History* was published after his death.

But it was as a teacher that Dr. Arnold was great. Into his noble calling he infused all the highest attributes of mind and heart. To his accurate classical scholarship he added an enthusiastic love for literature, and awakened in his pupils an ardent desire for knowledge. But above all, he inspired them with a desire for earnest purposes and true living, and this not only by precept, but by his own rare example.

He was strongly opposed to the high-church party, and went so far as to advocate a union with the dissenting churches, maintaining that the whole body of believers were brethren in Christ. He never hesitated to speak out freely his convictions, and

"Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway."

The year before his death he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

SIR JOHN GARDINER WILKINSON (1797-1875) published before 1850 a valuable *History of the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*.

Essayists, Critics, and Miscellaneous Writers.

The numerous Reviews tempted the pens of innumerable aspirants for literary fame, the names of some of whom will descend to posterity with unfaded lustre.

One of the earliest contributors to the Edinburgh Review was HENRY BROUGHAM (1779-1868) (afterwards Lord Brougham).

* Macaulay's life was mainly that of a scholar. He mingled rarely in the gay circles of the fashionable literary world, except now and then at the Holland House. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was of Scotch descent. He was a friend of Wilberforce, and a zealous advocate of the abolition of the slave-trade.

He found his appropriate sphere for his forensic abilities when he entered Parliament. There, with unceasing energy, he labored against every form of abuse. He was the advocate of the abolition of slavery, of religious toleration, popular education, free trade, and law reform. In 1830 he became Lord Chancellor. After his retirement from this office he wrote a great variety of works, besides his contributions to the Edinburgh Review. The most important are *Memoirs of the Statesmen of the Reign of George III.*; *Lives of Men of Letters and Science in the Reign of George III.*; *Political Philosophy*; *Speeches, with Historical Introductions, and Dissertations upon the Eloquence of the Ancients*; *Discourse on Paley's Natural Theology*; *Analytical Review of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia*, and various pamphlets on law reform. In his eighty-fourth year he began his last work, *Sketches of his Life and Times*.

It is to be regretted that, in the American struggle to overthrow slavery, Lord Brougham gave his sympathy to the slaveholding party, notwithstanding his early feelings on the subject of human bondage. He died at Cannes in his ninetieth year.

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834) was more intimately associated with the writers given in the present chapter, although more strictly contemporary with those of the preceding chapter. We are attracted to this genial writer by his exuberance of joyous spirits, his innumerable social qualities, and, above all, by his life of cheerful self-abnegation. To appreciate his life of sacrifice we must see his devoted love and care for his afflicted sister, see the days of anxious watching, and know the prospect of happiness which he relinquished for her sake. To see him socially we need not go farther than his own humble home in London. It must be Wednesday evening, and perhaps Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey are in town, and will be there. We shall at least find Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, probably Hood and De Quincey, who usually spend Wednesday evenings here. There is a rattling flow of conversation, Lamb never so well pleased as when listening to his guests, especially to Coleridge, and his guests never better entertained than when listening to the gay sallies and repartees of their host, albeit they were stammered forth. The gentle sister, Mary Lamb, presides as

hostess, watching with loving, careful eye lest the convivial humor of her brother overleap its bounds.*

Charles Lamb was a true Londoner. He loved the busy, crowded streets, the bustling life, in short, he loved *people*. The lakes and mountains might be enjoyed by Wordsworth and other rural poets; it was the great throbbing heart of humanity that Charles Lamb loved, and that he found in London.

That which was quaint or odd in literature attracted him. The whims of old Sir Thomas Browne, of Milton's times, were caught and reflected by Lamb, whether consciously or unconsciously.† His fine appreciation and critical judgment brought into popular notice the old Elizabethan dramatists. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare and the drama. In 1808 he published his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who Lived About the Time of Shakespeare, with Notes*.

But the most popular of all Lamb's works are his *Essays*, under the signature of *Elia*. With his sister, MARY LAMB (1765-1847), he wrote books for children, principal among them *Tales from Shakespeare*. This congenial occupation furnished a healthful source of amusement for the afflicted sister, and many happy hours were thus spent.

Charles Lamb's early education had been received at Christ Hospital, where he first made the acquaintance of Coleridge. At the age of eighteen he received an appointment as clerk in the India House, London, which position he held for more than thirty years, when he retired on a handsome pension, scarcely knowing what to do with his large liberty. His fame as an author had been steadily growing, for the hours required at the India House left him time for literary labor. It is told of this humorist, that going late to his post of duty one morning, his superior reminded him of other similar offenses, to which Lamb replied with characteristic humor, "True, sir, very true, I often come late; but then, you know, I always go away early!"‡

* A Wednesday evening at the Lamb's was only equalled by that other literary coterie assembled at the Holland House, where Lord and Lady Holland entertained the wits of the day, provided they were Whigs.

† Sir Thomas Browne wrote "Vulgar Errors;" Charles Lamb wrote *Popular Fallacies*.

‡ His fund of humor never exhausted itself. A friend once met him on the street

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830) made literature his life and means of support. He was a rare critic, and his essays, published in the periodicals of the day, are rich in thought and imagination. His chief works are *Principles of Human Action*, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, *Table Talk*, *Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of Elizabeth's Age*, *Lectures on English Poetry*, etc.

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859), like Hazlitt, devoted his life to literature, and was one of the fine critics and miscellaneous writers of the time. Early in life he began to edit a paper entitled the *Examiner*. For speaking too freely of the character of the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.), he was thrown into prison for two years.* His prose works embrace a variety of subjects. Among them are *Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries*, *Stories of Italian Poets*, *Classic Tales*, etc. His chief poem is the *Story of Rimini*, and he is gratefully remembered for the exquisite little poem, *About Ben Adhem*.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859) was a warm admirer of Wordsworth and friend of Coleridge. In mental organization he resembled the latter. His conversational powers are described as equalling those of Coleridge. His literary works, like those of Coleridge, were fragmentary. "He never finished anything," said the *London Quarterly*, "except his sentences, which are models of elaborate workmanship." The greatest resemblance, perhaps, between these two great minds, powerful in their natural strength, was the total wreck which each suffered from the dread habit of opium-eating. The epithet of "the English Opium-Eater" will forever cling to De Quincey's name, from his own exposure of his weakness in his wonderful work, the *Confession of an Opium-Eater*. De Quincey wrote on a variety of subjects—historical, imaginative, and speculative. Upon Milton, Wordsworth, and Coleridge he wrote in warmest praise.†

carrying home a hare. "Come, come with me to dinner," stuttered Lamb; "we are going to have a 'hare and many friends.'"

* Airy and light of heart, as all of his friends knew him, he had converted even his cell into a fairy-palace. If Dickens saw in him the prototype of "Horace Skimpole," Carlyle saw in him a true, graceful, genuine nature.

† For many years De Quincey lived among the lakes, with the company of poets there.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864) is scarcely as well known to the general reader as he deserves to be. His *Imaginary Conversations*, upon which his fame now mainly rests, deserves a place in every library. He was a devoted lover of classical studies, and his *Imaginary Conversations* are written somewhat in the style of Plato's, introducing historical characters as discussing questions of public or private import. Among these dialogues are conversations between *Queen Elizabeth and Cecil*, *Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey*, *Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney*, *Dr. Johnson and Horne Tooke*, *Milton and Andrew Marvel*, *Marcus Tullius and Quintus Cicero*, and *Southey and Porson*.* The latter are represented as discussing the merits of Wordsworth. The author throws himself heartily into each character and into the very spirit of the age, while his accurate historical knowledge makes the *Conversations* reliable pictures of the past.

Perhaps no writers contributed more to the healthful literature of the middle part of this century than William and Mary Howitt. Their whole married life was a joint literary partnership. WILLIAM HOWITT (1795 —), after writing *Rural Life in England*, and *Visits to Remarkable Places*, removed with his family to Germany, and spent two years at Heidelberg. Here he wrote *Student Life in Germany*. Returning to England he wrote *Homes and Haunts of British Poets* and *The Aristocracy of England*. Together William and Mary Howitt wrote a valuable *History of the Literature of Scandinavia*, which was published in 1852. MARY HOWITT (1804 —), besides her joint labor with her husband, has produced a great many individual works of both prose and poetry. Her ballads are most popular, and she has been styled "the poetess of the young, the humble, and the poor." Her stories for the young, written originally for her own children, are replete with wise instruction and wholesome entertainment. Among those to be gratefully remembered are *Strive and Thrive*, *Hope on Hope Ever*, *Work and Wages*, *Sowing and Reaping*, etc. She translated all of Fredrika Bremer's works from the Swedish, and many of Hans Christian Andersen's from the Danish. The theme that always attracted her most was childhood with its joys and griefs.

* Richard Porson was the finest Greek scholar of the age.

Illustrations of the Literature of Wordsworth's
Age.

WORDSWORTH.

A PORTRAIT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

SONNETS.

(The World is Too Much with Us.)

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

MILTON.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
 England hath need of thee; she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea
 Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself didst lay.

From SONNETS.

Scorn not the sonnet; critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honors; with this key
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart. * * *

* * *

and when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The thing became a trumpet.

Plain living and high thinking are no more.

FROM THREE YEARS SHE GREW, ETC.

And she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place,
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound,
 Shall pass into her face.

FROM TINTERN ABBEY.

That best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts
 Of kindness and of love.

The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion.—*Ibid.*

Hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity.—*Ibid.*

Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her.—*Ibid.*

FROM PETER BELL.

In vain, through every changeful year,
 Did Nature lead him, as before;
 A primrose by a river's brim,
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.

FROM THE SOLITARY REAPER.

The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more.

COLERIDGE.

FROM THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink;
 Water, water everywhere,
 Nor any drop to drink.

* * * * *

Oh, sleep! it is a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.

* * * * *

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

* * * * *

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a dropping from the sky,
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon;
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

* * * * *

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;—
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

* * * * *

A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

FROM CHRISTABEL.

There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,

Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky.

* * * *

Alas, they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

SOUTHEY.

From THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow.
The Russians, he said, they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum would presently come,
With a hop, step, and jump into London.

* * * *

Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
Through thick and thin to its party true;
Its back was buff and its sides were blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for law and for gospel too.

From THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

HOOD.

From THE TALE OF A TRUMPET.

She was deaf as a stone—say one of the stones
Demosthenes sucked to improve his tones;
And surely deafness no further could reach
Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech.

* * * *

She was deaf as a nut, for nuts, no doubt,
 Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out;
 She was deaf, alas! as the dead and forgotten.
 Gray has noticed the waste of breath
 In addressing the dull, cold ear of death.

FROM A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

Even is come; and from the dark park hark!
 The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
 And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
 To go and see the Drury Lane Dane slain,
 Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,
 Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade
 Denying to his frantic clutch much touch.

FROM MISS KILMANSEGG.

The very metal of merit they told,
 And praised her for being as good as gold
 Till she grew as a peacock haughty;
 Of money they talk'd the whole day round,
 And weigh'd desert like grapes by the pound,
 Till she had an idea from the very sound,
 That people with naught were naughty.

* * * * *

The books to teach the verbs and nouns,
 And those about countries, cities, and towns,
 Instead of their sober drabs and browns,
 Were in crimson silk, with gilt edges;
 Old Johnson shone out in as fine array
 As he did one night when he went to the play;
 Lindley Murray in like conditions;
 Each weary, unwelcome, irksome task
 Appear'd in a fancy dress and a mask.

FROM ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

There's not a string attuned to mirth,
 But has its chord in melancholy.

LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in his room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

CARLYLE.

FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is,—the seed-time of life, in which, if you do not sow, or if you sow tares instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterwards,—you will bitterly repent when it is too late. The habits of study acquired at universities are of the highest importance in after-life. At the season when you are young in years, the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to let it, or order it to form itself into. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. Keep an actual separation between what you have really come to know in your own minds and what is still unknown. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. There is such a thing as a man endeavoring to persuade himself, and endeavoring to persuade others, that he knows about things, when he does not know more than the outside skin of them; and yet he goes flourishing about with them. Avoid all that, as entirely unworthy of an honorable mind. Gradually see what kind of work you can do; for it is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe.

A man is born to expend every particle of strength that God has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for,—to stand up to it to

the last breath of life, and to do his best. We are called upon to do that; and the reward we all get is that we have got the work done, or, at least, that we have tried to do the work. For that is a great blessing in itself; and, I should say, there is not very much more reward than that going in this world. If the man gets meat and clothes, what matters it whether he have ten thousand pounds or seventy pounds a year? He can get meat and clothes for that; and he will find very little difference, intrinsically, if he is a wise man.

Finally, gentlemen, I have one advice to give you, which is practically of very great importance,—that health is a thing to be attended to continually,—that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health.

Dost thou think that there is no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. I tell thee again there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below; the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and bonfires ahead of thee to blaze centuries long for thy victory in behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, no!" Thy "success"? Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded.

MACAULAY.

FROM ESSAY ON MILTON.

There are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace, and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance, and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which

his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptation and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

CHARLES LAMB.

FROM A LETTER TO COLERIDGE.

I have been reading *The Task* with fresh delight. I am glad you love Cowper. I could forgive a man for not enjoying Milton; but I would not call that man my friend who should be offended with the "divine chit-chat of Cowper."

* * * * *

I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. Oh, my friend! I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those "merrier days," not the "pleasant days of hope," not "those wanderings with a fair-haired maid," which I have so often and so feelingly regretted, but the days, Coleridge, of a *mother's* fondness for her school-boy. What would I give to call her back to earth for *one* day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain!

FROM POPULAR FALLACIES.

Candle-light is our own peculiar and household planet. Wanting it, what savage, unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in caves and unilluminated fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's cheek to be sure that he understood it? This accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. . . . Jokes came in with candles.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, D.D.

It is in vain to rail at works of fiction with indiscriminate censure. Read they will be, and read they must be; and if we are asked the reason why works of fiction are matters of importance, the best reply which has been suggested is, that they enlarge the heart, enabling us to sympathize with the hearts of a larger circle of the human race than that into which our own experience admits us. You are all familiar with the works of Dickens. The effect of that man's writings upon English feelings and English sympathies is quite incalculable. The peculiar feature of his works is, that their scenes are always placed in

the ordinary walks of life. It is the character of all fiction now. The Clarissas and Grandisons of past ages have disappeared, and the life exhibited to us now is that of the lower classes of society. Men who by reading the works of Cooper had learned to feel that there was a real human life in the heart of the red Indian of the prairie, and who, by reading the works of Scott, learned that beneath the helmets and mail of iron which rust in our armories, human passions and affections once beat warm, were insensibly taught by the works of Dickens to feel that in this country, close to their own homes, there was a truth of human life, the existence of which they had not suspected. We all remember the immense sensation those works made at first. If you asked the lady who was getting out of her coroneted carriage at the bookseller's shop what it was she wanted, you were told she had come to inquire if the new number of Dickens's last work were out yet. If you saw a soldier on the turnpike road with his knapsack on his back, reading as he went, and stepped up behind him and looked over his shoulder, hoping, perhaps, to see that it was a tract, you saw it was the same everlasting Dickens. From the throne to the cottage this was true. What was the result of this? Imperceptibly, one which all the pulpits of the country would have been glad to combine in producing. The hearts of the rich and poor were felt to throb together.

DR. THOMAS ARNOLD.

FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Another point to which I attach much importance is liveliness. This seems to me an essential condition of sympathy with creatures so lively as boys are naturally, and it is a great matter to make them understand that liveliness is not folly or thoughtlessness. Now, I think the prevailing manner among many valuable men at Oxford is the very opposite to liveliness; and I think that this is the case partly with yourself; not at all from affectation, but from natural temper, encouraged, perhaps, rather than checked, by a belief that it is right and becoming. But this appears to me to be in point of manner the great difference between a clergyman with a parish and a school-master. It is an illustration of St. Paul's rule, "Rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep." A clergyman's intercourse is very much with the sick and the poor, where liveliness would be greatly misplaced; but a school-master's is with the young, the strong, and the happy, and he cannot get on with them unless in animal spirits he can sympathize with them, and show them that his thoughtfulness is not connected with selfishness and weakness.

SYLLABUS.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were called the "Lake Poets."

They sought to bring the art of poetry back to nature.

Wordsworth maintained that the ordinary topics of daily life were fit subjects for poetry.

He was ridiculed by critics.

When he died in 1850, he was considered the first poet of the age.

There are fine poetic veins running throughout everything he has written.

The love of nature was with him a passion.

He is the next sonnet-writer after Milton.

His principal poems are *The Excursion*, *Hart-Leap Well*, *Yarrow Visited*, etc., *Luodamia*, *Ode on Immortality*, *She was a Phantom of Delights*, *Ruth*, *Lucy*, *We are Seven*, etc.

Among those most ridiculed were *Peter Bell*, *The Idiot Boy*, *Alice Fell*, *The Blind Highland Boy*, etc.

Coleridge possessed rare genius, but lacked firmness of will.

He was remarkable as a conversationist.

Many of his poems were left uncompleted. Of these *Christabel* is most important.

His completed poems are *The Ancient Mariner*, *Genevieve*, *Hymn to Mont Blanc*. His chief dramatic poem was the tragedy, *Remorse*. He gave an inimitable translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*.

Coleridge and Wordsworth published their first poems together, under the title of *Lyrical Ballads*.

The Pantisocracy was a visionary scheme of Coleridge, Southey, and Lovell to establish a community.

The prose works of Coleridge are *Lay Sermons*, *Biographia Literaria*, *The Friend*, *Aids to Reflection*, *The Constitution of Church and State*, *Table Talk*, and *Literary Remains*.

Southey and Coleridge presented great contrasts in character.

Southey's industry was remarkable.

His long poems are *Joan of Arc*, *Madoc*, *The Curse of Kehama*, *Thalaba*, and *Roderick*.

His shorter poems are simple in diction.

Southey had a great facility for rhyming. *The Cataract of Lodore* and *March to Moscow* are examples.

His prose works—*Biographies* and *Letters*—are highly valued.

The poetess Caroline Anne Southey was his second wife.

Thomas Hood was the greatest humorist of the age. His own life was a sad one.

He was the poet of humanity. His serious poems are *The Bridge of Sighs*, *Eugene Aram*, and *The Song of the Shirt*. His poems of wit and humor are innumerable.

Thomas Campbell was born in Scotland. His principal poems are *The*

Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming, O'Connor's Child, Lockiel's Warning, etc.

Minor poets of the time were William Lisle Bowles, Samuel Rogers, James Montgomery, Ebenezer Elliot ("the Cörrn-Law Rhymer"), the brothers Horace and James Smith, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon ("L. E. L."), Hartley Coleridge, and George Croly.

The publication of *Specimens of the Old English Dramatists*, by Charles Lamb, reopened the treasures of the Elizabethan drama and gave an impulse to dramatic literature.

The chief dramatists of the age were James Sheridan Knowles, Douglas Jerrold, Sir Henry Taylor, Thomas Noon Talfourd, Miss Mitford, and Henry Hart Milman.

The novelists of this period were Charlotte Brontë, Mary Russell Mitford, Captain Marryat, Samuel Lover, Charles James Lever, G. P. R. James, Mrs. Trollope. The Scotch novelists were Lockhart and Wilson.

The philosophic minds of England in the early part of the nineteenth century were influenced by German thought.

Thomas Carlyle ranks in literature as essayist, historian, biographer, translator. In all he is the philosopher.

His principal works besides his *Critiques* are *Sartor Resartus*, *The French Revolution*, *Hero Worship*, *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, *Past and Present*, and *Life of Frederick the Great*. His essays on eminent characters contain some of his best thoughts.

Force was his idol.

Sir William Hamilton was a noted metaphysician of the time.

Among physical scientists were the Herschels, Sir Charles Bell, Dr. William Whewell, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir David Brewster, Michael Faraday.

Hugh Miller contributed rather to literature than to science.

In theology, a movement was being made towards high-church doctrines.

Newman, Pusey, and John Keble were most prominent in the movement.

Other divines of the time were Frederick W. Robertson, Dean Alford, Nicholas Wiseman, Bishop Colenso, and the brothers Hare.

In history, the greatest names of the middle part of the century are Hallam, Macaulay, Alison, Milman, Dr. Arnold.

Henry Brougham (Lord Brougham) early distinguished himself as a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. He became more famous afterwards in Parliament.

Charles Lamb was one of the most genial writers of the time. His *Essays of Elia* is his most important work.

William Hazlitt was a rare critic.

Leigh Hunt was a miscellaneous writer.

Thomas De Quincey was also a miscellaneous writer.

Walter Savage Landor is best known by his *Imaginary Conversations*.

William and Mary Howitt enriched literature by their joint productions.



TENNYSON.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VICTORIAN AGE.

1850 to the Present.

QUEEN VICTORIA ascended the throne in 1837. The measures of reform begun in the reign of her predecessor were extended. The cry for cheap bread which was ringing through England when the young Queen ascended the throne, was augmented into a demand for extended privileges, the main point being universal suffrage. To this end, a charter was drawn up by the Workingmen's Association, and its upholders were known as Chartists. In 1845 the corn laws were repealed, and in 1867, after innumerable efforts, a new Reform Bill was passed. Since then there has been a constant ebb and flow in English politics.

From 1832 until the present time there has been a steady intellectual growth. One marked change may be observed, more, perhaps, in the popular taste than in authorship. In the early and middle part of the century it was a new poem that attracted the attention of the reading public, to-day it is the new novel. The masses, owing to a greater diffusion of education, are now demanding literature as a recreation, and the romance and story of every-day life best suit the popular taste. The age demands prose rather than poetry. The new facts revealed by science, the new light in which history is viewed, give to scientific and historic works a place and interest in literature unknown before.

It is not a necessary conclusion that poetry declines as civil-

ization advances. Poetry, the highest form of human expression, can never decline. Its outward forms may vary, and the history of literature shows that both prose and poetry have been subject to freaks,—whims of art. When, in Elizabeth's time, "Euphuism" prevailed in England, threatening to enervate the vigorous prose, Gabriel Harvey, a friend of Spenser's and Sir Philip Sidney's, had nearly persuaded these poets to join with himself to "reform" English poetry,—to abolish rhyme and introduce the Latin system of quantity in verse. Good sense prevailed, however, over false taste, and the scheme did not prosper. Still, as we have seen, other schools sprang up,—the "metaphysical," "classical," and "foolish-fantastical," as the Della Cruscan school might be termed, which had an ephemeral existence in the latter part of the eighteenth century.* A similar unhealthy movement may be noticed at the present day, in a style of poetry which had a healthy origin in the pre-Raphaelite school of art originated by Ruskin, but which has at the present day degenerated into the burlesqued school of "æstheticism."†

ALFRED TENNYSON (1810 —) and ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1809-1861) hold the highest rank among the Victorian poets. Of later years, ROBERT BROWNING (1812 —) has been accorded a place almost as high among the poets of his time.

For fifty years ALFRED TENNYSON has steadily kept his place in public favor, and for more than thirty years he has been poet-laureate of England. His highest poetic art is expressed in his shortest lyrics. They are the very condensation of feeling and expression. *The Poet's Song*, *Break, Break, Break*, and the *Bugle Song* are among the rarest gems in the language. Human utterance seemed to reach perfection in the *Bugle Song*, while that which lies beyond all utterance is illustrated in *Break, Break, Break*. In *Memoriam*, one of his longest poems, is an elegy written on the death of his beloved friend

* This school was the outgrowth of an unhealthy fancy entertained by a few self-styled poets, who, from their leader's pseudonym, took the name of Della Cruscans.

† The spirit of this school has invaded every department of art, poetry, painting, architecture, and dress, and not to decorate with sunflowers, cat-tails, and curtailed views, is not to be in the height of fashion.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLEM (1811-1833). It contains gems of thought and expression. In *The Idylls of the King*, Tennyson has given new life to the traditions of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round-Table, retaining to a remarkable degree the spirit of the original stories. Among other longer poems are *The Princess* (a medley), 1847; *Maud*, 1856; *Enoch Arden*, 1864. *Queen Mary* (a drama), was published in 1875, and was followed the next year by *Harold*, another dramatic poem. Since then *The Lover's Tale*, *The Revenge* (a ballad), and other minor poems have been published.

Among the most popular poems of Tennyson are *Locksley Hall*, *Godiva*, *Dora*, *The Lord of Burleigh*, *The May Queen*, *The Two Voices*, *Lady Clare*, *The Talking Oak*, etc.

Tennyson was born in Somersby, Lincolnshire. For many years he resided on the Isle of Wight, but since 1869 he has lived at Petersfield, Hampshire. His two elder brothers, Frederick and Charles, have also published poems. The laureate's first publication was with his brother Charles, in a volume entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*.

MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING was born in London. She was an invalid the most of her life. Her early education was carefully watched by her father, a wealthy English gentleman. She was very precocious, acquiring when quite young a knowledge of the classics rarely possessed by young men of her age. When she was but seventeen her *Essay on Mind* was published. The work which brought her first before the public was her translation of *Prometheus Bound*, from the old Greek poet Æschylus. Then followed *The Seraphim*, *A Drama of Exile*, etc. In 1850 she wrote *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, and the next year *Casa Guidi Windows*. The longest poem, *Aurora Leigh*, has been styled "a novel in verse," and was written, it might seem, to advocate her "convictions upon Life and Art." Other poems are *Bertha in the Lane*, *The Lost Bower*, *The Cry of the Children*, *The Cry of the Human*, *The Rhyme of the Duchess May*, *The Vision of Poets*, etc., beside innumerable *Sonnets*. Her *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, like Shakespeare's sonnets, best reveal her own inner life.

The poetry of Mrs. Browning is not of a popular order. It fits heights and depths of moods. It is only in moments of

inspiration, on the reader's part, that her full meaning flashes upon him. Her heart was open to the cry of humanity, and her sympathies intensely awakened with the oppressed of every nation. For years she resided with her husband, Robert Browning, and their one son in Florence, and

"From Casa Guidi windows (she) looked forth"

and watched with the eye of a patriot the fate of Italy, and the actions of Napoleon III., Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi.

The poetry of ROBERT BROWNING is seldom melodious and seldom easily understood. He appeals only to the highly cultured, and rarely seems to do his best. His first production was *Paracelsus* (a drama), followed by *Bells and Pomegranates*, a series of poems; *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, *Pippa Passes*, *Men and Women*, *Dramatis Personæ*, and *The Ring and the Book*. Among his shorter poems the "*Ride from Ghent to Aix*" is a masterpiece in action and intensity.

The poets of this period who held a prominent rank even before 1850 are BRYAN WALLER PROCTER ("Barry Cornwall"), 1790-1874; ELIZA COOK, 1817 —; CHARLES SWAIN ("The Manchester Poet"), 1803-1874; MRS. NORTON, 1808 —; RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES ("Baron Houghton"), 1809 —; MARTIN F. TUPPER, 1810 —; CHARLES MACKAY, 1814 —; CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819-1875, poet, novelist, and divine,—best known as a novelist; PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, 1816 —, author of *Festus*; ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, 1819-1861; FRANCES BROWN, 1816 —, called sometimes "the blind poetess of Ulster."

A later class of poets—those known better since 1850—are MATTHEW ARNOLD, GERALD MASSEY, SYDNEY DOBELL, WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, COVENTRY PATMORE, ADELAIDE PROCTER, LORD LYTTON ("Owen Meredith"), JEAN INGELow, AUBREY DE VERE, WILLIAM MORRIS, DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, E. W. GOSSE, AUSTIN DOBSON, PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, and others.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822 —), with the elegant culture of a scholar and critic, finds his true realm in criticism. Like his father, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, he has aided the cause of

education. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His works are *Poems*, *Essays on Criticism*, etc. EDWIN ARNOLD (1831 —) wrote *The Light of Asia*.

GERALD MASSEY (1828 —) produced in 1854 his most celebrated work, the *Ballad of Babe Christabel*, and other poems. COVENTRY PATMORE (1823 —) is best known by his *Angel in the House*, a poem illustrating the growth of the domestic affections. ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825-1864), daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, wrote poems of sorrow that find response in all hearts touched by grief.

EDWARD ROBERT, LORD LYTTON (1831 —), son of Lord Lytton (BULWER), under the *nom de plume* of "Owen Meredith" has published various poems — *Clytemnestra*, and *Other Minor Poems*; *The Wanderer*, a *Collection of Poems in Many Lands*; *Lucille*, a *Novel in Verse*; and a translation of the national songs of Servia.

JEAN INGELow (1830 —) was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, England. Her poems and prose stories have become popular in both continents.

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834 —) is an exquisite story-teller in verse. His principal poems are *The Life and Death of Jason* and *The Earthly Paradise*.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1843 —) rose suddenly into fame when, in 1865, he published *Atalanta in Calydon*. This work bespoke genius and poetic feeling. His next, *Bothwell*, a tragedy founded on the story of Mary Queen of Scots, was marred by voluptuousness, and the poet was denounced as loudly as he was at first hailed with pleasure. He has since written many poems, among them *Erechtheus* (1876), and *Songs of the Spring Tides*, 1880.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882), with the two poets last named, are the representatives of the pre-Raphaelite school of poetry. Rossetti's poems aim to express the feeling and tone of the pre-Raphaelite school of painting. The father, GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1783-1854), also a poet, was an Italian by birth. CHRISTINA GABRIELA ROSSETTI (1830 —), daughter of the latter and sister to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, has written, besides *The Goblin Market and Other Poems*, a number of stories in prose and in verse.

E. W. GOSSE (1849 —), AUSTIN DOBSON (1840 —), and PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON (1850 —), with others of equal merit, have recently appeared as poets and critics.

Poets of Scotland.

Scotland will ever be the land of song. Many of her poets are so thoroughly identified with the English, and have contributed so much to the strength and purity of the English tongue, that, unless they use the Scottish dialect, we seldom think of them as Scotchmen.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR (1798-1851) is known in literature as a poet and critic. His first contributions to Blackwood's Magazine were under the character of the Greek letter Delta. THOMAS AIRD (1802-1876), himself a fine poet and critic, edited the works of Moir. WILLIAM EDMONDSTONE AYTOUN (1813-1865) made a name in literature by his stirring *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*. His next work of importance was *Bothwell, a Poem*. He also collected two volumes of *Scottish Ballads*. ROBERT BUCHANAN (1841 —) in his earliest poems gave great promise of excellence. *Undertones* and *Idyls of Inverburn* were his first poems. He has since published *London Poems*; *Danish Ballads*; *The Book of Orm, a Prelude to the Epic*; *Napoleon Fallen, a Lyrical Drama*; and *the Drama of the Kings*.

The popular Drama is barely represented in this period. The interest in dramatic performances has in no degree abated, but the more cultivated taste of the age asks no better entertainment than a play of Shakespeare's well performed. Some modern dramas, however, have found favor on the stage. BULWER'S plays are popular, especially his *Richelieu* and *Lady of Lyons*. TOM TAYLOR (1817 —) has perhaps been the most prolific playwright of the time. His best known plays are *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, *Still Waters Run Deep*, etc. In her early career MRS. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE (1811 —) wrote two dramas, *Francis the First* and *The Star of Seville*. GILBERT ABBOT Á BECKET (1810-1856), author of *Comic Histories of England and Rome*, wrote numerous dramas. MARK LEMON (1809-1870), editor of "Punch" from its commencement in 1841 until his death, also wrote plays. CHARLES SHIRLEY BROOKS (1815-

1874), who succeeded Lemon as editor of *Punch*, wrote dramas and novels. Other later dramatists best known to Americans are DION BOUCICAULT (1822 —) and the melo-dramatists, MESSRS. W. S. GILBERT (— —) and ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN (1842 —). Their especial forte is burlesque; their latest attempt, *Patience*, is a burlesque of the degenerate æsthetic school of poetry. In these joint plays the melodies are supplied by Mr. Sullivan.

Novelists.

Among the throng of novelists since Scott, the names of four stand out as stars of the first magnitude. They were CHARLOTTE BRONTË, already mentioned, DICKENS, THACKERAY, and "GEORGE ELIOT." Yet even without these most illustrious names in fiction, the department of English literature would be well represented by BULWER, DINAH MULOCK (Mrs. Craik), CHARLES READE, WILKIE COLLINS, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, DISRAELI, CHARLES KINGSLEY, THOMAS HUGHES, MRS. GASKELL, MAYNE REID, GEORGE MACDONALD, MRS. OLIPHANT, THOMAS HARDY, WILLIAM BLACK, MISS THACKERAY, GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, and innumerable other younger writers.

When the friend of mankind, CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870), passed to his eternal home, the world of humanity mourned. His was the warm, genial heart ever beating in unison with the joys and sorrows of his fellow-men. He lived in his works. The creations of his fancy became to him real men and women.*

His men and women are often exaggerations, showing what mankind might be. The very sunshine of happiness seems to issue from his heart and to inspire all that it touches. To make people happy whether they will be or not, seems to be his aim. Thus he symbolizes the happy, sunny spirit in the sweet music which the "Golden Locksmith" hammers from his anvil:

"Tink, tink, tink,—clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause

* We are told that when he finished the death-scene of "Little Nell," it was all so real to him, that he secluded himself from company, mourning for the little child whose beautiful, patient life was ended.

of the streets' harsher noises, as though it said, 'I don't care. Nothing puts me out. I am resolved to be happy.' Women scolded, children squalled, still it struck in again, no higher, no lower,—tink, tink, tink."

Dickens thoroughly identifies himself with his creations. The griefs of "Poor Joe" and "Smike" are all his own. In a transport, himself, with the freaks of his fancy, he infuses his actual spirit into dumb life. The little image of the hay-maker, on the top of the Dutch clock, is as animated as the cricket on the hearth; the toys in "Caleb Plumer's" shop people the dingy little room with a curious sort of life. How he loved to portray the frolic of the wind; investing, too, the objects of its chase with personality. His exuberant imagination makes him as much poet as novelist, while the rhythmic measure of his prose flows as delightfully as a poem. But his mission was to the brotherhood of the race—to the poor and lowly—rather than to the world of song.

The best part of an earnest man's life is found in his works. Still, every sympathizing, intelligent reader feels a desire to know something of the actual existence of every writer.

The brief facts in the life of Charles Dickens are: He was born at Landport, in Portsea, England. His childhood was unhappy. His father being imprisoned for debt in Marshalsea prison, the boy engaged himself in a blacking warehouse. This portion of his life he endured as a degradation, feeling that all of his young, ambitious hopes were extinguished, in thus being forced to mingle with the coarse and ignorant and crafty. From this galling life he was rescued, and sent for two years to school. At the age of fifteen he was placed at an attorney's office in an inferior capacity. Soon after he studied short-hand, and became a reporter in Parliament,—a good discipline for the future novelist, enabling him with his quick sympathies and imagination to give with vitalized energy the thoughts and feelings of the speaker. While he was engaged as reporter for the "Morning Chronicle," he one day wrote a story, and stealthily dropped it into the letter-box of the "Old Monthly Magazine." It appeared in print, "on which occasion," says he, "I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy." This was the beginning of Dickens's literary career. From this followed

Sketches by Boz, which may, indeed, be considered his first work. It was published in 1836. His next work was *Pickwick Papers*. He then began editing "Bentley's Magazine," in which he published *Oliver Twist*. The publication of *Nicholas Nickleby* followed; then *Old Curiosity-Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*.

In 1842 Dickens visited America, publishing, the next year, his *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The same year he began his famous series of *Christmas Stories*. These were followed by *Dombey and Son* and *David Copperfield*. After the completion of *David Copperfield*, Dickens established and became the editor of "Household Words," which was followed by "All the Year Round." In those two magazines were published, *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, *Our Mutual Friend*, and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. The latter was unfinished when the great author died.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863), though less genial than Dickens, is as powerful in his delineations of character. He is a keen satirist, unmerciful in his truthfulness, when he holds up to ridicule the foibles and weaknesses of mankind. In Thackeray's characters we see our own faults reflected; in Dickens's we see our neighbors'. But if Thackeray's satire is severe, his humor is mellowed with kindness. It was for the arrogant and deceitful in fashionable society that he kept his blade sharpened. No man was ever more charitable to weakness when unconcealed by deception.

The family of Thackeray was originally from Yorkshire. His father and grandfather had occupied positions in India in the employ of the East India Company. Thackeray was born in Calcutta, but at the death of his father soon after, was taken by his mother to England. He was placed at the famous Charter-House School, and afterwards at Cambridge.* While here he edited a journal entitled *The Snob*. Thackeray's early inclination was more towards art than literature. Happily he combined them, and with his own sketches illustrated several of his later literary works. He first wrote under the

* Tennyson was a fellow-student here.

nom de plume of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh." His principal works under his own name are *Vanity Fair*, *History of Penderennis*, *Rebecca and Rowena*, *Henry Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, and lectures on *The Four Georges*.

In 1860 he started the "Cornhill Magazine," in which were published his *Roundabout Papers*, also the stories of *Lovel the Widower*, and *Philip on his Way through the World*.

"GEORGE ELIOT" (Mrs. Lewes, 1820-1881) was one of the most gifted of English novelists. Her maiden name was Mary Ann Evans. After the death of Mr. Lewes, who was also a writer of great ability, "George Eliot" married Mr. J. N. Cross. By those who knew her intimately, she was highly esteemed and loved. Until she was twenty years of age she resided in her native place near Nuneaton, Warwickshire. She acquired a wide mastery of the languages, and was a proficient in music. Before she was known as a novelist, she contributed to various London periodicals. The publication of her novel *Adam Bede* brought her fully into public notice. This was followed by *Scenes of Clerical Life*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, *Felix Holt*, *The Spanish Gypsy*, a poem; *Middlemarch*, *Legend of Jubal*, a poem; *Daniel Deronda*, *Impressions of Theophrastus Such*.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER (1805-1873) (afterwards LORD LYTTON) was a versatile writer, classing as novelist, poet, dramatist, critic, essayist, and historian. He was known, however, as a novelist. His first novel was *Falkland*. This was followed by *Pelham*, *The Disowned*, *Devereux*, *Paul Clifford*, and *Eugene Aram*. More scholarly works have since followed: *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, *The Last of the Barons*, *The New Timon*, a poem; *The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, *What Will He Do with It*, *Kenelm Chillingly*. *The Parisians* was published after his death. Besides his dramas, *Richelieu*, *Lady of Lyons*, and *Money*, he wrote numerous poems, and turned into verse the stories of *King Arthur*.

The stories of MISS MULOCK (Mrs. Craik) (1826 —) are invariably high-toned and ennobling. Among the best are *John Halifax, Gentleman*; *A Noble Life*, *A Brave Lady*, *A Life for a Life*, *Mistress and Maid*, etc. Besides miscellaneous works and stories for children, Mrs. Craik has written some exquisite poems.

CHARLES READE (1814 —) is one of the most popular English novelists. Among his works are *The Cloister and the Hearth* (a Tale of the Middle Ages), *Love Me Little Love Me Long*, *Hard Cash*, *Griffith Gaunt*, *Put Yourself in His Place*, *A Terrible Temptation*, etc.

WILKIE COLLINS (1824 —) and ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815 1882) have written many novels. CAPTAIN MAYNE REID (1818 —), born in Ireland, and passing his time both in America and England, seems to belong to one country as much as the other. In 1845 he obtained a commission in the American army, and distinguished himself in the Mexican war. His exciting novels of adventurous life are popular with boys.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI (Lord Beaconsfield) (1804-1880) distinguished himself in politics and literature. Before 1833 he had produced several works of fiction. In 1870 he wrote *Lothair*. His last novel was *Endymion*, containing real characters in a fictitious garb.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875) appeared as a novelist with the publication of *Alton Locke* in 1850, a story of Chartism. This was followed by *Yeast*, on the same subject. *Hypatia* is one of his best-known novels. *Westward Ho!* is a story of the Elizabethan time. Later, in 1863, he wrote *Water Babies*, a *Fairy Tale for a Land Baby*. In 1873 he became Canon of Westminster.

THOMAS HUGHES (1823 —) has entertained thousands of readers with his stories of *Tom Brown* and his devoted commemoration of the revered Dr. Arnold.

MRS. GASKELL'S (1822-1865) stories of English life have an unfading interest. Her *Life of Charlotte Brontë* is among her best works. GEORGE MACDONALD (1824 —) is a Scotch novelist of power. Among his novels are *Robert Falconer*, *Seaboard Parish*, *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*, etc.

Later novelists who have distinguished themselves, and give still further promise, are THOMAS HARDY, R. D. BLACKMORE, WILLIAM BLACK (1841 —), AUGUSTUS GEORGE SALA (1828 —), JUSTIN MACCARTHY (1830 —), and MISS THACKERAY, the latter a daughter of the great novelist.

Philosophy—Writers on Science.

In no department of literature has there been such rapid strides as in the literature of science. Whereas but a few years ago the very term literature excluded all works of science as technical, to-day it embraces as its greatest ornaments the writings of the popular scientists DARWIN, HUXLEY, TYN-DALL, OWEN, WALLACE, etc.

The appearance of the *Origin of Species* in 1859, by CHARLES DARWIN (1809–1882), created a new era in the history of science. Although the theories advocated by him in that work originated with ancient philosophers, Darwin deserves all the credit of originality. He received much ridicule and censure, as all do who deviate from accustomed lines of thought. In 1871 appeared his *Descent of Man*, which was even more startling than his first work. He published numerous other works bearing upon the theory of evolution, etc. THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825 —) is one of the most distinguished naturalists of the age. His principal works are *Man's Place in Nature*, *Classification of Animals*, *Lay Sermons*, etc.

In conjunction with Professor Huxley, Professor JOHN TYN-DALL (1820 —) wrote *Observations on Glaciers*. Others of his principal works are *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion*, *On Radiation*, *On Sound*, *Imagination in Science*, *Fragments of Science for Unscientific People*, etc. Professor Tyndall has done much to popularize the literature of science.

RICHARD OWEN (1804 —), another prominent scientist, has written *History of British Fossils, Mammals, and Birds*, *The Anatomy of Vertebrates*, etc.

MRS. MARY SOMERVILLE (1780–1872), who lived to the advanced age of ninety-two, was born in Jedburgh, Scotland. The reputation of this remarkable woman as a scientist was established when, in 1831, she published her *Mechanism of the Heavens*, a summary of the “*Mécanique Céleste*” of Laplace. She said of her work, “I simply translated Laplace’s work from algebra into common language.” Mrs. Somerville’s next work was a concise yet comprehensive view of *The Connection of the Physical Sciences*. In 1848 she published her *Physical*

Geography, and eleven years afterwards two volumes on *Molecular and Microscopic Science*.

Not even old age excused this active mind from labor, and during the last year of her life Mrs. Somerville wrote her *Personal Recollections*, which was published by her daughter in 1873.

Added to a rare genius for science was the rarer genius for work. To do something well—to excel—was the lesson her life has taught. So completely did she believe in the gospel of work, and so marvellously did she order her time, that without fatigue she accomplished her self-assigned duties. With the wisest skill in household labors, with no wifely nor motherly nor social duties neglected, she pursued her scientific studies. Added to this she was a proficient in music, having given five hours a day to its practice, until she attained the degree of excellence that she demanded for herself. And thus the strength of her brain power infused strength and vitality to the body, and at the age of ninety-two she died, wishing mainly that she might “live to see the distance of the earth from the sun determined by the transit of Venus—and the source of the Nile discovered.”

In astronomical science, the names of ROBERT GRANT (1814 —), JOHN COUCH ADAMS (1816 —), JOSEPH NORMAN LOCKYER (1836 —), and RICHARD A. PROCTER (— —) are prominent.

Among the original thinkers of the period are JAMES STUART MILL (1806–1873) and HERBERT SPENCER (1820 —). The former has been styled the “apostle of freedom.” His best known works are *A System of Logic*, *Principles of Political Economy*, *An Essay on Liberty*, *Essay on the Subjection of Women*, etc. Remarkable at an early age for his vast classical attainments, and subsequently for his original modes of thinking and clear, penetrating powers of mind, he yet had an humble estimate of his own originality. He believed “that the part assigned him by nature in the domain of thought was to be an interpreter of original thinkers, and mediate between them and the public.”

HERBERT SPENCER is another interpreter of the mind of man and of nature’s laws, and has made clearer the theory of

evolution. Some of his principal works are *Principles of Psychology*, *Principles of Biology*; *Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative*, etc.

Theologians.

Among theologians of this period are DR. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY (1815-1871), REV. HENRY ALFORD (1810-1871), REV. JOHN CUMMING (1809 —), REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE (1803-1873), ARCHBISHOP TRENCH (1807 —), ARCHBISHOP MANNING (1808 —), REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, REV. JAMES MARTINEAU (1805 —), REV. J. T. D. MAURICE (1805-1872), REV. NORMAN MACLEOD (1812-1872), REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON (1834 —), REV. CANON F. W. FARRAR (— —), etc. Of these, Dean Alford, Richard Chenevix Trench, Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, and F. W. Farrar have also contributed to learning by various studies in English Language and Literature.

History and Biography.

For more than half a century the lustre of the three eminent historians, Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson, seemed to eclipse all minor lights. But the philosophic mind of the nineteenth century began to generalize, and to see in isolated events a connecting link of causes. History no longer remained a record of dry facts and dates, and historians ceased to regard the earth as a battle-field merely. Now it is the march of intellect that is noted and recorded, the "sweeter manners, purer laws" that guard the people. Macaulay did not aim to establish philosophic theories. He unrolled history as a dazzling panorama of events. The new methods of studying history came with a later set of writers,—with BUCKLE and FROUDE, with GROTE and KINGLAKE, FREEMAN and GREEN and LECKY.

The startling generalizations and arguments of HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE (1822-1862), in his *History of Civilization*, have not been universally received. The work is fascinating, and arouses thought, but a lifetime would have been scarcely sufficient for the author to complete his vast design in the work he had planned. The four volumes published were the result of twenty years' labor and study, and he intended to write ten volumes more. The *History of Rationalism in Europe*,

by WILLIAM E. H. LECKY (1838 —), classes the author with Buckle among the philosophic school of historians.

A brilliant meteor flashed upon the literary world when JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE's *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth* appeared. But imagination is a dangerous gift for a historian when its tendency is to exalt vice. ALEXANDER W. KINGLAKE's *History of the Crimean War* is another work read more for its style than its true historic pictures. FROUDE (1818 —) and KINGLAKE (1811 —) may be classed among the romantic school of historians.

The History of Greece, by GEORGE GROTE (1794-1871), is a vitalized picture of that nation. EDWARD A. FREEMAN (1823 —) is author of various historical works, most important of which is *The History of the Norman Conquest*. JOHN RICHARD GREEN invests his work with human interest, and justifies its title—*The History of the English People*.

Lastly, comes JUSTIN MCCARTHY, with a *History of Our Own Times*. It requires nice discernment and unbiassed judgment to write a just history of one's own times, when feelings and prejudices must sway to one side or the other. With peculiar poise and uprightness, Justin McCarthy has viewed current events, and with no weak, vain excuses for England's follies, holds them up in the candid light of truth.

Among biographers and writers of short historic sketches may be named WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON (1821 —). His chief biographies are *Life of William Penn*, *John Howard*, *Admiral Blake*, and *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, etc. JOHN FORSTER (1812-1876) wrote *The Life of Charles Dickens*, *Walter Savage Landor*, *Dean Swift*, *Oliver Goldsmith*, etc. PROF. DAVID MASSON (1822 —) wrote a valuable *Life of John Milton*. AGNES STRICKLAND (1801-1874) wrote *Lives of the Queens of England*. GEORGE HENRY LEWES (1817-1878) may be ranked as biographer, critic, and philosophical essayist. His *Life of Goethe* and *History of Philosophy* are his most important works.

JOHN MORLEY (1838 —) has contributed to English literature by his *Lives of Eminent English Writers*. PROF. HENRY MORLEY has also written biographical and critical works.

Miscellaneous Writers, Essayists, Critics, etc.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819 —) has exerted great influence upon literature and art. His first publication was *Modern Painters*. This was followed by *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, *Stones of Venice*, *Letters in Defence of the Pre-Raphaelites*, *The Elements of Drawing*, *Lectures on Civilization*, *Lectures on Art*, etc. He is the founder of the so-called pre-Raphael school of art. His variableness of feeling has sometimes rendered him an unsatisfactory critic. In vindication of his habit of contradicting himself, he says :

“I never met with a question yet which did not need, for the right solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree. Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people any way stiff in their opinions. For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly till I have contradicted myself at least three times.”

MRS. ANNA JAMESON (1797–1860) has written innumerable essays and criticisms on art. Among them are *Characteristics of Women*, *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*, *Legends of the Madonna*, *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters*, etc.

HARRIET MARTINEAU (1802–1876), a sister to James Martineau, has contributed to literature in a variety of departments. She began writing tracts, or short sketches, and prize essays, etc. After publishing some minor works on social questions, she wrote *Poor Laws and Taxation*, *Illustrations of Political Economy*, etc. After a visit to America in 1835, she wrote *A Retrospect of Western Travel*, *Society in America*, etc. Soon after appeared her novel of *Deerbrook*. This was followed by *The Hour and the Man*, a novel founded on the life of Toussiant L'Ouverture. She then wrote *Stories for Children*, *Household Education*, and a *History of England*. In 1848 appeared *Eastern Life, Past and Present*. The publication of a collection of letters *On the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*, which caused extreme dissatisfaction among the friends of Miss Martineau. Her next work was a condensed translation of *Comte's Positive Philosophy*.

MAX MÜLLER (1823 —), a German by birth, has been for

more than thirty years identified with English writers, having been in 1851 made Professor of Modern Languages at Oxford. He has rendered philological subjects popular by his *Science of Language*, *Chips from a German Workshop*, etc. The RIGHT HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, M. P. (1809 —), the Liberal leader in English politics, is a devoted Greek scholar. He has written *Studies on Homer and The Homeric Age*, *Homeric Synchronism*, and a *Primer of Homer*. DR. SCHLIEMANN in 1875 published *Troy and its Remains*, awakening universal interest in his recent investigations. Brief studies in biography and criticism, and short stories and sketches characterize the age. Of these may be mentioned FROUDE's *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, and his *Life of Julius Cæsar*; *The Essays on Biography and Criticism*, of PETER BAYNE; *New Pictures in Old Panels*, *History of Court Fools, Knights and their Days*, by DR. DORAN (1807 —); *Friends in Council, Brevia, or Short Essays*, and various biographical sketches of SIR ARTHUR HELPS (1814-1875), and *Essays and Stories* by DR. JOHN BROWN (1810 —), the best known of which is *Rab and his Friends*.

In the progress of ideas so eminently observable in the nineteenth century, it is not alone the march of intellect we see, but "the larger heart, the kindlier hand,"—the warm human feeling that courses through the finer veins of poetry and prose. Life and its purposes are regarded more earnestly, more humanely. No writers show this more than the greatest writers of the age, TENNYSON, MRS. BROWNING, and DICKENS.

Illustrations of the Literature of the Victorian Age.



TENNYSON.

From the Prelude to IN MEMORIAM.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
 Thou madest man, he knows not why:
 He thinks he was not made to die;
 And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
 Our wills are ours, we know not how;
 Our wills are ours to make them thine.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
 For knowledge is of things we see;
 And yet we trust it comes from thee
 A beam in darkness; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
 We mock thee when we do not fear;
 But help thy foolish ones to bear;
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
 I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth;
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.

FROM IN MEMORIAM.

A. H. H.

OBITU MDCCCXXXIII.

I.

I held it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drowned,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss;
Ah sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
"Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn."

V.

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

XXVII.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

LIV.

O yet we trust that, somehow, good
Will be the final goal of ill
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;
That not a worm is cloven in vain,
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
 An infant crying in the night;
 An infant crying for the light;
 And with no language but a cry.

LXXXII.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
 The use of virtue out of earth:
 I know transplanted human worth
 Will bloom to profit elsewhere.

LXXXV.

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
 I felt it when I sorrowed most,
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all.

XCVI.

I know not, one indeed I knew
 In many a subtle question versed,
 Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
 But ever strove to make it true:

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out.
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

CIV.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
 The moon is hid, the night is still;
 A single church below the hill
 Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
 That wakens at this hour of rest
 A single murmur in the breast,
 That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
 In lands where not a memory strays,
 Nor landmark breathes of other days,
 But all is new unhallow'd ground.

CV.

To-night, ungathered, let us leave
 This laurel, let this holly stand:
 We live within the strangers' land
 And strangely falls this Christmas eve.

CVI.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring happy bells across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go:
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

From the Dedication of the IDYLLS OF THE KING to the
 Memory of the Queen's Consort, Prince Albert.

—He seems to me
 Scarce other than my own ideal knight,*
 Who revered his conscience as his king;
 Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
 Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
 Who loved one only, and who claved to her—
 Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,
 Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,

* King Arthur.

The shadow of His loss drew like eclipse,
 Darkening the world. We have lost him: he is gone;
 We know him now: all narrow jealousies
 Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
 How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
 With what sublime repression of himself,
 And in what limits, and how tenderly;
 Not swaying to this faction or to that,
 Not making his high place the lawless perch
 Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
 For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
 Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

From IDYLLS OF THE KING.

LANCELOT AND ELAINE.*

His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.
 * * * * * *
 So when the ghostly man had come and gone,
 She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven,
 Besought Lavaine to write as she devised
 A letter, word for word; and when he ask'd,
 "Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord?
 Then will I bear it gladly;" she replied,
 "For Lancelot and the Queen, and all the world,
 But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote
 The letter she devised; which, being writ
 And folded, "O sweet father, tender and true,
 Deny me not," she said, "ye never yet
 Denied my fancies—this, however strange,
 My latest: lay the letter in my hand
 A little ere I die, and close the hand
 Upon it; I shall guard it even in death.
 And when the heat is gone from out my heart,
 Then take the little bed on which I died
 For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's
 For richness, and me also like the Queen

* See original story, page 67.

In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.
And let there be prepared a chariot-bier
To take me to the river, and a barge
Be ready on the river, clothed in black.
I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
And none of you can speak for me so well.
And therefore let our dumb old man alone
Go with me; he can steer and row, and he
Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

Songs from the PRINCESS.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die on yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, on field, on river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep, or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept,
 Took the face-cloth from his face;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee;
 Like summer tempest came her tears:—
 "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

MRS. BROWNING.

From DE PROFUNDIS.

I.

The face which duly as the sun
 Rose up for me with life begun,
 To mark all bright hours of the day
 With hourly love, is dimmed away,—
 And yet my days go on, go on.

VI.

The past rolls forward on the sun,
 And makes all night. O dreams, begun
 Not to be ended! Ended bliss,
 And life that will not end in this!
 My days go on, my days go on.

XXI.

For us,—whatever's undergone,
 Thou knowest, wildest what is done.
 Grief may be joy misunderstood;
 Only the Good discerns the good.
 I trust thee while my days go on.

XXII.

Whatever's lost, it first was won:
 We will not struggle nor impugn.
 Perhaps the cup was broken here,
 That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.
 I praise thee while my days go on.

XXIII.

I praise thee while my days go on;
 I love thee while my days go on:

Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank thee while my days go on.

XXIV.

And having in thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops his pebble small
Down some deep well, and hears it fall,
Smiling—so I. THY DAYS GO ON.

FROM COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned
May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying—
Yet let the grief and humbleness,
As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling.

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory—
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration;

Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God, whose heaven hath won him.
Who suffered once the madness-cloud
Towards his love to bind him;
But gently led the blind along,
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain
Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him true and loving!
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking in his human eyes,
With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in darkness he remained,
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy
Whom only God created.

FROM A VISION OF POETS.

A poet could not sleep aright,
For his soul kept up too much light
Under his eyelids for the night.

* * * * *

God's prophets of the Beautiful

These poets were:

Here Homer, with the broad suspense
Of thunderous brows, and lips intense
Of garrulous god-innocence.

There, Shakespeare! on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sublime,—
With tears and laughters for all time!

Here, Milton's eyes strike piercing-dim:
The shapes of suns and stars did swim
Like clouds from them, and granted him
God for sole vision. . . .

* * * * *

And Burns, with pungent passionings
Set in his eyes. Deep lyric springs
Are of the fire-mount's issuing.

And Shelley, in his white ideal
All statue blind. And Keats, the real
Adonis, with the hymeneal
Fresh vernal buds half sunk between
His youthful curls. . . .

And poor, proud Byron,—sad as grave,
And salt as life: forlornly brave,
And quivering with the dart he drave.

And visionary Coleridge, who
Did sweep his thoughts as angels do
Their wings with cadence up the Blue.

From A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!

Piercing sweet by the river!

Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!

The sun on the hill forgot to die,

And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly

Came back to dream on the river.

From AURORA LEIGH.

I was right upon the whole,
That birthday morning. 'Tis impossible

To get at men excepting through their souls,
 However open their carnivorous jaws;
 And poets get directlier at the soul
 Than any of your œconomists:—for which,
 You must not overlook the poet's work
 When scheming for the world's necessities.
 The soul's the way. Not even Christ Himself
 Can save man else than as He holds man's soul:
 And therefore did He come into our flesh,
 As some wise hunter creeping on his knees
 With a torch, into the blackness of some cave,
 To face and quell the beast there,—take the soul,
 And so possess the whole man, body and soul.
 Verily, I was wrong;
 And verily, many thinkers of this age,
 Ay, many Christian teachers, half in heaven,
 Are wrong in just my sense, who understood
 Our natural world too insularly, as if
 No spiritual counterpart completed it,
 Consummating its meaning, rounding all
 To justice and perfection, line by line,—
 Form by form, nothing single nor alone,—
 The great below clench'd by the great above;
 Shade here authenticating substance there;
 The body proving spirit, as the effect
 The cause.

“Be sure, no earnest work
 Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
 Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much,
 It is not gathered as a grain of sand
 To enlarge the sum of human action used
 For carrying out God's end. No creature works
 So ill, observe, that therefore he's cashiered.
 The honest earnest man must stand and work;
 The woman also; otherwise she drops
 At once below the dignity of man,
 Accepting serfdom. Free men freely work:
 Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.
 Let us be content, in work,
 To do the thing we can, and not presume
 To fret because it's little.”

ROBERT BROWNING.

FROM PIPPA PASSES.

—If I only knew
 What was my mother's face;—my father, too!
 Nay, if you come to that, best love of all
 Is God's; then why not have God's love befall
 Myself as, in the palace by the Dome,
 Monsignor?—who to-night will bless the home
 Of his dead brother; and God will bless in turn
 That heart which beats, those eyes which mildly burn
 With love for all men: I, to-night, at least,
 Would be that holy and beloved priest!
 Now wait! Even I already seem to share
 In God's love: what does New Year's hymn declare?
 What other meaning do these verses bear?

*All service ranks the same with God:
 If now, as formerly, He trod
 Paradise, His presence fills
 Our earth, each only as God wills,
 Can work,—God's puppets best and worst
 Are we; there is no last nor first.*

*Say not "a small event"! Why "small"?
 Costs it more pain than this, ye call
 A "great event" should come to pass,
 Than that? Untwine me from the mass
 Of deeds which make up life, one deed
 Power shall fall short in, or exceed!*

And more of it and more of it! oh, yes—
 I will pass by, and see their happiness,
 And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
 Useful to men, and dear to God, as they!

A pretty thing to care about
 So mightily, this single holiday!

But let the sun shine! Wherefore repine?
 With thee to lead me, O Day of mine,
 Down the grass-path gray with dew,
 Under the pine-wood blind with boughs,
 Where the swallow never flew
 As yet, nor cicale dared carouse—
 Dared carouse!

FROM GARDEN FANCIES.

"Here's the garden she walked across,
 Arm in my arm, such a short while since:
 Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss
 Hinders the hinges and makes them wince!
 She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
 As back with that murmur the wicket swung;
 For she laid the poor snail, my chance foot spurned,
 To feed and forget it the leaves among.

"This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,
 Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim;
 Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
 Its soft meandering Spanish name.
 What a name! was it love, or praise,
 Speech half-asleep, or song half-awake?
 I must learn Spanish, one of these days,
 Only for that slow sweet name's sake."

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER—"Barry Cornwall."

THE STORMY PETREL.

A thousand miles from land are we,
 Tossing about on the roaring sea;
 From billow to bounding billow cast,
 Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
 The sails are scatter'd abroad like weeds,
 The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
 The mighty cables, and iron chains,
 The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
 They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
 Their natural hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down! Up and down!
 From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
 And amid the flashing and feathery foam
 The stormy Petrel finds a home,—
 A home, if such a place may be
 For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
 On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
 And only seeketh her rocky lair
 To warm her young, and to teach them spring
 At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep! O'er the deep!
Where the whale and the shark and the sword-fish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still!
Yet he ne'er falters:—So, Petrel! spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

BARON HOUGHTON—"Richard Monckton Milnes."

THE BROOKSIDE.

I wander'd by the brookside,
I wander'd by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
Nor chirp of any bird;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air pass'd by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:

It drew me nearer,—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

Strive; yet I do not promise,
The prize you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you,
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleadings,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

FROM FRIEND SORROW.

"Cheat her not with the old comfort,
'Soon she will forget,'—
Bitter truth, alas,—but matter
Rather for regret;
Bid her not 'Seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things:'
But rather nurse her caged sorrow
Till the captive sings."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

"OWEN MEREDITH."

From LUCILLE.

"The dial
Receives many shades, and each points to the sun.
The shadows are many, the sunlight is one.
Life's sorrows still fluctuate: God's love does not,
And his love is unchanged, when it changes our lot.
Looking up to this light, which is common to all,
And down to those shadows, on each side, that fall
In time's silent circle, so various for each,
Is it nothing to know that they never can reach
So far, but that light lies beyond them forever?"

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

"Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea,
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark, what she sings, 'O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy,
For the priest and the bell, and the holy well,
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun.'
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
 And over the sand at the sea;
 And her eyes are set in a stare;
 And anon there breaks a sigh,
 And anon there drops a tear,
 From a sorrow-clouded eye,
 And a heart sorrow-laden,
 A long, long sigh,
 For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
 And the gleam of her golden hair."

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

From FESTUS.

"Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood;
 It's a great spirit and a busy heart.
 The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
 One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
 Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
 Than if each year might number a thousand days,—
 Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
 We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
 Life's but a means unto an end—that end,
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God."

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

From Chorus in ATALANTA IN CALYDON.

Before the beginning of years
 There came to the making of man
 Time with a gift of tears;
 Grief with a glass that ran;
 Pleasure with pain for leaven;
 Summer with flowers that fell;
 Remembrance fallen from Heaven,
 And madness risen from Hell;
 Strength without hands to smite;
 Love that endures for a breath;
 Night the shadow of light,
 And Life the shadow of death.

CHARLES DICKENS.

FROM NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

"It is a sad thing," said Tim Linkinwater, breaking off, "to see a little deformed child sitting apart from other children, who are active and merry, watching the games he is denied the power to share in. He made my heart ache very often."

"It is a good heart," said Nicholas, "that disentangles itself from the close avocations of every day, to heed such things. You were saying——"

"That the flowers belonged to this poor boy," said Tim; "that's all. When it is fine weather, and he can crawl out of bed, he draws a chair close to the window, and sits there looking at them and arranging them all day long. We used to nod at first, and then we came to speak. Formerly, when I called to him of a morning, and asked him how he was, he would smile and say, 'Better;' but now he shakes his head, and only bends more closely over his old plants. It must be dull to watch the dark house-tops and the flying clouds for so many months; but he is very patient."

"Is there nobody in the house to cheer or help him?" asked Nicholas.

"His father lives there, I believe," replied Tim, "and other people too; but no one seems to care much for the poor sickly cripple. I have asked him very often if I can do nothing for him: his answer is always the same,—'Nothing.' His voice has grown weak of late; but I can see that he makes the old reply. He can't leave his bed now, so they have moved it close beside the window; and there he lies all day, now looking at the sky, and now at his flowers, which he still makes shift to trim and water with his own thin hands. At night, when he sees my candle, he draws back his curtain, and leaves it so till I am in bed. It seems such company to him to know that I am there, that I often sit at my window for an hour or more, that he may see I am still awake; and sometimes I get up in the night to look at the dull, melancholy light in his little room, and wonder whether he is awake or sleeping."

"The night will not be long coming," said Tim, "when he will sleep and never wake again on earth. We have never so much as shaken hands in all our lives; and yet I shall miss him like an old friend. Are there any country flowers that could interest me like these, do you think?"

With which inquiry, Tim turned his back, and, pretending to be absorbed in his accounts, took an opportunity of hastily wiping his eyes, when he supposed Nicholas was looking another way.

FROM CHRISTMAS STORIES (The Chimes).

The night-wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and moaning as it goes; and of trying with its unseen hand the windows and the doors; and when it has got in, as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be, it wails and howls to issue forth again; and not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters: then flings itself despairingly upon the stones below, and passes, muttering, into the vaults. Anon, it comes up stealthily, and creeps along the walls, seeming to read, in whispers, the inscriptions sacred to the dead. At some of these it bursts out shrilly, as with laughter; and at others it moans and cries as if lamenting. Ugh! Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful voice, that wind at midnight, singing in the church!

* * * * *

For my part, I confess myself of Toby Veck's belief. I take my stand by Toby, although he did stand all day long (and weary work it was) just outside the church door. In fact, he was a ticket-porter, Toby Veck, and waited there for jobs. . . . The wind came tearing round the corner,—especially the east wind,—as if it had sallied forth, express, from the confines of the earth, to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected, for bouncing round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it said, "Why here he is."

* * * * *

"There's nothing," said Toby, "more regular in its coming round than dinner-time, and nothing less regular in its coming round than dinner. That's the great difference between 'em."

* * * * *

"Why, bless you, my dear," said Toby, "how often have I heard them bells say, 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby! Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby!'"

"When things is very bad, very bad indeed, I mean; almost at the worst; then it's 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby!' That way."

"And it comes at last, father," said Meg, with a touch of sadness in her pleasant voice.

"Always," answered Toby. "Never fails."

FROM *DOMBEY AND SON*.

"Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now! how bright the flowers growing on them! and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy: I know her by her face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion,—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

THACKERAY.

LAST DAYS OF GEORGE III.

All the world knows the story of his malady; all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary Parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse-Hombourg,—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast,—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless—he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn and accompanying himself at the harp—

sichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but, if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralize on this story? what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. "O brothers!" I said to those who heard me first in America,—“O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue; O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries, ‘Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!’

‘Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!’

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, Trumpets, a mournful march! Fall, Dark Curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!”

“GEORGE ELIOT.”

Passages from ADAM BEDE, MIDDLEMARCH, ETC.

“As for other things, I dare say she is like the rest o’ the women—thinks two and two’ll come to five, if she cries and bothers enough about it,” said Bartle.

“Ay, ay!” said Mrs. Poyser, “one ’ud think an’ hear some folk talk, as the men was ’cute enough to count the corns in a bag o’ wheat wi’ only smelling at it. They can see through a barn-door, *they* can. Perhaps that’s the reason they can see so little o’ this side on ’t.”

“Ah,” said Bartle, sneeringly, “the women are quick enough—they’re quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows ’em himself.”

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser; "for the men are mostly so slow their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting's tongue ready; an' when he out wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

Comprehensive talkers are apt to be tiresome when we are not athirst for information; but, to be quite fair, we must admit that superior reticence is a good deal due to lack of matter. Speech is often barren; but silence also does not necessarily brood over a full nest. Your still fowl, blinking at you without remark, may all the while be sitting on one addled nest-egg. And when it takes to cackling, will have nothing to announce but that addled delusion.

Many Therasas have been born who found for themselves no epic life wherein there was a constant unfolding of far-resonant action; perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity; perhaps a tragic failure which found no sacred poet, and sank unwept into oblivion. With dim lights and tangled circumstances, they tried to shape their thought and deed in noble agreement; but, after all, to common eyes their struggles seemed mere inconsistency and formlessness.

MRS. CRAIK—Miss Muloch.

FROM A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

A finished life—a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can now be traced plainly the hand of the Great Designer,—surely, this is worth living for? And though at its end it may be somewhat lonely; though a servant's and not a daughter's arm may guide the falling step; though most likely it will be strangers only who come about the dying bed, close the eyes that no husband ever kissed, and draw the shroud kindly over the poor withered breast where no child's head has ever lain; still, such a life is not to be pitied, for it is a completed life. It has fulfilled its appointed course, and returns to the Giver of all breath, pure as He gave it. Nor will He forget it when He counteth up his jewels.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

“Two hands upon the breast,
 And labor’s done;
 Two pale feet crossed in rest—
 The race is won;
 Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
 And all tears cease;
 Two lips where grief is mute,
 Anger at peace;’—
 So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
 God in his kindness answereth not.

“Two hands to work address,
 Aye for his praise;
 Two feet that never rest
 Walking his ways;
 Two eyes that look above
 Through all their tears;
 Two lips still breathing love,
 Not wrath, nor fears;’
 So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;
 Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!”

GEORGE MACDONALD.

FROM ROBERT FALCONER.

“Eh! you were a bonny lass when I married you. But gin I were up, see gin I wadna gie ye a new goon, an’ that wad be something to make ye like yersel’ again. I’m affronted wi’ mysel’ ’at I hae been sic a brute o’ a man to ye. But ye maun forgie me noo; for I do belien i’ my hert ’at the Lord’s forgi’en me. Gie me anither kiss, lass. God be praised, and many thanks to you. Ye micht hae run awa frae me long or noo, an’ a body wad hae said ye did richt. Robert, play a spring.”

“What’ll I play then, Sandy?” asked Robert.

“Play ‘The Lan’ o’ the Leal,’ or ‘My Nannie’s Awa’,’ or something o’ that kin’. I’ll be leal to ye noo, Bell. An’ we winna pree o’ the whiskey nae mair, lass.”

Robert struck in with the “Land o’ the Leal.” When he had played it over two or three times, he laid the fiddle in its place and departed. Bell sat on the bedside, stroking the *rosiny* hand of her husband, the

rhinoceros hide of which was yet delicate enough to let the love through to his heart. After this, the soutar never called his fiddle his *auld wife*.

FROM SEABOARD PARISH.

What God may hereafter require of you, you must not give yourself the least trouble about. Everything He gives you to do, you must do as well as you can, and that is the best possible preparation for what He may want you to do next. If people would but do what they have to do, they would always find themselves ready for what came next. And I do not believe that those who follow this rule are ever left floundering on the sea-deserted sands of inaction, unable to find water enough to swim in.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

Men of science do not pledge themselves to creeds; they are bound by articles of no sort; there is not a single belief that it is not a bounden duty with them to hold with a light hand, and to part with it cheerfully the moment it is really proved to be contrary to any fact, great or small.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

FROM ADDRESS DELIVERED AT BELFAST IN 1874.

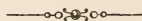
The rigidity of old conceptions has been relaxed, the public mind being rendered gradually tolerant of the idea that not for six thousand, nor for sixty thousand, nor for six thousand thousand, but for æons embracing untold millions of years, this earth has been the theatre of life and death. The riddle of the rocks has been read by the geologist and palæontologist, from sub-cambrian depths to the deposits thickening over the sea-bottoms of to-day. And upon the leaves of that stone book are, as you know, stamped the characters plainer and surer than those formed by the ink of history.

CANON FARRAR.

FROM A DISCOURSE ON THE UNVEILING OF THE RALEIGH WINDOW, May 14, 1882.

Our lives would be better, our thoughts nobler, our hearts larger, our faith more real, our words more charitable, if we would, once for all, learn the lesson of the Law and the Prophets, which is not to glide along the razor's edge of scholastic dogmas, nor to wear formulas threadbare by conventional iteration, but to love God, and to do good to our

neighbor. Which is best, to diffuse the grandeur and sacredness of faith over the whole of daily life, or to regard all but a fraction of life as irredeemably secular? Which is best, to specialize Sundays with servile rigorism, or to diffuse the spirit of Sunday over days which we too often devote to meanness and Mammon? Which is best, to surround places, gestures, garments with a mechanical sanctity, or by holy lives to make the floor of a cottage as sacred as the rocks of Sinai, and the commonest events hallowed as the rounds of the ladder on which the angels trod?



SYLLABUS.

Queen Victoria ascended the throne in 1837.

There has been a perceptible change in popular literature within the last fifty years.

Prose literature is more in demand than poetry.

Poetry, the highest form of human expression, does not necessarily decline as civilization advances.

There have been fashions—freaks—in both prose and poetry. The Eu-phuism of Elizabeth's time is an example, the rhymed couplet of Dryden's and Pope's time, the pre-Raphaelite æsthetic school of the present, etc.

Among the Victorian poets, Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, and Robert Browning hold highest rank.

Other poets of this period, popular before 1850, are Bryan Waller Procter ("Barry Cornwall"), Eliza Cook, Mrs. Norton, R. M. Milnes, Charles Swain, Charles Mackay, Charles Kingsley, etc.

Those who have become more prominent since 1850 are Matthew Arnold, Edwin Arnold, Gerald Massey, Coventry Patmore, Adelaide Anne Procter, Lord Lytton ("Owen Meredith"), Jean Ingelow, William Morris, Rossetti, and Swinburne. Writers still later are E. W. Gosse, Austin Dobson, and Philip Bourke Marston.

Scottish poets of the time are David Macbeth Moir, Thomas Aird, William Edmondstone Aytoun, Robert Buchanan.

The Novel has taken the place of the Drama.

Four novelists since Sir Walter Scott stand out with especial prominence—Charlotte Brontë, Dickens, Thackeray, and "George Eliot."

Other novelists, some of whom might rank as high, are Bulwer, Mrs. Craik, Charles Reade, George MacDonald, William Black, Miss Thackeray.

With the publication of Darwin's *Origin of the Species*, 1859, a new era in the literature of science began.

Scientists besides Darwin are Huxley, Tyndall, Owen, Wallace, etc.

James Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer are prominent philosophical writers.

Theologians of the time are Dean Stanley, Dean Alford, Archbishop Trench, Archbishop Manning, J. T. D. Maurice, Norman Macleod, James Martineau, F. W. Farrar.

Later historians of the nineteenth century treat history in a more philosophical manner than the earlier historians.

Buckle and Lecky are philosophic historians.

Froude and Kinglake belong rather to the romantic school of historians.

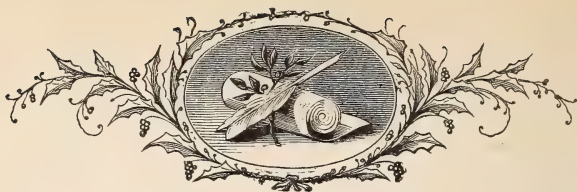
Grote wrote a history of Greece.

Freeman, Green, and Justin McCarthy are late historians of England.

Among biographers are William Hepworth Dixon, John Forster, David Masson, Agnes Strickland, George Henry Lewes.

Among miscellaneous writers are John Ruskin, Mrs. Jameson, Harriet Martineau, Gladstone, and others.





CHAPTER XIV.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.



THE FIRST OR COLONIAL PERIOD.

1620—1775.

AMERICAN Literature, unlike that of any other nation, has no traditional ancestry. No mythical heroes and demi-gods overshadow its far beginnings. No epic poem, with the feats of fabulous heroes, has come down to us as an inheritance from American ancestors. All is clear, definite, and sharply outlined. We have a history, but no traditions. It is the fast-decaying aborigines who have their legendary Hia-watha, Mudgekeewis, Minnehaha, and Nokomis. The English tongue on American soil has given utterance to the beautiful Indian legend. The only myths and traditions that we can claim had their origin in the earliest English tongue, in the earliest home of the English people. Ours is the old poem of *Beowulf*, sung more than a thousand years ago in Angle-land and Saxe-land, and afterwards repeated by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in England, the home of their adoption. Every other nation has had its early epic, or early lyrical or allegorical poem. But noble lives are grander than epic poems, and the deeds of a valiant ancestry are more glorious than their written thoughts.

Theology and not mythology occupied the minds of our American forefathers, and our literary inheritance from them is prose. Religious persecution having driven to the unprejudiced shores

of this wild country those who found no freedom at home to worship God as they found fitting, religion must of necessity be the theme of their discourse, spoken or written.

But theology was a germ transplanted and scarcely modified or affected by the new soil. The literature became American when thoughts and feelings became American—when thoughts of independence sprang into American hearts, and the great principles of civil government and liberty were discussed.

Engrossed as our ancestors were in the one subject that drove them from their native shore, they gave thought and time to the future needs of the young republic, and early began to build schools and colleges. Almost before the wilderness became to them a home, Harvard College was endowed, and before 1767 no less than seven colleges had sprung into existence. The first printing-press in America was at Harvard College. The first book printed in America was the *Bay Psalm Book*, Cambridge, 1640.

It will be interesting to the student who has carefully followed these pages to recall contemporary incidents and characters in the mother country,—to remember that while the germ of freedom was springing up on American soil, the apostle of freedom, John Milton, was wielding his pen in its behalf in England,—that with the establishment of the first printing-press in America, Milton was pleading for the liberty of the press.*

Among the prominent names in the Colonial theological literature were JOHN COTTON, ROGER WILLIAMS, THOMAS HOOPER, SAMUEL STONE, JOHN ELIOT, and INCREASE and COTTON MATHER.

REV. JOHN COTTON (1585-1652) wrote *Milk for Babes, Meat for Strong Men*. The former was a catechism in the elements of Christian doctrine, and was intended for the use of children. It was printed in the "New England Primer." With John Cotton originated the custom in New England of beginning the Sabbath on Saturday evening.

ROGER WILLIAMS (1606-1683), the boldest spirit of the colonies, having sought the religious liberty he craved, was perse-

* For contemporaries seen at a glance, see Trimble's Chart of General Literature.

cuted—banished by those who had themselves fled from persecution at home. He is known as the founder of the State of Rhode Island. He wrote *The Bloody Tenet of Persecution*, *The Hireling Ministry none of Christ's*, *George Fox Digged out of his Burrows*.

JOHN ELIOT, "the Apostle to the Indians," translated the entire Bible into the Indian language. It was the first Bible in any language printed in America.

RICHARD, INCREASE, and COTTON MATHER bore prominent parts in the history and literature of the young colony. COTTON MATHER (1663-1728), son of Increase, and grandson to Richard Mather, was also on the maternal side grandson of the "Great John Cotton." The name of Cotton Mather has descended to this generation associated with the darkest superstition of his time. Zealous in all of his feelings, he was a "firm supporter of the extreme Calvinistic theology, and to him devils and angels were as real as his own family." In common with other of the wisest men of his times, he fully believed in witchcraft, and with characteristic zeal justified the wholesale execution of witches at Salem. And yet, such strange contradictions possess men's natures, this same persecutor of innocent human beings was a devoted friend to the Indian, to prisoners, and to other oppressed and suffering humanity. His most important work was *Magnalia Christi Americana*, which, while purporting to be an ecclesiastical history of New England from 1620 to 1698, includes much history of the country, its people, and events of interest. The pen portraits contained in this work are highly valued. Other works of Cotton Mather's are *Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcraft*, *The Wonders of the Invisible World*, *being an Account of the Trial of Several Witches*, etc.

The first three Governors of the Plymouth Colony—Governors WINTHROP, BRADFORD, and WINSLOW—were all men of culture, and wrote mainly concerning the progress of the colony.

CHARLES CHAUNCEY (1589-1672), the second * President of

* Rev. Henry Dunster was the first President of Harvard College.

Harvard College, was a man of great learning, and published several works.

The poetic spirit was not wholly wanting in the young colony, at least the gift of rhyming existed. ANNE BRADSTREET (1612-1672) was called the "Tenth Muse." She is regarded as America's first poetess. Our literary ancestors indulged in copious titles to their works. The title of Anne Bradstreet's volume of poetry is as follows:

"Several Poems, Compiled with great Variety of Wit and Learning, full of Delight; wherein especially is contained a Complete Discourse and Description of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Moons and Seasons of the Year, together with an Exact Epitome of the Three First Monarchies, viz.: the Assyrian, Persian, and Grecian; and the Beginning of the Roman Commonwealth to the end of their last King; with Divers Other Pleasant and Serious Poems: By a Gentlewoman of New England."

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH (1631-1705) wrote two poems which went through several editions. They were *Meat out of the Eater* and *The Day of Doom*. PETER FOLGER (1618-1690), grandfather on the maternal side to Benjamin Franklin, wrote a poem called *A Looking-Glass for the Times*.

JAMES LOGAN (1674-1751) came to America with William Penn. He, like Penn, was a friend of the Indian, and the great Indian chief, Logan, received his name from him. Logan wrote considerable both in Latin and English. Towards the close of his life, at his home near Germantown, Pa., he translated Cicero's essay on *Old Age, with Notes*. JOHN WOOLMAN (1720-1772), a native of New Jersey, is known by his *Journal*.

Numerous presidents of Harvard and Yale Colleges and the College of New Jersey have been more or less prominent in literature. PRESIDENT CLAPP (1703-1767), of Yale College, was the author of several valuable works. REV. JONATHAN DICKINSON (1688-1747), first President of the College of New Jersey, was also a writer of ability.

AARON BURR (1716-1757), father of the celebrated Aaron Burr of political memory, was the second President of the College of New Jersey,* and author of several works.

* The College of New Jersey, popularly called Princeton College, was opened in 1747, at Elizabethtown, and was removed the same year to Newark. In 1757 it was transferred to Princeton.

The third president of this college was the most illustrious writer of the period. This was JONATHAN EDWARDS (1703-1758), known on both continents as one of the greatest of metaphysicians. He was contemporary with the great inquirers—skeptics—Hume and Voltaire. But the mind of Jonathan Edwards entertained no doubts. Entering into the most abstruse speculations in metaphysics, he yet maintained his orthodoxical views on religion, and wrote on *The Doctrine of Original Sin*, *The End for which God Created the World*, *The History of Redemption*, etc. His great work is *On the Freedom of the Will*.

Illustrations of the Literature of Colonial Times.



From the BAY PSALM BOOK.

PSALM CXXXVII.

The rivers on of Babilon,
There when wee did sit downe,
Yea, even then, wee mourned when
Wee remembered Sion.

Our harp wee did hang it amid,
Upon the willow tree,
Because there they that us away
Led in captivitee,

Requir'd of us a song, and thus
Askt mirth us waste who laid,
Sing us among a Sion's song,
Unto us then they said.

The Lord's song sing, can wee, being
In stranger's land? then let
Lose her skill my right hand if I
Jerusalem forget.

Let cleave my tongue my pallate on
If mind thee doe not I,
If chiefe joyes o'er I prize not more
Jerusalem my joy.

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

In Adam's fall,	Young Timothy
We sinned all.	Learnt sin to fly.
My Book and Heart	Xerxes did die,
Must never part.	And so must I.
Young Obadiah,	Zaccheus he
David, Josias,—	Did climb the tree
All were pious.	Our Lord to see.
Peter denied	
His Lord, and cried.	

ANNE BRADSTREET.

FROM THE PROLOGUE TO "THE FOUR ELEMENTS."

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
 That says my hand a needle better fits;
 A Poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
 For such despite they cast on female wits;
 If what I do prove well, it won't advance—
 They'll say, It's stolen, or else it was by chance.

But sure, the antique Greeks were far more mild,
 Else of our sex why feigned they those Nine,
 And Poesy made Calliope's own child?
 So, 'mongst the rest, they placed the arts divine.
 But this weak knot they will full soon untie—
 The Greeks did naught but play the fool and lie.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are;
 Men have precedency, and still excel;
 It is but vain unjustly to wage war,
 Men can do best, and women know it well;
 Pre-eminence in each and all is yours,
 Yet grant some small acknowledgment of ours.

And oh, ye high-flown quills that soar the skies,
 And even with your prey still catch your praise,
 If e'er you deign these lowly lines to prize,
 Give thyme or parsley wreath; I ask no bays;
 This mean and unrefined ore of mine
 Will make your glistering gold but more to shine.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH.

From MEAT OUT OF THE EATER.

Soldier, be strong, who fightest
 Under a Captain stout;
 Dishonor not thy conquering Head
 By basely giving out.
 Endure awhile, bear up,
 And hope for better things;
 War ends in peace, and morning light
 Mounts upon midnight's wings.

COTTON MATHER.

Mr. Cotton, Mr. Hooker, and Mr. Stone, which glorious triumvirate coming together made the poor people in the wilderness, at their coming, to say, that the God of Heaven had supplied them with what would in some sort answer their then great necessities: Cotton for their *clothing*, Hooker for their *fishing*, and Stone for their *building*.

EPITAPH ON MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH.

"The excellent Wigglesworth remembered by some good tokens.

His pen did once meat from the eater fetch,
 And now he's gone beyond the eater's reach.
 His body once so thin, was next to none;
 From hence he's to embodied spirits flown;
 Once his rare skill did all diseases heal,
 And he does nothing now uneasy feel.
 He to his paradise is joyful come,
 And waits with joy to see his day of Doom."

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

From THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

If the Will, which we find governs the members of the body, and determines their motions, does not govern itself, and determine its own actions, it doubtless determines them the same way, even by antecedent volitions. The Will determines which way the hands and feet shall move, by an act of choice: and there is no other way of the Will's de-

determining, directing, or commanding anything at all. Whatsoever the Will commands, it commands by an act of the Will. And if it has itself under its command, and determines itself in its own actions, it doubtless does it in the same way that it determines other things which are under its command. So that if the freedom of the Will consists in this, that it has itself and its own actions under its command and direction, and its own volitions are determined by itself, it will follow, that every free volition arises from another antecedent volition, directing and commanding that: and if that *directing* volition be also free, in that also the Will is determined: that is to say, that directing volition is determined by another going before that; and so on, till we come to the first volition in the whole series; and if that first volition be free, and the Will self-determined in it, then that is determined by another volition preceding that. Which is a contradiction; because by the supposition it can have none before it, to direct or determine it, being the first in the train. But if that first volition is not determined by any preceding act of the Will, then that act is not determined by the Will, and so is not free in the *Arminian* notion of freedom, which consists in the Will's self-determination. And if that first act of the Will which determines and fixes the subsequent acts be not free, none of the following acts, which are determined by it, can be free. If we suppose there are five acts in the train, the fifth and last determined by the fourth, and the fourth by the third, the third by the second, and the second by the first; if the first is not determined by the Will, and so not free, then none of them are truly determined by the Will: that is, that each of them are as they are, and not otherwise, is not first owing to the Will, but to the determination of the first in the series, which is not dependent on the Will, and is that which the Will has no hand in determining. And this being that which decides what the rest shall be, and determines their existence; therefore the first determination of their existence is not from the Will. The case is just the same if, instead of a chain of five acts of the Will, we should suppose a succession of ten, or an hundred, or ten thousand. If the first act be not free, being determined by something out of the Will, and this determines the next to be agreeable to itself, and that the next, and so on; none of them are free, but all originally depend on, and are determined by, some cause out of the Will; and so all freedom in the case is excluded, and no act of the Will can be free, according to this notion of freedom. Thus, this *Arminian* notion of Liberty of the Will, consisting in the Will's *Self-determination*, is repugnant to itself, and shuts itself wholly out of the world.

SYLLABUS.

The literature of America is unlike that of every other nation, in not having its origin in poetry.

We have a history, but no traditional myths.

Theology instead of poetry was the first feature in American literature.

One of the first cares of the colonists was to plant institutions of learning.

Harvard College was founded in 1638.

Seven colleges had sprung up before 1767.

The first printing-press was established at Harvard College. The first book printed in America was the *Bay Psalm Book*, Cambridge, 1640.

At this time John Milton was pleading for the liberty of the press in England.

Among the prominent theologians of the earliest colonial times were John Cotton, Roger Williams, Thomas Hooper, Samuel Stone, John Eliot, Increase Mather, and Cotton Mather.

Many of the Governors of the young colony were men of literary culture.

The Presidents of the several colleges were also men of letters. President Chauncey was the first of note.

The poets of the time were rare. Anne Bradstreet is regarded as the first poetess of America.

Michael Wigglesworth and Peter Folger had also some distinction as poets or rhymers. There was no true poetry written in the colonial times.

Other writers of the time were James Logan, John Woolman, President Clapp, Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, and President Burr.

Jonathan Edwards was by far the most prominent writer of the time, and was considered one of the greatest metaphysicians of the age. His principal work is *On the Freedom of the Will*.





FRANKLIN.

CHAPTER XV.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

1775-1800.

AMERICAN Literature may be said to have sprung into existence with the oratory of Patrick Henry and James Otis ; with the speeches and letters of the elder Adams, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Jay, Madison, and other patriots of the Revolution. The literature of this period was as distinctly political as it was theological in the age preceding.

Orators and Political Writers.

Oratory, the literature of republics, has seldom had such representatives as this country has afforded. But the literature of oratory is more or less ephemeral in its nature, and orations, if they are handed down to us at all, lack the eloquence of eye and voice and gesture that breathed inspiring life to the speaker's words. Some of the grandest oratorical efforts were never recorded.

This age of oratory in America had its counterpart in English politics. Contemporary with Patrick Henry, James Otis, Adams, and Jefferson in America, were Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan in England.

JAMES OTIS (1725-1783) was one of the ablest orators and firmest patriots of the Revolution. Of his first great speech, made in 1761, John Adams says, "American independence was then and there born." PATRICK HENRY (1736-1799), of Vir-

ginia, with his tongue of flame kindled his hearers with the enthusiasm for liberty, and FISHER AMES (1758-1808) was one of the purest patriots and finest orators of the age.*

The greatest name in the literature of this time is that of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790), famous equally in politics, science, and literature.†

Franklin was a lad of thirteen when Addison died, but to the reading of Addison's *Spectator* he attributed some of his earliest impulses in writing. Ambitious of acquiring knowledge, he soon accustomed himself to habits of study. Leaving his brother's printing-office in Boston, he set out for Philadelphia, where, after working for some time as a printer, he bought, in 1730, the "*Pennsylvania Gazette*," which had been established two years before. As editor of this journal he exerted his influence in politics, literature, and society. The next year he started the Philadelphia Library, and soon after the American Philosophical Society. The University of Pennsylvania also owes its origin to him.

He was at this time interested in making those philosophical experiments for which he became famous, but alive to public interests and human needs, he gave his time, talents, and money to every benevolent scheme. In 1757 he was appointed Postmaster-General, and the same year received from Harvard and Yale Colleges the honorary title of Master of Arts. He had previously been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, London.

Several times he was sent by the colonies to London as medi-

* "He was decidedly one of the most splendid rhetoricians of the age. Two of his speeches, in a special manner,—that on Jay's treaty, and that usually called his 'tomahawk speech' (because it included some resplendent passages on Indian massacres),—were the most brilliant and fascinating specimens of eloquence I have ever heard; yet have I listened to some of the most celebrated speakers in the British Parliament; among others, to Wilberforce and Mackintosh, Plunket, Brougham, and Canning. Dr. Priestley, who was familiar with the oratory of Pitt the father and Pitt the son, and also with that of Burke and Fox, made to myself the acknowledgment that, to use his own words, 'the speech of Ames on the British treaty was the most bewitching piece of parliamentary oratory he had ever listened to.'"—*Dr. Charles Caldwell*.

† Dr. Johnson was at this time the great name in English literature. It will be remembered, however, that he felt no sympathy with Americans in their separation from England.

ator with the mother country, and in 1766, aided by the great English statesman, William Pitt, he secured the repeal of the Stamp Act.*

In 1775 he was elected a member of the Continental Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, and the next year helped to draft the Declaration of Independence. After signing the Declaration, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to France. In 1785 he was made Governor of Pennsylvania, and elected to the Federal Convention of 1787 for framing the Constitution of the United States.

The writings of Franklin fill ten octavo volumes. They consist of papers on *Electricity and other Scientific and Philosophical Subjects, Essays on Moral and Religious Subjects, and on Politics, Commerce, and Political Economy.*

While engaged in editing the "Pennsylvania Gazette," Franklin began the publication of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which was continued for twenty-five years. "Richard Saunders, Philomath," was the professed author. This almanac was famous for its collection of wise maxims, mainly inculcating habits of prudence and economy. So popular was "Poor Richard's Almanac," that the annual sale was about ten thousand copies.

Of Franklin's tact and ability in the affairs of Government, Bancroft, the great American historian, fifty years afterwards said: "Franklin was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century. He never spoke a word too soon; he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too much; he never failed to speak the right word in the right place."

*"In order to obtain fuller and more accurate information respecting America, the party in opposition to the ministry proposed that Franklin should be interrogated publicly before the House of Commons. Accordingly, on the third of February, 1766, he was summoned to the box of the House for that purpose. The dignity of his personal appearance, and the calmness of his demeanor, equally unmoved by the illusions, and undismayed by the insolence of power, added not a little to make the whole scene highly imposing, and, indeed, morally sublime—to see a solitary representative, from the then infant colonies, standing alone amid the concentrated pomp and pageantry, the nobility and the learning, of the mightiest kingdom of the earth, with the eyes of all gazing upon him, and acquitting himself so nobly as to call down the plaudits of his enemies. The result might have been anticipated; for such was the impression he made upon Parliament, that the Stamp Act was repealed."

The *Federalist* was a publication of national importance at this time. It was a series of papers written by ALEXANDER HAMILTON, JAMES MADISON, and JOHN JAY, over the common signature of "Publius." It was the result of disputes and dissatisfaction arising from the adoption of the Constitution by the Federal Convention in 1787, and its object was to show the colonists the advantage of the measure, and to instruct them in the elementary principles of government.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (1757-1804) was born in the West Indies, on the island of Nevis. At the age of sixteen he was sent to New York, and entered Columbia College. Before his collegiate course ended, he wrote a series of *Essays on the Rights of the Colonies*, and with impassioned eloquence addressed public assemblies on the subject of national independence. He was one of the three delegates from New York to the Federal Convention. "There is not," says Guizot,* "one element of order, strength, or durability in the Constitution which he did not powerfully contribute to introduce, and cause to be adopted." Of the eighty-five numbers of the *Federalist*, he wrote sixty-three.

Hamilton was held in highest esteem by Washington, and in the organization of government was created Secretary of the Treasury. While in this position he wrote numerous articles counselling neutrality in regard to the French Revolution, then at its height. But when war with France was imminent, Hamilton, at Washington's suggestion, was placed next to himself in command.

The tragic death of this warm patriot is too well known. Duelling at that day was regarded as the principal means of deciding a "question of honor;" and "satisfaction" being demanded of him by Aaron Burr, then Vice-President of the United States, for some real or supposed expressions derogatory to Burr's character, Hamilton accepted the challenge, and was mortally wounded. For such a loss by such means there are no compensating or consoling reflections.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (1732-1799) will ever hold his place in

* François Pierre Guillaume Guizot (1787-1874), an eminent French statesman and historian.

the affections of the people, and while he made no pretension to literary distinction, his *Letters* and *Official Documents* deserve a place in American literature.

The three succeeding Presidents of the United States were men of literary ability, and their contributions to the political literature of this nation were important. JOHN ADAMS (1735-1826) wrote some powerful political pamphlets, and his letters form a valuable addition to the literature of his times. THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743-1826) immortalized himself as the writer of the *Declaration of Independence*.* He was author also of many other papers and *Letters* of importance. Jefferson was one of the best educated men of his times. His *Notes on Virginia* is one of his most important works. JAMES MADISON (1751-1836) is principally known in literature by his contributions to *The Federalist*, and by his *Report of the Debates of the Convention which framed the Constitution*.

JOHN JAY (1745-1829) was one of the purest patriots of the Revolution. He was associated with Hamilton and Madison in contributing to *The Federalist*. He was equally noted as statesman and jurist.

JOSIAH QUINCY, JR. (1744-1775), took an active part in the political warfare of the times. His tongue and pen were eloquent in behalf of independence.

ABIGAIL ADAMS (1744-1818), wife of John Adams, deserves, in a literary point of view, equal mention with her husband. Her *Letters* † have recently been published.

Among the patriots of this time should be named the REV. JOHN WITHERSPOON (1722-1794), another of the illustrious Presidents of Princeton College. He was a native of Scotland, but a devoted friend to American liberties. He represented New Jersey in the first Continental Congress, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He gave his talents in various ways for the good of the country, and

*The committee appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingston. At the request of John Adams, the writing of it was entrusted to Thomas Jefferson.

† Familiar Letters of John Adams and his wife Abigail Adams during the Revolution, with a Memoir of Mrs. Adams by Charles Francis Adams.

the papers prepared by him on money and finance are remarkable public documents. His writings are various. They consist of *Sermons*, and *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*, on *Eloquence*, *Divinity*, on *Education*, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Effect of the Stage*, *Essays on Money as a Medium of Commerce*, *Speeches in Congress*, *Letters on Marriage*.*

THOMAS PAINE (1736-1809), meeting with Dr. Franklin in London, came in 1774 to America, and by his pen aided the Revolution. His political pamphlet, called *Common Sense*, exerted great influence in the formation of the republic. In 1776 he issued a periodical called *The Crisis*. *The Rights of Man*, written after his return to England, was a vindication of the French Revolution. *The Age of Reason* was partly written while in a French prison.

JOHN DICKINSON (1732-1808) was a Representative from Pennsylvania in the first Continental Congress, and wrote many of the resolutions and State papers of the convention. Believing, however, that the Declaration of Independence was premature, he refused to be one of its signers.

Poets.

All of the writings of this time were more or less political in nature. Satire was the chief feature of the poetry, and, in the hands of such writers as FRANCIS HOPKINSON, PHILIP FRENEAU, JOHN TRUMBULL, became a powerful weapon on the side of American independence.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON (1737-1791), one of the greatest humorists of the Revolution, was a man of varied attainments and marked ability. He represented New Jersey in the Continental Congress, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was afterwards appointed by Washington as Judge of the United States District Court ; but he is

* Witherspoon was a man of rare social qualities, and his fund of humor was inexhaustible. When Burgoyne's army was captured, the messenger dispatched by General Gates to Congress with the news, arrived to find the news had preceded him by several days. Congress was about to vote the tardy messenger a sword, when Witherspoon arose, and begged leave to move that instead of a sword he should be presented with a pair of golden spurs !

best remembered by his contributions to literature. His chief satirical poems are *The Battle of the Kegs*, *The New Roof*, *The Treaty*, *A Camp Ballad*, *Description of the Church*, etc. The satirical essays are, *The Typographical Mode of Conducting a Quarrel*, *On Modern Learning*, *Ambiguity of the English Language*, *On Diseases of the Mind*, *On Whitewashing*, etc.

PHILIP FRENEAU (1752-1832) was born in New York, and received his education at Princeton, in the same class with James Madison. With the versatility of his French blood, he produced prose and poetry in satire and in serious vein. Partisan feeling had sprung up in the government, and the Federalist and Republican (Democrat) parties were organized. In aid of the latter the pen of Freneau was industriously employed.

JOHN TRUMBULL (1750-1831) is chiefly remembered by his poem *McFingal*. He also wrote a satire on the prevailing mode of education, entitled *The Progress of Dulness*.

JOEL BARLOW (1755-1812) wrote a humorous poem called *Hasty Pudding*. He wrote also a long epic poem entitled the *Columbiad*. For this national epic he is famed, although the poem itself was a failure, and finds but few readers now.*

Not least among the versifiers of this age was PHILLIS WHEATLEY PETERS (1754-1784), a native of Africa, who when a child was brought to this country in a slave-ship, and sold in the slave-market in Boston to a Mr. John Wheatley. Every care was bestowed upon her education by the kind family of Mr. Wheatley. Meeting with the best society in Boston, her talents and poetical gift attracted the attention of literary people. A volume of her poems was published in London before she was nineteen, and when the next year she herself went to England, travelling for her health, she was cordially

*"In sketching the history of America from the days of Manco Capac down to the present day, and a few thousand years lower, the author, of course, cannot spare time to make us acquainted with any one individual. The most important personages, therefore, appear but once upon the scene, and then fall away and are forgotten. Mr. Barlow's exhibition accordingly partakes more of the nature of a procession than of a drama. River gods, sachems, majors of militia, all enter at one side of his stage, and go off at the other, never to return. Rocha and Oella take up as much room as Greene and Washington; and the rivers Potowmack and Delaware, those fluent and venerable personages, both act and talk a great deal more than Jefferson and Franklin." *Jeffrey, in Edinburgh Review*.

received by many distinguished people. She married a colored man of education—a lawyer. Her last years were spent in poverty.

REV. MATHER BYLES (1706–1788), a descendant of the famous Mather family, had a reputation in his day for wit, and wrote some verses.

MRS. MERCY WARREN (1728–1814), a sister of James Otis, wrote several dramas and poems, which were for a long time popular.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752–1817) wrote several poems, and made a revision of Watt's Hymns. He was celebrated as a theologian and follower of Edwards, and as an able President of Yale College.

Theology.

In theology the names of TIMOTHY DWIGHT, SAMUEL HOPKINS, and NATHANIEL EMMONS are prominent as followers of the teaching of Jonathan Edwards. SAMUEL HOPKINS (1721–1803), the founder of Hopkinsianism, studied under Edwards, and wrote a *System of Theology*.

History, etc.

The department of history is represented principally by DAVID RAMSAY (1749–1815), who wrote a *History of the United States* and a *History of South Carolina*. He is to be remembered as the first American historian of note. HENRY LEE (1756–1808) wrote *Memoirs of the Southern Department of the United States*. He delivered Washington's Funeral Oration.

One of the earliest philologists of this country was LINDLEY MURRAY (1745–1826). Like the historian David Ramsay, he was born near Lancaster, Pa. His best known works are an *English Grammar*, *The English Reader*, *An Introduction to the English Reader*, and a *Sequel to the English Reader*. He also wrote *The Power of Religion on the Mind*, *Duty and Benefit of a Daily Perusal of the Holy Scriptures*.



Illustrations of the Literature of the Revolutionary Period.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

From POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says."

MORE OF POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS.

If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality.

Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

Drive thy business, let not that drive thee.

Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

God gives all things to industry.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.

The cat in gloves catches no mice.

Constant dropping wears away stones.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

He that by the plough would thrive,

Himself must either hold or drive.

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

If you would be wealthy think of saving as well as of getting.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

A small leak will sink a great ship.

From a LETTER TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS, dated July, 1783.

ON THE RETURN OF PEACE.

DEAR SIR:—I join with you most cordially in rejoicing at the return of peace. I hope it will be lasting, and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats; for, in my opinion, *there never was a good war or a bad peace*. What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility! What an extension of agriculture, even to the tops of our mountains; what rivers rendered navigable, or joined by canals; what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, edifices, and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good, which in the last war have been spent in doing mischief; in bringing misery into thousands of families, and destroying the lives of so many thousands of working people, who might have performed the useful labor!

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

From a LETTER TO LAFAYETTE.

There is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it.* But there is *only one proper and effectual mode* by which it can be accomplished, and that is, by *legislative authority*; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting.

I never mean, unless some peculiar circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be *abolished by law*.

JOHN ADAMS.

From a LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

July 3, 1776.

The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore.

You will think me transported with enthusiasm; but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means; and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not.

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

From a LETTER TO HER HUSBAND on his being elected President of the United States.

QUINCY, February 8, 1797.

"The sun is dressed in brightest beams,
To give thy honors to the day."

And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season! You

*Slavery.

have this day to declare yourself head of a nation. "And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" were the words of a royal sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the chief magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown nor the robes of royalty.

My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are that "the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes." My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts and numerous duties, connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your

A. A.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

From THE PREAMBLE TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

JOHN WITHERSPOON.

From ESSAY ON MONEY AS A MEDIUM OF COMMERCE.

The quantity of gold and silver at any time in a nation is no evidence of national wealth, unless you take into consideration the way in which it came there, and the probability of its continuing.

JOHN DICKINSON.

From THE LIBERTY SONG (1768).

Then join in hands, brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

THOMAS PAINE.

From THE CRISIS.

These are the times that try men's souls.

HENRY LEE.

From FUNERAL ORATION ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

From THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.*

, * * * * *

The royal band now ready stand,
All rang'd in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant wood, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay
'Mongst folks above the water.

* This ballad was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines, in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at every thing they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide.

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conq'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

MAY TO APRIL.

I.

Without your showers
I breed no flowers,
Each field a barren waste appears;
If you don't weep,
My blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears.

II.

As your decay
Made room for May,
So I must part with all that's mine;
My balmy breeze,
My blooming trees,
To torrid suns their sweets resign.

III.

For April dead
My shade I spread,
To her I owe my dress so gay;

Of daughters three
It falls on me
To close our triumphs on one day.

IV.

Thus to repose
All nature goes;
Month after month must find its doom;
Time on the wing,
May ends the Spring,
And Summer frolics o'er her tomb.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

From MCFINGAL.

When Yankees, skill'd in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school,
Instructed them in warlike trade,
And new manœuvres of parade,
The true war-dance of Yankee reels,
And *manual exercise* of heels;
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh, and trust the feet,
And work, like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out, by fear and trembling;
Taught Percy * fashionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-Chases:
From Boston, in his best array,
Great Squire McFingal took his way,
And graced with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.
His high descent our heralds trace
From Ossian's famed Fingalian race:
For though their name some part may lack,
Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac;
Which great McPherson, with submission,
We hope will add the next edition.

* Lord Percy commanded the party that was first opposed to the Americans at Lexington. This allusion to the family renown of Chevy-Chase arose from the precipitate manner of his lordship's quitting the field of battle and returning to Boston.

—*Lon. Edit.*

His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands
Of Scotia's fog-benighted islands;
Whence gain'd our 'squire two gifts by right,
Rebellion, and the second-sight.



SYLLABUS.

Oratory is usually the prominent feature of republics, or of a nation in its struggle for freedom.

The literature of America during the Revolution was as distinctly patriotic as it was theological in the Colonial period.

The best orations are often unrecorded.

James Otis, Patrick Henry, Fisher Ames were distinguished orators.

This was the age of Burke, Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan in England.

Dr. Franklin was the most prominent literary character of the age in America. Dr. Johnson was his contemporary in England.

After the *Declaration of Independence* and the *Constitution*, *The Federalist* was one of the first publications. It was a series of papers written by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay.

Alexander Hamilton was the brightest ornament of the age.

George Washington's letters and public papers hold a place in literature.

The three succeeding Presidents—Adams, Jefferson, Madison—contributed to the political literature of the Revolution.

Other patriotic writers of this time were John Jay, Josiah Quincy, Jr., John Dickinson, Rev. John Witherspoon, Thomas Paine, etc.

The poets of the time wrote mainly in satiric vein.

Principal among the satirists were Francis Hopkinson, Philip Freneau, and John Trumbull.

Other poets were Joel Barlow, Phillis Wheatley Peters, Mrs. Mercy Warren, Mather Byles, etc.

Theologians were Timothy Dwight, Samuel Hopkins, and Nathaniel Emmons.

David Ramsay was the first historian of note in the republic.

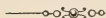
Lindley Murray was the first philologist.





IRVING.

CHAPTER XVI.



THE AGE OF IRVING.

1800—1850.

THE literary life of America dates from the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is coeval with the new birth of German literature—with that, indeed, of Teutonic literature outside of England. For the first twenty-five or thirty years, however, but few great writers appeared in America.

The chief poets contemporary with Scott and Byron were DRAKE and HALLECK. Many of the poets of the present day were rising into notice. Bryant had published some of his best poems, and before 1840 Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell had been recognized as poets of the first order; and Emerson, if he was not recognized as a sage, had uttered profoundest wisdom; but these poets we claim as belonging to our own day as well as to all time to come. POE belongs to the age under consideration, but his literary career began about 1830. Other poets contemporary with Halleck and Drake existed, and most of them became famous by a single song. *Hail Columbia* was written by JOSEPH HOPKINSON (1770–1840), of Philadelphia, son of Francis Hopkinson, of Revolutionary memory. *The Star-Spangled Banner* was the production of FRANCIS S. KEY (1779–1843), of Maryland. ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR. (1773–1811) is remembered by his patriotic poem of *Adams and Liberty*; and the beautiful song of the *Old Oaken Bucket* is the one remembered poem of SAMUEL WOODWORTH (1785–1842). *Home, Sweet Home*, the treasured song in all lands, will live as long

as the language endures, though its author, JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1792-1852), may be forgotten.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON (1779-1843), poet and painter, wrote, in 1813, the *Sylphs of the Seasons, and other Poems*. Before 1830, RICHARD HENRY DANA (1787-1879) had written his chief poem, *The Buccaneer*,* and CHARLES SPRAGUE (1791-1875), in 1823, had written his *Shakespearian Ode*, which ranks with Gray's *Progress of Poesy*. MRS. MARIA BROOKS (1795-1845) received from Southey, whom she visited in England, the title of "Maria del Occidente." Her chief poem was called *Zo-phiel, or the Bride of Seven*. The two sisters, LUCRETIA (1808-1825) and MARGARET DAVIDSON (1823-1838), were precocious children of song. The former died at the age of seventeen, and the latter at fifteen years, both having written creditable verses before their eleventh years. MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY (1791-1865) was a popular writer of the early part of the century, and published both prose and poetry.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795-1820), whose birth and death exactly coincide with the English poet Keats, resembled, in some respects, that short-lived poet. His fancy, however, was more delicate in its play, and quite as luxuriant, as is evidenced in his exquisite poem, *The Culprit Fay*.† He is best known by his patriotic poem, *The American Flag*, familiar to every reader. *The Culprit Fay* is a poem of some length, detailing with minuteness the punishment of the Fairy, whose offence was loving an earth-born maiden. The fairy court assemble to pass judgment on the tiny Ouphe. Delicately and consistently the habitat of fairydom is portrayed, and never more delightful interest could be aroused than that with which we follow the little "culprit" through his assigned tasks of penance, so exquisitely performed. The whole story, while maintaining its unity of diminutiveness, is invested with such

* Neither Dana nor Halleck wrote much after they were forty-five.

† "The *Culprit Fay* arose out of a conversation in the summer of 1819, in which Drake, Cooper, and Halleck were speaking of the Scottish streams and their adaptation to the uses of poetry by their numerous romantic associations. Cooper and Halleck maintained that our own rivers furnished no such capabilities, while Drake, as usual, took the opposite side of the argument, and, to make his position good, produced in three days *The Culprit Fay*."

human interest, that it is truly one of the most delightful fairy stories in the language.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1795-1867), the intimate friend and associate of Drake, won his literary renown within the period which this chapter covers. He wrote but little more than Drake. Like his contemporary Byron, his interests were warmly roused for the Greeks in their struggle to throw off the Turkish yoke, and his immortal lyric, *Marco Bozzaris*, commemorates the death of that hero in 1823. Halleck first drew public attention in 1819 by a series of humorous and satirical poems, published in conjunction with his friend Drake under the signature of "Croaker & Co." These papers made their appearance in 1819 in the "Evening Post." The chief poems of Halleck after *Marco Bozzaris* are his *Lines on Burns*, one of the finest of the many tributes to that poet: *Alnwick Castle*, celebrating "the Percy's high-born race;" *Fanny*, a satire on the fashionable literary and political enthusiasm of the day; *Red Jacket* and *Twilight*, the latter published in the "Evening Post" in 1818. His tribute to his friend Drake, two lines of which have become the current language of endearing praise, was written on the death of that poet.* Halleck wrote little or nothing after 1827, and thirty-two poems comprise his works. Born in Connecticut, he resided most of his life in New York, and becoming clerk in a banking-house, was afterwards associated with John Jacob Astor.

The brief and fitful life of EDGAR ALLAN POE (1811-1849) had in it some points of resemblance to Byron's. Left an orphan at an early age, he was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Allan, of Richmond, Va., who bestowed upon him their name and affection. Petulant, self-willed, and proud, he early wrested himself from all control. His wandering, dissipated life presents few attractive features. His genius was of a high and rare order, and his productions weird and unnatural. He was a master of melody, but while his poems pleased the ear and fancy they seldom touched the heart, except to call forth pity

*Green be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days!
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 Nor named thee but to praise.

for a gifted mind, "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." His stories are more weird even than his poetry, and possess a peculiar fascination. Poe also wrote literary criticisms, but they were frequently marred with petty jealousies. His principal poems are *The Raven*, *The Bells*, *Ulalume*, *Annabel Lee*, *The Haunted Palace*, etc. Among his tales are *The Gold Bug*, *A MS. Found in a Bottle*, *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, *The Murder in the Rue Morgue*, etc., etc. Poe also edited "The Southern Literary Messenger," "The Gentleman's Magazine," "Graham's Magazine," etc.

Among the poets of this time was N. P. WILLIS (1806-1867), whose smoothness of versification somewhat resembles Moore's. His *Scriptural poems* contain his finest strains. He represented in himself a certain phase of society that existed at the time in New York, which his minor poems also reflect. GEORGE P. MORRIS (1802-1864), "the song writer of America," was associated with N. P. Willis. Together they edited the "Home Journal" and the "New York Mirror." Morris's songs are familiar to all, especially *My Mother's Bible*; *Woodman, Spare that Tree*; *Long Time Ago*, *The Rock of the Pilgrims*, *Near the Lake where drooped the Willow*, etc. He also wrote a drama, *Briar Cliff*, and an opera, *The Maid of Saxony*.

ALFRED B. STREET (1811 —) has hardly been excelled in his pictures of forest life. He has written much prose and poetry, but is best known by his *Gray Forest Eagle* and the *Lost Hunter*. *Frontenac* is a metrical romance. A later work, published in 1864, *Forest Pictures in the Adirondacs*, shows his great love for forest trees.

MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD (1812-1850), of Massachusetts, and MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY (1811-1851), of Louisville, Ky., were highly praised by Poe. The *Labor* song of Mrs. Osgood deserves to live; so, also, does *The Rainbow* by Mrs. Welby. MRS. HANNAH F. GOULD (1789-1865), of Vermont, wrote some excellent poems, among them *The Frost*, *A Name in the Sand*, etc. For one poem, *Milton's Prayer for Patience*, ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL, of Philadelphia, deserves mention.

JOHN PIERPONT (1785-1866) is less known by his longest poem, *The Airs of Palestine*, than by his shorter lyrics, *Passing Away*, *My Child*, *The Battle-Field*, etc. Many of his poems

are on the leading topics of the day, Temperance, War, and Slavery. JAMES GATES PERCIVAL (1795-1856), a scholar and poet, was remarkable for his descriptive power, and for a peculiar richness and delicacy of fancy. His *Coral Grove* is a fine example.

The Drama and Novel.

The drama has never taken distinct root upon American soil. Too much of earnest reality surrounded the settlers of this country for them to embody in a play the great drama they were themselves enacting. A few plays were, however, written. MRS. MERCY WARREN, already mentioned in the Revolutionary period, wrote satirical tragedies; and MRS. SUSANNA ROWSON (1761-1824), author of the once popular novel, *Charlotte Temple*, wrote several comedies.*

JAMES A. HILLHOUSE (1789-1841) published in 1820 his *Percy's Masque, a Drama in Five Acts*. His best known drama is *Hadad*, the story of a Syrian prince contemporary with King David. He also wrote *Demetria, a Tragedy in Five Acts*, founded on an Italian story of love and jealousy.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of *Home, Sweet Home*, wrote a number of plays, having at an early age gone upon the stage. JOHN NEAL (1793 —), besides tales, novels, etc., wrote several *Plays*.

Novelists.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN (1771-1810), born in Philadelphia, was the first novelist of any note in America; the first writer, also, who made literature a profession. His novel, *Wieland*, made its appearance in 1798, and was followed in rapid succession by *Ormond*, *Arthur Mervyn*, *Edgar Huntley*, *Clara Howard*, *Jane Tulbot*, *Sky-Walk, or the Man Unknown to Himself*. His novels are of the "terrific school." *Arthur Mervyn*, said to be his best, contains scenes descriptive of the terrible year of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, 1793.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER (1789-1851) will hold a perma-

*This lady was of English birth, but came to America when seven years of age. Three years of her life she was an actress in Boston and Philadelphia. She wrote a great number of novels and plays.

nent place in American literature. He was born at Burlington, N. J., but lived most of his life in New York. His fame as a novelist was established when, in 1821, he published his second novel, *The Spy*. This was followed soon by *The Pioneers*, which still increased his fame. Before 1832 he had published twelve novels. So popular were these, that they were translated into all the principal European languages. With untiring industry, this great master of the pen continued from year to year issuing novel after novel, until the last year of his life.*

"Cooper represents the American mind in its adventurous character; he glories in delineating the 'monarch of the deck;' paints the movements of a ship at sea as if she were indeed 'a thing of life;' follows an Indian trail with the sagacity of a forest-king; and leads us through storms, conflagrations, and war with the firm, clear-sighted, and all-observant guidance of a master spirit. His best scenes and characters are indelibly engraven on the memory. His best creations are instinct with nature and truth. His tone is uniformly manly, fresh, and vigorous."†

CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK (1789-1867) made her first appearance as an author in 1822, by the publication of *A New England Tale*. This was followed by *Redwood, a Tale; Hope Leslie, or Early Times in Massachusetts; Clarence, a Tale of Our Own Times*, and *The Linwoods, or Sixty Years Since in America*. After a period of twenty-two years, during which she wrote mainly for young people, she came forth with a novel entitled *Married or Single*. Her stories for the young are the healthiest

* The following is a list of Cooper's novels, with the dates of publication:

<i>Precaution</i> , 1821.	<i>The Heidenmauer</i> , 1832.	<i>Wyandotte</i> , 1843.
<i>The Spy</i> , 1821.	<i>The Headsman</i> , 1833.	<i>Afloat and Ashore</i> , 1844.
<i>The Pioneers</i> , 1823.	<i>The Monikins</i> , 1835.	<i>Miles Wallingford</i> , 1844.
<i>The Pilot</i> , 1823.	<i>Homeward Bound</i> , 1838.	<i>The Chainbearer</i> , 1845.
<i>Lionel Lincoln</i> , 1825.	<i>Home as Found</i> , 1838.	<i>Satanstoe</i> , 1845.
<i>Last of the Mohicans</i> , 1826.	<i>The Pathfinder</i> , 1840.	<i>The Red Skins</i> , 1846.
<i>Red Rover</i> , 1827.	<i>Mercedes of Castile</i> , 1840.	<i>The Crater</i> , 1847.
<i>The Prairie</i> , 1827.	<i>The Deerslayer</i> , 1841.	<i>Jack Tier</i> , 1848.
<i>Travelling Bachelor</i> , 1828.	<i>The Two Admirals</i> , 1842.	<i>Oak Openings</i> , 1848.
<i>Wept of Wish-ton-Wish</i> , 1829.	<i>Wing and Wing</i> , 1842.	<i>The Sea Lions</i> , 1849.
<i>The Water-Witch</i> , 1830.	<i>Ned Myers</i> , 1843.	<i>The Ways of the Hour</i> , 1850.
<i>The Bravo</i> , 1831.		

† H. T. Tuckerman.

of their kind. The first was *Home*, after which came *The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man*, *Live and Let Live*, *Means and Ends*, *Morals and Manners*, *Facts and Fancies*, etc.

One of the most remarkable novels of the time was *Margaret*, by SYLVESTER JUDD (1813-1853). WILLIAM WARE (1797-1852) before 1840 had written his classical novels *Zenobia*, *Aurelian*, and *Julian*. So also WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS (1806-1870), of Charleston, South Carolina, had written some of his best novels and poems. CHARLES F. BRIGGS, in 1839, had published *Harry Franco*. JOHN P. KENNEDY (1795-1870), had written *Swallow Barn* and *Horse-Shoe Robinson*, before 1840.

JAMES K. PAULDING (1778-1860), mentioned in connection with Irving as a participant in the writing of *Salmagundi*, wrote innumerable satires—prose and poetry. One of the most popular was the *Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*. The *Dutchman's Fireside* is said to be the best of his novels.

T. S. ARTHUR (1809 —) has conscientiously devoted his life to the writing of stories and novels instilling morality, temperance, forbearance, and every Christian virtue. One of his best stories is *Ten Nights in a Bar-room*.

Scientists.

After Dr. Franklin, DR. BENJAMIN RUSH (1745-1813) should be named among the promoters of science in this country. But more than all, he should be remembered for his philanthropy and liberal views of government. He was also one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He wrote several valuable medical works. ALEXANDER WILSON (1766-1813), while a Scotchman by birth, is claimed by Americans. His writings in this country are on *Ornithology*. A few years after Wilson had published his works, JOHN JAMES AUDUBON (1782-1851) published *The Birds of America*. In 1818, PROF. BENJAMIN SILIMAN (1779-1864) established *The American Journal of Science and Arts*. He has been appropriately styled the "Father of American Periodical Science."² For more than fifty years—1804 to 1855—he was Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology in Yale College, and wrote numerous works on these

subjects. BENJAMIN THOMPSON (COUNT RUMFORD, 1753-1814) was a philosopher and economist.

Theological Writers.

The beginning of the nineteenth century witnessed considerable excitement between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism in and around Boston. The representative leaders of the conservative Congregationalists were the REVS. LEONARD WOODS (1774-1854), the brothers NOAH WORCESTER (1785-1837) and SAMUEL WORCESTER (1770-1821), and the learned MOSES STUART (1780-1850). The most noted Unitarian representatives were WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING (1780-1842), the WARES,—father and sons, and ANDREWS NORTON (1786-1853). The controversy arose out of the appointment, in 1805, of HENRY WARE, SR. (1764-1845), to the Hollis professorship of divinity in Harvard College. Many of the leading clergy took part in the dispute.

DR. JOHN M. MASON (1778-1829) was one of the finest pulpit orators of the country. His oration on the death of Alexander Hamilton has become one of the classics in literature.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER (1775-1863) was one of the first advocates of the temperance cause. Earnest in his convictions, and fearless in the expression of them, he entered heartily into whatever cause he embarked. He was one of the opposers of Dr. Channing in the Unitarian controversy. Dr. Beecher was born in New Haven, Conn. The fields of his labors as a preacher were Litchfield, Conn. ; Boston, and Cincinnati. In 1832 he was appointed to the presidency of Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati. His chief published works are *Sermons on Temperance*, *Scepticism*, *Views in Theology*, *Political Atheism*, etc.

DR. ELIPHALET NOTT (1773-1866), for sixty-two years President of Union College, was also an arduous upholder of temperance, and wrote much in its support. His *Counsels to Young Men* and *Lectures on Temperance* were valuable aids in reform.

Dissensions in churches, showing the more liberal views in

theology, became common. In the peaceful Society of Friends, difference of opinion arose—wider views of religion causing a separation in that body. This was mainly due to the preaching and writing of ELIAS HICKS (1748-1830).

MOSES STUART was appointed in 1809 a Professor of Sacred Literature in Andover Theological Seminary. Aside from his early controversy with Channing and other Unitarians of Boston, he is remembered as one of the finest Biblical scholars in the country. He wrote a great many theological works, but the most important is his *Commentaries on the Epistles to the Romans and Hebrews*, published in 1827.

DR. CHANNING ranks less prominently as a theologian than as a writer of ethical *Essays*. These works hold a high rank in American literature. In 1828 he published his *Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte*. In 1837 he addressed a public *Letter to Henry Clay* against the extension of slavery by the annexation of Texas. This was followed by a *Review of Joseph John Gurney's* Letters on West India Emancipation*. Of Channing there can be but one opinion, and that perhaps Coleridge has expressed when he said of him, "he had the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." His writings are all of an elevated and elevating tone. Doubtless many an American youth received his first impulse and ambitious determination from the reading of Channing's essay on *Self-Culture*. His *Essay on the Character and Writings of John Milton* shows his sympathy with lofty ideas. He early espoused the great movements of reform which were then beginning to agitate the community. On the subject of human bondage he was deeply moved. "There is one word that covers every cause to which Channing devoted his talents and his heart, and that word is Freedom. Liberty is the key of his religious, his political, his philanthropic, principles. Free the slave, free the serf, free the ignorant, free the sinful Let there be no chains

* JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY (1788-1847) was an English philanthropist, who, with his sister Elizabeth Fry, celebrated for her humane prison missions, set out to carry ideas of prison-reform upon the Continent, and to appeal to the French Government to abolish slavery in their colonies. In 1837-39 he visited the United States and West Indies, and wrote concerning the results of emancipation in those islands.

upon the conscience, the intellect, the pursuits, or the persons of men.”*

History and Biography.

IRVING.

It is difficult to classify under one head the writings of WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859). History and fiction both claim him, but his inimitable works in the latter department do not come under the head of novels. Some of his best historical works were not written until after the close of this period. Under whatever head his writings may be classed, they are the pride of American literature. He has been called the Goldsmith of America, and has been, with some justice, compared to Addison. In the clearness and grace of his style, and in the ripple of humor that overflows all, there is some resemblance to both writers.

Irving was born in the city of New York. He received only a common-school education, but in his father's well-selected library, and in the company of his elder brothers, he enjoyed the intercourse needed for his future career. When he was nineteen he contributed articles to a paper—the “Morning Chronicle”—edited by his brother, PETER IRVING. These articles were written under the pseudonym of “Jonathan Oldstyle.” On account of ill-health, he sailed, in 1804, for southern Europe, visiting France, Italy, Switzerland, and Holland. Spending some time in London, he returned to New York, and with his brother, WILLIAM IRVING, and JAMES K. PAULDING started a fortnightly periodical, entitled *Salmagundi*, professing to give the “whim-whams and opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esquire.” In this, as in Addison's *Spectator*, the follies of the day were satirized, though the humor was broader and the fun more irresistible than that of the *Spectator*.

Irving's next venture was *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, published in 1809, the first part of which he wrote in conjunction with his brother, Dr. Peter Irving. After this he took another trip to Europe, and from London sent to New

* Rev. H. W. Bellows.

York for publication the papers known afterward as the *Sketch-Book*. In 1820 the work was published in London, and was as popular there as here. In 1822, while in Paris, he wrote *Bracebridge Hall*, a collection of stories and sketches. *Tales of a Traveller* appeared two years later.

In 1826, Irving visited Spain, invited by Alexander H. Everett, then United States Minister to that country. While there he wrote the *Life of Columbus* and *The Conquest of Granada*, and collected materials for his *Alhambra*. Being appointed Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy in London, he went again to England, and in 1832 returned to New York. Soon after he commenced an extended Western tour, the fruits of which are *Tour of the Prairies*, *Astoria*, and the *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*.

Under the pseudonym of "Geoffrey Crayon, Gentleman," he published the "Crayon Miscellany," in which his *Tour of the Prairies* was first issued, together with some European sketches. He afterwards contributed articles to the "Knickerbocker Magazine,"* which were collected under the name of *Wolfert's Roost*.

In 1842, Irving was appointed as United States Minister to Spain, which position he occupied four years. Returning home, he took up his residence at "Sunnyside," on the Hudson, and here, surrounded by his nieces, his brother, and his friends (he never married), Irving passed the remainder of his days. Here he wrote or enlarged the *Life of Goldsmith*, and near the close of his life wrote the *Life of Washington*, which is in itself a history of the Revolution. Twenty-three years of his life were spent abroad, so that, in the words of Lowell, he is "neither English nor Yankee—just Irving."

PRESCOTT.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT (1796-1859), the most brilliant of American historians, was a grandson of William Prescott of Bunker Hill memory. He was born at Salem, Mass. He entered Harvard at an early age, but before graduating, an

* The "Knickerbocker Magazine" was established in 1833 by CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

accident occurred which caused blindness, and changed the whole current of his life. After graduating, he went abroad to secure the aid of the best oculists, but without avail. Returning, with no vain repinings, he decided on following a literary life, applying the means which he possessed to secure the necessary aid. Questions in history, embracing the voyage of Columbus and the decline of the Moorish power in Spain, absorbed his young imagination. By the aid of Alexander H. Everett, then Minister to Spain, he obtained ample documents on these subjects. These were read to him, while he took careful notes; then the notes were read to him until his mind grasped the main points and most important details of the subject. These were then elaborated in his own mind and dictated in elegant language to his amanuensis. His first work thus dictated was the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*. This was followed by the *Conquest of Peru*, and his last work was *Philip II. of Spain*.

In biography, JARED SPARKS (1794-1866) holds a high rank. His principal works are *The Life of Washington*, *The Life of Franklin*, *Life of Gouverneur Morris*, and *Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution*, etc.

WILLIAM WIRT (1772-1834) wrote many articles, but his *Life of Patrick Henry* would alone sustain his fame. JOHN MARSHALL (1755-1835), for thirty-five years Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, wrote a *Life of Washington*. TIMOTHY FLINT (1780-1840), besides several romances, wrote a *Condensed Geography and History of the Western States in the Mississippi Valley*.

Statesmen, Orators, and Writers on Jurisprudence.

Oratory flourished in this period as in the days of the early Republic. Among the most distinguished statesmen and orators was JOHN QUINCY ADAMS* (1767-1848), who throughout his whole public career, which embraced, indeed, his whole life, kept unviolated the trust reposed in him by his constituents

* John Quincy Adams was the son of John Adams, and sixth President of the United States.

and the friends of humanity. Throughout his active public service he found time to cultivate his literary tastes. Besides his political orations, he wrote lectures on *Rhetoric and Oratory*, *The Bible and its Teachings*, *Poems of Religion*, *Letters on Freemasonry*, etc.

As an orator and statesman, DANIEL WEBSTER (1782-1852) had few equals. He was endowed with a breadth of intellect that could comprehend the whole range of political knowledge ; but, like Lord Bacon, he "stooped to occasion," smothering the nobler instincts of his heart. The prose of Daniel Webster serves as a model for the young writer. Every word is an exact image of the thought expressed. Three of his orations, aside from his Congressional speeches, are especially famous, the *Plymouth Rock Discourse*, *The Bunker Hill Monument*, and the *Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson*.

The oratory of HENRY CLAY (1777-1852) depended greatly on the magnetic qualities of voice and eye. His eloquence is said to have been unequalled. JOHN C. CALHOUN (1782-1850) was one of the most distinguished political writers of the time. Of his eloquence, Webster said, "His power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, the clearness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner."

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT (1790-1847) was a fine scholar and diplomatist. His works are numerous. Among them the *State of Europe*, *The State of America*, various *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, *Biographies*, etc. He was sent on several foreign embassies of trust, and, while Minister to Spain, aided his young countrymen, Irving, Prescott, and Longfellow in their literary pursuits in that country.

EDWARD EVERETT (1794-1865), the prince of American orators, was a younger brother of Alexander Everett. Like the latter, he was actively engaged in the affairs of government. Ten years he served in Congress, for four successive years he was elected Governor of his native State, Massachusetts, and in 1841 was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. For three years he was President of Harvard College, from 1846 to 1849, when he again entered political life. His orations are especially marked by their symmetry and

finish—their elegance of style. His published works are a *Defence of Christianity*, *Miscellaneous Writings*, *Orations and Speeches*.

Among the prominent jurists of this time were CHANCELLOR KENT and JUDGE STORY. JAMES KENT (1763–1847) contributed to the literature of jurisprudence by his *Commentaries on American Law*. JOSEPH STORY (1779–1845) wrote *On the Constitution of the United States*, *On the Conflict of Laws*, etc. HENRY WHEATON (1785–1848) was the first to write on *International Law*.

Miscellaneous Writers, Essayists, Critics, etc.

MARGARET FULLER (MARCHIONESS OSSOLI) (1810–1850), born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was one of the most gifted women of her age, in her precociousness as a child resembling Mrs. Browning. At an early age, under the guidance of her father, she had mastered the classics. Her ripened intellect and individual modes of thinking, made her a congenial friend of Emerson's. She chose teaching as her vocation, and afterwards, in Providence and Boston, established classes in conversation, which were attended by ladies of culture. In 1844 she undertook the charge of the literary department of the "New York Tribune," having previously assisted Emerson in editing the "Dial." Her writings are numerous and on a variety of subjects—criticisms on literature and art, and essays on the social problems of the day. In 1846 she accompanied some friends to Europe. During her stay in Rome she made the acquaintance of Marquis Ossoli, to whom she was afterwards married. She, with her husband, took a warm interest in the cause of Italian liberty. In 1850 they embarked for America with their one child. The vessel was wrecked almost within sight of home, and among the passengers drowned was Margaret Fuller-Ossoli, her husband, and child.

HENRY REED (1808–1854), as genial in his lectures on literature as Hazlitt, was born in Philadelphia, and made literature his profession. Returning from Europe after a brief sojourn, he, like Margaret Fuller, was wrecked on the shores of his

native land.* His works, published by his brother, WILLIAM B. REED (1806 —), show the finest literary taste and culture. They are *Lectures on English Literature*, *Lectures on English History as Illustrated by Shakespeare's Plays*, *Lectures on the British Poets*, and two lectures on the *History of the American Union*.

The literary and art criticisms of HORACE BINNEY WALLACE (1817-1852) were not published until after the author's death. He had written learned articles on civil and commercial law, but until his works on *Art and Scenery in Europe*, and *Literary Criticisms and Other Papers* were collected and published after his death,† the full extent of his ability was not known. Like Henry Reed, he was born in Philadelphia and educated at the University of Pennsylvania.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD (1802-1880) was one of the most entertaining writers of the age, and her stories for children among the best that were written. She early devoted herself to the cause of humanity. Among her works are *Hobomok, a Tale of Early Times*; *The Rebels, a Tale of the Revolution*; *Philothea*, a romance of Greece in the days of Pericles; a *History of the Condition of Women in all Ages and Nations*, *The Mother's Book*, *An Appeal in Favor of that class of Americans called Africans*, *Facts and Fiction*, *Flowers for Children*, and *Biographies of Isaac T. Hopper*, *Madame de Staël and Madame Roland*, *Letters from New York*, *Progress of Religious Ideas through the Ages*, *Autumnal Leaves*, *Looking towards Sunset*, and a *Romance of the Republic*.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK (1787-1870) is chiefly known by his edition of *Shakespeare's Plays, with a Life and Critical Notes*.

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD (1815-1857), by his biographical sketches of persons famous in literature, did a work which should not be undervalued. His literary criticisms may be trite, but he was the first to present in chronological order the writers of this country. His chief works are *The Poets and Poetry of America*, *The Prose Writers of America*, *The Female Writers of America*.

* He was lost on the steamer Arctic, September 27, 1854.

† These works were collected and published by his brother, John William Wallace.

NOAH WEBSTER (1758-1843), after a lapse of twenty years, completed in 1828 his celebrated *Dictionary*.* He had through a long period of teaching and of literary work given his mind to philological studies. His well-known spelling-book appeared originally in the introduction to his *Grammatical Institute of the English Language*.

JOSEPH E. WORCESTER (1784-1865) published at first numerous educational works,—*Histories*, *Geographies*, and excellent *Epitomes of History*. In 1821 he began editing *Johnson's Dictionary*. Soon after he made an abridgment of Webster's, and finally began his own well-known *Dictionary*, which was completed in 1846.

Illustrations of the Literature of the Period from 1800 to 1850.



JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

FROM THE CULPRIT FAY.

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,
 They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
 Some on the backs of beetles fly
 From the silver tops of moon-touch'd trees,
 Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
 And rock'd about in the evening breeze;
 Some from the hum-bird's downy nest,—
 They had driven him out by elfin power,
 And, pillow'd on plumes of his rainbow breast,
 Had slumber'd there till the charmed hour;
 Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
 With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
 And some had open'd the four-o'clock,
 And stole within its purple shade.
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,
 Above—below—on every side,
 Their little minim forms array'd
 In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!

* It has been at various times amended and increased.

V.

For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
 He has loved an earthly maid,
 And left for her his woodland shade;
 He has lain upon her lip of dew,
 And sunn'd him in her eye of blue.
 For this the shadowy tribes of air
 To the elfin court must haste away:—
 And now they stand expectant there,
 To hear the doom of the culprit Fay.

VIII.

“Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
 Where the water bounds the elfin land;
 Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
 Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
 Then dart the glistening arch below,
 And catch a drop from his silver bow.
 The water sprites will wield their arms
 And dash around, with roar and rave,
 And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
 They are the imps that rule the wave.
 Yet trust thee in thy single might:
 If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
 Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX.

“If the spray-bead gem be won,
 The stain of thy wing is wash'd away:
 But another errand must be done
 Ere thy crime be lost for aye;
 Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark
 Thou must reillumine its spark.
 Mount thy steed and spur him high
 To the heaven's blue canopy;
 And when thou seest a shooting star,
 Follow it fast, and follow it far,—
 The last faint spark of its burning train
 Shall light the elfin lamp again.
 Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
 Hence! to the water-side, away!” *

* The fairy's successful endeavor to “catch a drop from the silver bow” of the

XXV.

He put his acorn hemlet on;
 It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down.
 The corselet plate that guarded his breast
 Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
 His cloak of a thousand mingled dyes,
 Was form'd of the wings of butterflies;
 His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
 Studs of gold on a ground of green;
 And the quivering lance which he brandish'd bright,
 Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
 Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
 He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
 He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
 And away like a glance of thought he flew,
 To skim the heavens, and follow far
 The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament
 His path the fire-fly courser bent,
 And at every gallop on the wind,
 He flung a glittering spark behind;
 He flies like a feather in the blast
 Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.

XXIX.

Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
 To tread the starry plain of even,
 To meet the thousand eyes of night,
 And feel the cooling breath of heaven!
 But the Elfin made no stop or stay
 Till he came to the bank of the milky way,
 Then he check'd his courser's foot,
 And watch'd for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

* * * * *

He is successful. The stain on his wing is washed away; his flame-wood lamp is rekindled, and the glad fairies "hail the wanderer again," and twining

sturgeon, and his return to the shore, are exquisitely told, but for want of space cannot be given.

In a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

* * * *

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

BURNS.

* * * *

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listen'd, and believed, and felt,
The Poet's mastery?

* * * *

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ULALUME.

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;

It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
 In the misty mid region of Weir—
 It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
 In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
 Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
 Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
 These were days when my heart was volcanic
 As the scoriac rivers that roll—
 As the lavas that restlessly roll
 Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
 In the ultimate climes of the pole—
 That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
 In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
 But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
 Our memories were treacherous and sere—
 For we knew not the month was October,
 And we marked not the night of the year—
 (Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
 We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
 (Though once we had journeyed down here)—
 Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
 Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
 And star-dials pointed to morn—
 As the star-dials hinted of morn—
 At the end of our path a liquescent
 And nebulous lustre was born,
 Out of which a miraculous crescent
 Arose with a duplicate horn—
 Astarte's bediamonded crescent
 Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said, "She is warmer than Dian:
 She rolls through an ether of sighs—
 She revels in a region of sighs:
 She has seen that the tears are not dry on
 These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
 And has come past the stars of the Lion

To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said, "Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied, "This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sybilic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—
See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied, "Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere—

As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried, "It was surely October
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a dread burden down here—
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

LYMAN BEECHER.

From A SERMON ON THE SIN OF TRAFFICKING IN ARDENT SPIRITS.

Has not God connected with all lawful avocations the welfare of the life that now is and of that which is to come? And can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crimes; which peoples the graveyard with premature mortality, and the world of woe with the victims of despair? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appall the nation, and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If in every dwelling built by blood the stone from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo them back, who would build such a house? and who would dwell in it?

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

From ADDRESS ON SELF-CULTURE.

Every man, in every condition, is great. It is only our own diseased sight which makes him little. A man is great as a man, be he where or what he may. The grandeur of his nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions. His powers of intellect, of conscience, of love, of knowing God, of perceiving the beautiful, of acting on his own mind, on outward nature, and on his fellow-creatures,—these are glorious prerogatives. Through the vulgar error of undervaluing what is common, we are apt, indeed, to pass these by as of little worth. But, as in the outward creation, so in the soul, the common is the most precious. Science and art may invent splendid modes of illuminating the apartments of the opulent; but these are all poor and worthless, compared

with the common light which the sun sends into all our windows, which he pours freely, impartially, over hill and valley, which kindles daily the eastern and western sky : and so the common lights of reason, and conscience, and love, are of more worth and dignity than the rare endowments which give celebrity to a few. Let us not disparage that nature which is common to all men ; for no thought can measure its grandeur. It is the image of God, the image even of his infinity, for no limits can be set to its unfolding. He who possesses the divine powers of the soul is a great being, be his place what it may. You may clothe him with rags, may immure him in a dungeon, may chain him to slavish tasks. But he is still great. You may shut him out of your houses ; but God opens to him heavenly mansions. He makes no show, indeed, in the streets of a splendid city ; but a clear thought, a pure affection, a resolute act of a virtuous will, have a dignity of quite another kind, and far higher than accumulations of brick, and granite, and plaster, and stucco, however cunningly put together.

It is force of thought which measures intellectual, and so it is force of principle which measures moral, greatness,—that highest of human endowments, that brightest manifestation of the Divinity. The greatest man is he who chooses the Right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering. I believe this greatness to be most common among the multitude, whose names are never heard. Among common people will be found more of hardship borne manfully, more of unvarnished truth, more of religious trust, more of that generosity which gives what the giver needs himself, and more of a wise estimate of life and death, than among the more prosperous. In these remarks you will see why I feel and express a deep interest in the obscure,—in the mass of men. The distinctions of society vanish before the light of these truths. I attach myself to the multitude, not because they are voters and have political power, but because they are men, and have within their reach the most glorious prizes of humanity.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

From KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circum-

ference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back-bone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face—that infallible index of the mind—presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller,—a true philosopher; for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

THE ALHAMBRA BY MOONLIGHT.

The moon, which then was invisible, has gradually gained upon the nights, and now rolls in full splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up, the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver, the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

I have sat for hours at my window inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the checkered features of those whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight when everything was quiet, and have

wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate and in such a place? The temperature of an Andalusian midnight, in summer, is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame, that render mere existence enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every mouldering tint and weather-stain, disappears, the marble resumes its original whiteness, the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams, the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

At such time I have ascended to the little pavilion called the Queen's Toilette, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada would gleam like silver clouds against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the *tocador*, and gaze down upon Granada, spread out like a map below me, all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping as it were in the moonshine.

Sometimes I would hear the faint sounds of castanets from some party of dancers lingering in the Alameda; at other times I have heard the dubious tones of a guitar, and the notes of a single voice rising from some solitary street, and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier serenading his lady's window,—a gallant custom of former days, but now sadly on the decline, except in the remote towns and villages of Spain.

Such are the scenes that have detained me for many an hour loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle, enjoying that mixture of reverie and sensation which steal away existence in a Southern climate,—and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed, and been lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.

PRESCOTT.

From the HISTORY OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

QUEEN ISABELLA.

Her person was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes and auburn hair,—a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion

which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry of features with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability which flowed from the kindness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrunk from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries in person, taking her needlework with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When travelling in Galicia, she attired herself in the costume of the country, borrowing for that purpose the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating deportment, as well as by her higher qualities, she gained an ascendancy over her turbulent subjects which no king of Spain could ever boast.

She spoke the Castilian with much elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of discourse, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was temperate even to abstemiousness in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine, and so frugal in her table, that the daily expenses for herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty ducats. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence; but she had no relish for it in private; and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels as presents to her friends. Naturally of a sedate, though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life; and, if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the coarser and less intellectual pleasures to which they were addicted.

Among her moral qualities, the most conspicuous, perhaps, was her magnanimity. She betrayed nothing little or selfish in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble spirit in which they were conceived. She never employed doubtful agents or

sinister measures, but the most direct and open policy. She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy of others. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support; and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Ximenes* in all his obnoxious but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny of his enemies. She did the same good service to her favorite, Gonsalvo de Cordova; and the day of her death was felt, and, as it proved, truly felt, by both, as the last of their good fortune. Artifice and duplicity were so abhorrent to her character, and so averse from her domestic policy, that, when they appear in the foreign relations of Spain, it is certainly not imputable to her.

WILLIAM WIRT.

FROM A LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller of Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him;" and the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls, "the small, sweet courtesies of life,"—those courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little, kind acts of attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life and to your sex its sweetest charm. It constitutes the sum-total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the Upas-tree around you, and in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the kindly juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feeling and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it, and, if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no farther effect, except

* Confessor to Isabella.

an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter: it flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

True eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it,—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreathing of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

ENGLAND.

She has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circle the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

THE MORNING.

It is morning, and a morning sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects, and on so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years lead us to call that period the "morning of life." But the morning itself few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of day,"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

I know the morning,—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is, a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the names of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!

LYDIA MARIA CHILDS.

A STREET SCENE.

The other day I was coming down Broome Street. I saw a street musician, playing near the door of a genteel dwelling. The organ was uncommonly sweet and mellow in its tones, the tunes were slow and plaintive, and I fancied that I saw in the woman's Italian face an expression that indicated sufficient refinement to prefer the tender and melancholy, to the lively "trainer tunes" in vogue with the populace. She looked like one who had suffered much, and the sorrowful music seemed her own appropriate voice. A little girl clung to her scanty garments, as if afraid of all things but her mother. As I looked at them, a young lady of pleasing countenance opened the window, and began to sing like a bird, in keeping with the street organ. Two other young girls came and leaned on her shoulder; and still she sang on. Blessings on her gentle heart! It was evidently the spontaneous gush of human love and sympathy. The beauty of the incident attracted attention. A group of gentlemen gradually collected round the organist: and even as the tune ended, they bowed respectfully towards the window, waving

their hats, and calling out, "More, if you please!" One, whom I knew well for the kindest and truest soul, passed round his hat; hearts were kindled, and the silver fell in freely. In a minute, four or five dollars were collected for the poor woman. She spoke no word of gratitude, but she gave *such* a look! "Will you go to the next street, and play to a friend of mine?" said my kind-hearted friend. She answered, in tones expressing the deepest emotion, "No, sir; God bless you all—God bless you *all*," (making a curtsy to the young lady, who had stepped back, and stood sheltered by the curtain of the window) "I will play no more to-day; I will go *home* now." The tears trickled down her cheeks, and as she walked away, she ever and anon wiped her eyes with the corner of her shawl. The group of gentlemen lingered a moment to look after her, then turning towards the now closed window, they gave three enthusiastic cheers, and departed, better than they came. The pavement on which they stood had been a church to them; and for the next hour, at least, their hearts were more than usually prepared for deeds of gentleness and mercy. Why are such scenes so uncommon? Why do we thus repress our sympathies and chill the genial current of nature, by formal observances and restraints?

UNSELFISHNESS.

I found the Battery unoccupied, save by children, whom the weather made as merry as birds. Everything seemed moving to the vernal tune of

"Brigal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green."

To one who was chasing her hoop, I said, smiling, "You are a nice little girl." She stopped, looked up in my face, so rosy and happy, and laying her hand on her brother's shoulder, exclaimed earnestly, "and *he* is a nice little boy, too!" It was a simple, child-like act, but it brought a warm gush into my heart. Blessings on all unselfishness! on all that leads us in love to prefer one another. Here lies the secret of universal harmony; this is the diapason, which would bring us all into tune. Only by losing ourselves can we find ourselves. How clearly does the divine voice within us proclaim this, by the hymn of joy it sings, whenever we witness an unselfish deed, or hear an unselfish thought. Blessings on that loving little one! She made the city seem a garden to me. I kissed my hand to her, as I turned off in quest of the Brooklyn ferry. The sparkling waters swarmed with boats, some of which had taken a big ship by the hand, and were leading her out to sea, as the prattle of childhood often guides wisdom into the deepest and broadest thought.

HENRY REED.

BEST METHOD OF READING.

It is not unfrequently thought that the true guidance for habits of reading is to be looked for in prescribed courses of reading, pointing out the books to be read, and the order of proceeding with them. Now, while this external guidance may to a certain extent be useful, I do believe that an elaborately prescribed course of reading would be found neither desirable nor practicable. It does not leave freedom enough to the movements of the reader's own mind; it does not give free enough scope to choice. Our communion with books, to be intelligent, must be more or less spontaneous. It is not possible to anticipate how or when an interest may be awakened in some particular subject or author, and it would be far better to break away from the prescribed list of books, in order to follow out that interest while it is a thoughtful impulse. It would be a sorry tameness of intellect that would not, sooner or later, work its way out of the track of the best of any such prescribed courses. This is the reason, no doubt, why they are so seldom attempted, and why, when attempted, they are so apt to fail.



SYLLABUS.

The literary life of America dates from the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The principal poets contemporary with Byron were Drake and Halleck.

Many of the American poets of the first part of the century were famous for a single poem.

Among the poems were *Hail Columbia*, *The Star-Spangled Banner*, *Home, Sweet Home*, etc.

The older poets of the present day were rising into notice.

Bryant was known before 1825.

Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, and Lowell were known before 1840.

The principal poems of Drake are *The Culprit Fay* and *The American Flag*.

Poe belongs to the first half of the century.

Other poets of the time were Washington Allston, N. P. Willis, George P. Morris, Alfred B. Street, Frances Osgood, H. F. Gould, John Pierpont, James Gates Percival.

A few dramatic writings were produced.

Charles Brockden Brown was the first American novelist.

James Fennimore Cooper ranks highest among American novelists who had appeared before 1850.

Scientific writers were Wilson, Audubon, Silliman, Thompson, and others.

Theology was represented in the Trinitarian branch of the church by Lyman Beecher, John M. Mason, Moses Stuart, etc., and in the Unitarian by William Ellery Channing, Henry Ware, Sr., and his sons Henry and William Ware, Andrews Norton, and others.

Moses Stuart was one of the finest Biblical scholars of the age.

The works of Channing belong essentially to literature, and he is better known by his *Essays* than by his theological writings.

The most prominent writer of the time was Washington Irving.

Prescott had written before 1850 his *History of Ferdinand and Isabella, Conquest of Mexico*, and *Conquest of Peru*.

Other writers of history and biography were Jared Sparks, William Wirt, John Marshall, Timothy Flint, etc.

Oratory flourished in the early days of the Republic.

Among the chief orators and statesmen were John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Alexander and Edward Everett.

Margaret Fuller was a friend of Emerson. She, with Emerson, edited the "Dial."

Henry Reed was one of the most promising of American critics.

Horace Binney Wallace, like Reed, gave great promise of excellence as a critic. Both were natives of Philadelphia.

Lydia Maria Child was a prolific and delightful writer.

Mrs. Kirkland wrote humorous sketches of Western pioneer life.

Verplanck edited Shakespeare's works with notes.

Griswold furnished numerous volumes of biographical sketches of authors, with selections from their works.

Noah Webster completed his *Dictionary* in 1828.

Worcester's *Dictionary* was completed in 1846.





LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE AGE OF EMERSON.

—o—o—o—
1850—1882.

NO period was ever marked with footsteps of progress like those within the last fifty years—progress in science, in art, in literature and humanity. It is encouraging to see, the world over, that the most valuable product of intellectual culture is a higher moral culture, and that both are mainly the results of written or spoken thoughts. It is impossible to estimate the value of literature—the refining influence of its poetry, the thought quickened by its philosophy, the nobler action shaped by its oratory, and the kindlier sympathy induced by its stories of every-day life.

It is well for a nation to pay just tribute to its great thinkers and writers. It was said of a Danish poet* that “his death set a whole empire weeping,” and no more touching evidence of the refining, beneficent influence of poetry and true thinking, in our own country, could be given than the universal bereavement lately felt in the death of our loved poets, and the sage whom his own generation delights to honor, and whom posterity with clearer vision will perceive in truer relations.†

* Adam Gottlob Ohlenschläger (1779–1850).

† You cannot see the mountain near.—Emerson's *Essay on Shakespeare the Poet*.

Poets.

LONGFELLOW.

It is perhaps not too much to say that there never was a poet more widely loved than HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. The man was not less loved than his songs. All the genial spirit of his lays emanated from his own genial spirit.

“All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing,
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music.

* * * *
He is dead, the sweet musician!
He, the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!”

Thus he sang of Hiawatha's poet-friend, and it now may be fitly said of himself.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882) was born at Portland, Me. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. A professorship of modern languages was offered him, and to further qualify himself for the position, he spent three years in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. In 1829 he entered upon the duties of his professorship at Bowdoin. On the resignation of George Ticknor from the chair of modern languages at Harvard, Longfellow was elected to that position. Again he went abroad—this time to study the languages of the North. Returning the next year, he assumed his professorship at Cambridge, in which position he remained until 1854. He still, however, continued to reside in Cambridge, in the “Craigie House,” memorable not only as the Revolutionary headquarters of Washington, but as being the college quarters of several of the distinguished men of the country besides Longfellow.* Mr. Longfellow purchased the house in 1843, the same year in which he married Miss Appleton.

* Mrs. Craigie, when in reduced circumstances, let out rooms in the grand old mansion to the students of Harvard—to Everett, Worcester, Sparks and others.

The care with which the poet prepared himself for every duty is clearly reflected in his writings. The song of the *Builders* was his creed :

“Build, to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.”

Could we sum up the daily labors of the hardest-working men, they would not seem more laborious than the work of our greatest literary men. While at Bowdoin as a student—consequently before his eighteenth year—Longfellow had written the *Hymn of the Moravian Nuns*, *Sunrise on the Hills*, and *The Spirit of Poetry*. Many of his early works are reminiscences of foreign travels. *Outre Mer, a Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea*, and his translation of *Coplas de Manrique* (verses of Manrique*) appeared in 1835. *Hyperion*, a prose romance, was published in 1839, also a collection of poems called *Voices of the Night*. He was at this time contributing to the “North American Review” and to the “Knickerbocker Magazine.” In 1841 *Ballads and other Poems* was published, and in 1842, *Poems on Slavery*. His first drama, *The Spanish Student*, was written in 1843. *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems* followed in 1845. The same year he published *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*, with biographical sketches. Many of the translations he made himself. In 1847 the most celebrated of his poems, *Evangeline*, appeared, and in 1849, *Kavanah, a Tale*; then followed a volume of poems called *The Seaside and the Fireside*, and in 1851 that most melodious drama, *The Golden Legend*. In 1855, *Hiawatha, an Indian Edda*, appeared, unrhymed and with no attempt at alliteration even, the beautiful trochaic measure flowing on so softly that rhyme was not needed. *Miles Standish* was written in 1858, in the same measure as *Evangeline*. The *Tales of a Wayside Inn* was the next collection of poems. *Flower-de-Luce* and *New England Tragedies* appeared the same year (1863). Again Mr. Longfellow visited Europe, and, returning, published in 1870 a translation of *Dante’s Divina Comedia*, and in 1872 his second drama, *The*

* Jorge Manrique, a Spanish poet of the fifteenth century.

Divine Tragedy. The Golden Legend, New England Tragedies, and The Divine Tragedy are published in a volume called *Christus*. *Morituri Salutamur* was a poem delivered at Bowdoin College in 1879.

BRYANT.

One of the earliest poets of this century, yet one whom we love to think upon as our contemporary, was WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878). He was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, where he resided much of his life. He was remarkable as a child for his thoughtfulness, and in his tenth year paraphrased the first chapter of the book of Job, and wrote other poems, which, though immature, were published in the "Hampshire Gazette." Before he was fourteen he wrote the *Embargo*, a political satire, which became so popular that a second edition was demanded, when he produced with it several additional poems. His most popular poem, *Thanatopsis*, was written at the age of eighteen, and *To a Waterfowl*, when he was twenty-one. Both show equal seriousness of thought. *Thanatopsis* is, as its name implies, a view of death. The youth of eighteen did not speculate on the hereafter; he simply trusted, and herein lies the exceeding beauty of the poem. The last stanza is surcharged with the spirit of trust. Earth is described as the tomb of man, and the mountains, vales, and woods as the decorations of that tomb. The poem is material in its structure, but none the less poetical. The fact that man's body shall mingle with the elements, and become part and parcel of the clod that covers him, does not stay the soul in its onward career. The lines *To a Waterfowl*, which followed soon, suggest the flight of a disembodied soul.

In 1827 Bryant became editor of the "New York Evening Post," which position he held until the close of his life. He entered into every political conflict, and "never waited to catch the breath of popular opinion before flinging abroad his standard." Quick to perceive the right, he was as ready to espouse it.

His first visit to Europe was in 1834. Six times he travelled abroad. In 1845 he took up his residence at Roslyn, Long Island, where he spent most of his time until his death, varying it each year with short residences at the old homestead at Cummington, and at his city home in New York. Never

feeling excused from labor, he began in his seventy-first year the translation of the *Iliad*, and in six years' time, in 1871, completed the *Iliad and Odyssey*. *The Flood of Years* was written in his eighty-second year. Bryant's love of nature is everywhere visible in his writings. The woods were his great delight. There is sometimes a marked resemblance between Bryant and Thomson. No one can read Bryant's *Forest Hymn* and Thomson's *Hymn to the Seasons* without observing it. The *Death of the Flowers* shows the poet's close companionship with nature. Nothing could be more delicately accurate than the succession of flowers as they spring and fade before us in the beautiful lines :

"The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen."

In one line he paints the peculiar lustre of the waters in the hazy-light of autumn, and the line preceding it is almost equal in beauty, descriptive of the serene stillness of an Indian summer day :

"When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill."

Waiting by the Gate is one of his later poems. In the serene majesty of his calm old age, he says :

"And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me."

A still older poet than Bryant—indeed, the patriarch of American poets—was RICHARD HENRY DANA (1787-1879), already mentioned in the preceding chapter.*

WHITTIER.

A strong, sweet singer, mellowing with every ripening year, is JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807 —). A spirit of earnest conviction expresses itself in ringing tones against all

*See page 414.

forms of oppression. His later songs overflow with the fulness of thanksgiving,

“And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.”

An insight into his early home life he himself gives in his poem *Snow Bound*. He was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, but since 1840 has resided at Amesbury, in his native State. He is perhaps the only one of our poets that has not travelled abroad, but he has the happy faculty of conducting his readers over wide ranges of foreign lands, while he sits snugly at his own fireside.

Whittier's style is thoroughly individual, and as recognizable as the footstep or voice of a friend. It often consists of unexpected and just metaphors or of homely phrases, which through his touch become instinct with poetic life.

No poet has more minutely observed nature, nor more truly painted her glowing colors or traced her subtler influences. From him we learn what his *Barefoot Boy* learned from the book of nature.

He is eminently the poet of humanity. If there is less of the ring of steel in his later poems, there is more rich fulness in them. The bounty of the glowing autumn, the gracious plenitude of Divine love, are reflected in his mellowed words, and

—— all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

Among his earlier poems are *Voices of Freedom*, *Songs of Labor*, *Ballads*, etc. Later poems are, *In War Times*, *Snow Bound*, *The Tent on the Beach*, *National Lyrics*, *Poems for Public Occasions*, etc.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819 —) has given evidence of the highest creative genius, with happiest facility in expression. His early satires display unmatched wit and brilliant humor. While not so popular as others, some of his poems must be regarded as the gems of American literature. Excelling in poetry he essayed criticism, and in that broad humane art produced some of the finest prose. In 1845 his *Conver-*

sations on *Some of the Old Poets* appeared, which every lover of literature should read. Several years previous he had published a volume of poems, and subsequently other poems, among which are *The Vision of Sir Launfal*,* and *A Fable for Critics*—the latter an amusing and more or less just characterization of his brother poets. The *Biglow Papers*, a satire against the Mexican war and the slave power, was written in the Yankee dialect, and published in 1848. A second series of the *Biglow Papers* was written during the Civil War. This satire was pointed against the English nation for the neutral attitude assumed by her. Later poems of Mr. Lowell's are *Under the Willows* and *The Cathedral*. His best prose essays and criticisms are contained in *Among my Books* and *My Study Window*. Mr. Lowell was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and graduated at Harvard in 1838.† In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Belles-Letters in that institution. In 1877 he was appointed United States Minister to Spain, and in 1880 to England.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809 —), like Lowell, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He graduated at Harvard, and, having chosen the medical profession, was in 1847 elected to the Professorship of Anatomy in that university. Like Hood—like most humorous poets, indeed—he combines mirth and pathos in his nature, the one as sincere as the other. In poetry he is best known by his humorous poems and lyrics—*The One-Hoss Shay*, *The Boys*, *Union and Liberty*, *Old Ironsides*, etc. He was one of the originators of the "Atlantic Monthly," to which he contributed, in its earliest stages, the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, a species of essay with a story interwoven. This was followed by the *Professor at the Breakfast-Table* and *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, published afterwards under the title of *Elsie Venner* (a novel). *The Guardian Angel* (a novel) appeared in 1867.

The poetry of JOHN GODFREY SAXE (1816 —) is characterized by keen wit, little softened with genial humor.

* *The Vision of Sir Launfal* might be termed "the high-water mark" of American poetry. Some portions of it seem to be a response to Wordsworth's *Ode to Immortality*.

† In 1844 Mr. Lowell was married to Miss Maria White, herself a poetess. She died in 1853. Her best known poem is the *Alpine Sheep*.

Some of his poems—his travesties, especially—are the most brilliant in the language.

Among the first of satirists on social follies was WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER (1825.—). His inimitable poem, *Nothing to Wear*, was followed by *Two Millions* and *General Average*.

Among a later class of poets, though not the latest, are BAYARD TAYLOR, R. H. STODDARD, T. B. READ, and GEORGE H. BOKER.

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825–1878), eminent as poet, traveller, and novelist, was born in Kennett Square, Pa. His expressed ambition “to enjoy as large a store of experience as this earth can furnish” gives the key-note to his life. The poetic instinct was the strongest in his nature, and it was not alone the curiosity to see the world that urged him alike over frozen regions of the North and into vine-clad Southern lands, but to become part and parcel of those lands,—to see, taste, feel, and breathe all the fulness that life affords. This the amplitude of his nature craved, that he might give the fullest utterance to song. The poetry of Bayard Taylor is a rich legacy to American literature.

Success seemed to crown even his earliest endeavors. At the age of seventeen he became an apprentice in a printing-office at West Chester, devoting all of his leisure hours to study and improvement. During this time he wrote many poems, which he contributed to “Graham’s Magazine” and “The New York Mirror.” These were collected, and in 1844 published in a volume entitled *Ximena*. This little book met with a favorable reception, and with some advances made by leading journals, the young author was enabled to commence his series of travels. For two years he journeyed on foot through England, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, and on his return to America published the result of his travels under the title of *Views Afoot; or, Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff*. In 1848, Mr. Taylor, who had already become known through the columns of the “New York Tribune,” became permanently associated with that journal. Visiting California in 1849 and returning by way of Mexico, he communicated to the “Tribune” an account of his travels. These letters, afterwards collected, were entitled *Eldorado*. In 1851 he set out

upon an Eastern tour, and his history of this is contained in the three works: *A Journey to Central Africa*; *The Lands of the Saracens*; and *India, China, and Japan*. In 1856 he took a Northern journey through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, Dalmatia, and Russia, of which he subsequently published graphic accounts. Other travels and sketches followed.

The poems of Mr. Taylor after his first venture *Ximena*, were *Rhymes of Travel*; *The American Legend*; *Book of Romances*, *Lyrics*, and *Songs*; *Poems of the Orient*; *Poems and Ballads*; *Poems of Home and Travel*; *The Poet's Journal*; *The Picture of St. John*; *The Golden Wedding*; *The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln*; *Lars, a Pastoral of Norway*; *Home Pastorals*, *Ballads*, and *Lyrics*; *The National Ode* (July 4, 1876). The *Echo Club* is a collection of poems written in imitation of contemporary poets, and connected by a dialogue of prose, containing wholesome, kindly criticism.

Mr. Taylor was as familiar with the literature of Germany as with that of his own tongue, and his translations of Goethe's *Faust* is the finest English translation. He also translated from the Swedish *Frithiof's Saga*.

The novels from this author are *Hannah Thurston*; *John Godfrey's Fortunes*; *The Story of Kennett*, and *Joseph and his Friend*. Poetry, however, was his peculiar realm. As a colorist, he especially excelled. The glory of our autumnal forests furnished him with unfading hues. The last work of this poet was the drama entitled *Prince Deukalion*. Other dramas had preceded this; *The Prophet*, a tragedy, is a five-act drama, founded on the early history of Mormonism. The *Masque of the Gods*, a drama of three dialogues, was published in 1872.

Under the administration of President Hayes, Mr. Taylor was appointed United States Minister to Germany, where he died in 1878.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ (1822-1872), like Bayard Taylor, was born in Chester County, Pa. Nurtured among the rugged hills of his native place, and beside the historic waters of the Brandywine, his young imagination was filled with pictures of ideal beauty and with the heroic traditions of the past. Blindly groping, as true born poets have often done, for some avenue

of expression, he sought first to give his ideas form in sculpture and painting. His best thoughts, however, found expression in poetry, and, although he wrote comparatively little, some of his poems are gems of the language. *The Closing Scene* contains lines not surpassed by Gray's *Elegy*. He has caught the very spirit of autumn, as so many of our American poets have done. His war lyric, *Sheridan's Ride*, has a popularity as great as "Marco Bozzaris." His longest poem is the *Wagoner of the Alleghenies*. In pursuit of art, much of this poet's life was spent in Italy. He died in New York just after his return from Rome.

GEORGE H. BOKER (1824 —) was born in Philadelphia. His writings are mainly of a dramatic nature. *Calaynos* is a tragedy, founded on the hostility between the Moorish and Spanish races. The scene is laid in Spain. *Anne Boleyn* is another tragedy, likewise *Leonor de Guzman* and *Francesca da Rimini*. Other dramas are *The Widow's Marriage*, *The Betrothal*, *The Podesta's Daughter*, a dramatic sketch, etc. Among his principal poems are *The Ivory Carver*, *The Black Regiment*, *A Ballad of Sir John Franklin*, *The Book of the Dead*, etc.

Mr. Boker was appointed United States Minister to Constantinople in 1871, and was afterwards transferred to St. Petersburg.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD (1825 —) gave early promise of poetic genius, which has ripened into fullest fruition. He was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, but at ten years of age became a resident of New York city. His principal works are *Footprints*, a collection of poems; *Songs of Summer*, *The King's Bell*, *In Memoriam*, *The Book of the East*. In 1877 he delivered a poem entitled *History* before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard University. The spirit which suffuses his poetry not unfrequently reminds the reader of Wordsworth. Mr. Stoddard ranks also as a critic and biographer.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH (1813 —) and W. W. STORY (1819 —), in the few poems they have written, show the discipline of art studies and the intensity of the true poet. The poems of W. W. Story are scarcely excelled by his wonderful achievements in statuary.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND (1819-1881) became popular as a poet

after writing *Bitter Sweet* and *Kathrina*. He had previously been known by his *Timothy Titcomb's Letters*. He was more successful as a novelist. *Arthur Bonnicastle*, *Seven Oaks*, *Miss Gilbert's Career*, *Nicholas Minturn*, etc., are his principal novels.

The two sisters, ALICE (1820-1871) and PHEBE CARY (1825-1871), were born in Ohio, but removed to New York in 1850, where they drew around them a circle of loving friends, and won for themselves worthy names in literature. Their *Poetical Works* have been published together, with a memorial of their lives by MRS. MARY CLEMMER.

Recent poets have brought us into closer contact with Western life in its ruder as well as its grander features. JOAQUIN MILLER (CINCINNATUS HEINE MILLER) (1841 —), was born in Indiana, but passed much of his time in the remoter West. Visiting London in 1870, and publishing there a volume of poems, he became instantly popular with the new school of pre-Raphaelite poets. His poems are *Songs of the Sierras*, *Songs of the Sun-Land*, *The Ship in the Desert*, etc.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE (1837 —) was born in Albany, N. Y., but at an early age went to California, where he became teacher, miner, and editor. In his dialect poems he has reproduced in mingled humor and pathos the life he saw there. Among the poems of this character are the *Heathen Chinnee*, *In the Tunnel*, *Jim*, *Society upon the Stanislaus*, etc. He has also written poems in pure English. His prose sketches or novels are *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *Tennessee's Partner*, etc.

Others who have written poems in various dialects are JOHN HAY and W. W. CARLETON, who have not only celebrated rough Western life, but various phases of homely, common country life; CHARLES G. LELAND (1824 —), as "Hans Breitmann," represented the German element of the country, and IRWIN RUSSELL as successfully reproduced the negro characteristics.

Many of our writers who have given evidence of the best poetic ability have, like Lowell, been beguiled into other paths of literature, enriching both prose and poetry. Among these may be named J. T. TROWBRIDGE, T. B. ALDRICH, and E. C. STEDMAN.

For true delineations of boy life, J. T. TROWBRIDGE (1827—) has no equal. *Darius Green* and *Coupon Bonds* are examples. Country life and homely human nature he delineates with the skill of genius.

T. B. ALDRICH (1836 —) first won favor by his poems, *Babie Bell*, *The Face against the Pane*, etc., but more interest attaches to his short stories and sketches, *The Story of a Bad Boy*, *Marjorie Daw*, etc.

EDWARD CLARENCE STEDMAN (1833 —), known mainly through his magazine articles, is at once poet and critic. Besides a volume on the *Victorian Poets*, he has written numerous kindly critiques on our own best writers. His poems show a high order of poetic genius. *Alice of Monmouth* and *The Blameless Prince* are among his poetical works.

The luxuriance of Southern imagination is seen in the poems of SIDNEY LANIER, HENRY TIMROD, PAUL H. HAYNE, and others. The latter has especially excelled in lyric poetry. His *Sonnets* are of the highest order.

The magazine literature of this country has been enriched, also, by the poetry of MARGARET J. PRESTON, ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN, NORA PERRY, LUCY LARCOM, ROSE TERRY COOKE, CELIA THAXTER, MR. and MRS. PIATT, W. D. HOWELLS, JULIA WARD HOWE, WILLIAM WINTER, GEORGE P. LATHROP, etc.

The Novelists, etc.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1805-1864) is the acknowledged head of American novelists. He was born at Salem, Mass., and graduated at Bowdoin College in the same class with Longfellow. He was for a time associated with the "community" at "Brook Farm," where so many of the literati of that time were to be found. In 1843 he took up his residence in the "Old Manse" at Concord, celebrated in his sketches. After filling several government offices, he was appointed by President Pierce, from 1853 to 1857, as Consul at Liverpool. He had published various short stories and sketches, which, when collected in 1837, he called *The Twice-Told Tales*. During his three years' residence at the "Old Manse" he wrote sketches for the various magazines, which were collected in 1847 under

the title of *Mosses from an Old Manse*. His novels, which were published afterwards, are *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of Seven Gables*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and *The Marble Faun*.

Hawthorne takes first rank among American prose writers. In a surprising manner he blends the morbid with the perfectly healthy element. He is not in the broadest sense a satirist, yet he lays bare the follies of mankind; and so delicate is his touch that you perceive his own shrinking, sensitive nature.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (1812 —), through the writing of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, became at the time the most popular author in existence. This story, so full of pathos, so touchingly real in its delineations, found readers in every part of the civilized world. It was translated into every language that possessed a literature. Her other stories were less successful, or rather were dimmed in the light of her first novel. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was finished in 1852. Afterwards appeared from the same pen *Dred*, a *Tale of the Dismal Swamp*; *The Minister's Wooing*; *The Pearl of Orr's Island*; *Agnes of Sorrento*; *Pink and White Tyranny*; *My Wife and I*; *Old Town Folks*.

Numerous novelists existed, and several novels had wonderful popularity. *The Hidden Path*, and *Alone*, by "MARION HARLAND" (MRS. TERHUNE); *The Lamplighter*, by MISS MARIA S. CUMMINS (— 1866); *The Wide, Wide World*, *Queechy*, etc., by SUSAN WARNER.

A new order of fiction was ushered in with THEODORE WINTHROP'S (1828-1861) *John Brent*, and his posthumous novel *Cecil Dreeme*.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, after publishing short stories in magazines, gave evidence of greater power by her novel *That Lass o' Lowries*, *Haworth's*, *Louisiana*, *A Fair Barbarian*, and *Through One Administration*.

EDWARD EGGLESTON (1837 —) came into public notice by the publication of the *Hoosier Schoolmaster*. He has since written *The End of the World*, *The Mystery of Metropolisville*, *The Circuit Rider*, *Roxy*, etc.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE (1846 —), son of the great writer, has written *Bressant*, *Idolatry*, *Garth*, *Dust*, and several minor, magazine stories.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (1837 —) writes sketches and stories in a style of great excellence, and so accurate in description that they serve as guide-books in travel. Among these are *Venetian Life*, *Italian Journey*, *Suburban Sketches*, *Their Wedding Journey*, *A Chance Acquaintance*, *A Foregone Conclusion*.

HENRY JAMES, JR., has written many magazine stories,—*A Passionate Pilgrim*, *Roderick Hudson*, *The American*, *The Europeans*, *Watch and Ward*, *Transatlantic Sketches*, *Daisy Miller*, *Confidence*, etc.

HJALMER HJORTH BOYESEN, a Norwegian, who has lived in this country several years, contributes to magazine literature beautiful stories of Norseland. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD (1835 —), with luxuriant fancy and brilliancy of style, wrote *The Amber Gods*, *Sir Rohan's Ghost*, *Azarian*, *New England Legend*, etc. MISS LOUISA MAY ALCOTT (1832 —), in healthy natural vein, wrote *Little Women*, *Little Men*, *Old-Fashioned Girl*, *Work*, *Moods*, etc. MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY (1824 —), in like healthful manner, has furnished the best of stories. Among these are *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, *The Gayworthys*, *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life*, *Patience Strong's Outings*, *Hitherto*, *Real Folks*, *We Girls*, etc. MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON (1835 —) first became known as a magazine writer. Some of her collected stories are published under the title of *Some Women's Hearts*. MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS exhibited great powers of delineation in her *Life in the Iron Mills*, *Waiting for the Verdict*, *Tenth of January*, etc.

Writers of Short Sketches and Stories for Children.

The present age is remarkable for its production of excellent short studies, stories and sketches, and for its wealth of Children's Literature. The numerous magazines of the country are usually the repositories of these productions.

JAMES T. FIELDS (1820-1879), by his extensive personal acquaintance with writers on both sides of the Atlantic, brought innumerable readers into closer sympathy with authors. Reminiscences of his own association with these are embodied in his *Lectures and Yesterdays with Authors*.

"H. H.," MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON, in her *Bits of Travel*, *Bits of Talk*, and numerous short *Sketches*, full of the liveliest human sympathy, has produced delightful reading for the home circle. Her latest work, *A Century of Dishonor*, reveals the wrongs of the Indian.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS (1844 —) became known through the publication of *Gates Ajar*. This was followed by short stories, *Men, Women, and Ghosts*. She has also written various novels.

The gifted family of STOCKTONS—JOHN D.,* FRANK R., and LOUISE STOCKTON†—have devoted themselves to literature, and their sketches and stories for old and young are hailed with equal delight. They also rank as journalists.

It is a peculiar delicate genius that can adapt itself to the wants of childhood. Among those who have contributed to young folks' literature, entering with hearty sympathy into their healthful sports, or awakening nobler ambitions, are FRANK R. STOCKTON, ABBY MORTON DIAZ, MARY MAPES DODGE, LUCRETIA P. HALE, HJALMER HJORTH BOYESEN, etc.

Humorists.

There is but one department of American literature that can with any propriety be termed distinctively "American," and that is the department of humor. Certain conditions, phrases, etc., only understood by the people of a nation, are humorous in proportion as they are justly appreciated, consequently each nationality must be in this feature of its literature more or less "peculiar." There is, however, a broad and universal humor appreciable to all. When Emerson speaks of getting "people out of the quadruped state, washed, clothed, and set up on end," it is understood by all regardless of locality. But when the humor consists mainly of idiomatic irregularities, it is of necessity peculiar. In reviewing American literature, we find a fine vein of humor in it from nearly the earliest times.

The *Charcoal Sketches* of JOSEPH C. NEAL (1807-1847) fur-

* JOHN D. STOCKTON (1836-1877) was poet, critic, and journalist.

† REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON (1808-1868), a half-brother, was distinguished as a pulpit orator.

nished entertainment to a host of readers, as did the *Portraits of Yankee Life, or Way Down East*, by SEBA SMITH ("Major Jack Downing,") (1792-1868); "MRS. PARTINGTON'S" sayings originated with Benjamin F. Shillaber (1814 —); "PETROLEUM V. NASBY" (D. R. Locke, 1833 —); "ARTEMUS WARD" (Charles F. Browne, 1836-1867), and others, depended largely upon whimsical spelling to aid in their humor.

The humor of "MARK TWAIN" (Samuel L. Clemens, 1835 —) "is at its best the foamy break of the strong tide of earnestness."* That indeed may be said of many or most of the greatest humorists that ever lived, or, as Mrs. Browning expressed it:

"The root of some grave, earnest thought is understruck so rightly
As to justify the foliage and the waving flowers above."

The Sparrowgrass Papers of FREDERICK S. COZZENS (1818-1869), and *My Summer in a Garden*, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (1829 —), belong to the same class of humor. There is, however, more of human sympathy and a more delicate play of fancy in the productions of Mr. Warner. Some of his other sketches are *Back Log Studies*, *Baddeck*, and *That Sort of Thing, Being a Boy*, etc. *The Gilded Age* was the joint product of this author and Mark Twain.

Scientists, Political Economists, etc.

LOUIS JOHN RUDOLPH AGASSIZ (1807-1873) was born in Switzerland. Coming to the United States in 1847, he was appointed Professor of Zoology, etc., in Harvard University. His principal works are *Methods of Study in Natural History*, *Geological Sketches*, *The Structure of Animal Life*. *A Journey in Brazil* was the joint product of PROF. AGASSIZ and MRS. AGASSIZ.

EDWARD HITCHCOCK (1793-1864) and JAMES DWIGHT DANA (1813 —) are celebrated in Geology. In 1848, ARNOLD HENRY GUYOT (1807 —), a Swiss and a friend of Prof. Agassiz, came to this country, and soon after published a work entitled *The Earth and Man*. Becoming a Professor at Princeton College, he published text-books on Geography, etc. DR.

* W. D. Howells, in *The Century*, September, 1882.

JOSEPH LEIDY, of Philadēlphia, ranks among the first scientists of this country.

JOHN W. DRAPER (1811-1882) was born in England. He came to the United States in 1833, and graduated at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. Soon after he became Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York. His principal works are *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, *History of the American Civil War*, *The Conflict of Science and Religion*.

JOHN FISKE, soon after graduating at Harvard in 1864, became known as a thinker and brilliant scholar. His chief works are *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, *Myths and Myth-Makers*, *The Unseen World* and other *Essays*, published frequently in the different magazines.

In philological studies, W. D. WHITNEY (1827 —), Professor in Yale College, is the acknowledged head. He has written *Language* and the *Science of Language*. F. A. MARCH (1825 —), Professor of Comparative Philology in Lafayette College, has written numerous works to advance the study to which he has devoted many years of labor. GEORGE P. MARSH (1801-1882) wrote numerous works on language and literature; the principal of which are his *Lectures on the English Language*, *The Origin, History, and Literature of the English Language*, *Man and Nature, or Physical Geography Modified by Human Actions*, *A Grammar of the Icelandic*, etc.

JAMES MCCOSH (1811 —), President of Princeton College, is ranked as the first of living metaphysical writers. He was born in Scotland, and came to the United States in 1868. His principal works are *The Intuitions of the Mind*, *Mill's Philosophy*, *Method of Divine Government*, *Logic*, *Christianity and Positivism*.

FRANCIS WAYLAND (1796-1865), President of Brown University, was the author of works on *Moral Science*, *Intellectual Philosophy*, *Political Economy*, etc.

HORACE MANN (1796-1859), the Dr. Arnold of this country, is mainly known as a teacher. For the last seven years of his life he was President of Antioch College, but his activity in the cause of education, and in every good cause, was much

earlier. When, after toiling through hardships, he obtained an education in his native State of Massachusetts, he first awakened in the State Legislature an earnest interest in public instruction. His *Lectures on Education*, *Report of an Educational Tour through Germany, Great Britain, etc.*, and *A Few Thoughts for a Young Man on Entering Life*, are some of his published works.

In political science, THEODORE D. WOOLSEY (1801 —) takes an eminent rank. For the most of his life he was associated with Yale College, as student, Professor, President, and member of the corporation. He was President of the college for twenty-five years. While Professor of Greek, he edited with great ability four or five Greek classics. But his chief works are *An Introduction to the Study of International Law*, *Essays on Divorce and Divorce Legislation*, *Political Science, or the State Theoretically and Practically Considered*, and sermons on *Serving Our Generation*, and *God's Guidance in Youth*. A more voluminous writer on political economy was HENRY C. CAREY (1793-1879), of Philadelphia, regarded as the founder of a new school of political science. The last portion of his life was devoted to advocating a protective tariff. CHARLES SUMNER (1811-1874), succeeding Daniel Webster as Senator from Massachusetts, like Milton, devoted his talents and life to the cause of human liberty. His great orations are *The True Grandeur of Nations* and *The Barbarism of Slavery*. The former, delivered in 1845, is an argument in favor of peace.

Theological.

With the expansion which moral and intellectual culture bring, and the wider sympathies which result from extended knowledge, the petty boundary of creeds grows faint, and earnest men and women have learned not only to tolerate but to respect varying opinions in religion, when held or advocated by earnest, enlightened people.

Among the innumerable throng of theologians who have by their learning, or their original modes of thinking, added to literature, or promulgated doctrines in religion and life, may be named ALBERT BARNES (1798-1870), ADDISON ALEXANDER (1809-1860), THEODORE PARKER (1810-1860), ORESTES A.

BROWNSON (1803-1876), JOHN MCCLINTOCK (1814-1870), C. P. MCILVAINE (1798-1873), CHARLES HODGE (1797-1878), JOHN HUGHES (1797-1864), MARTIN JOHN SPALDING (1810-1872), DUDLEY A. TYNG (1825-1858), PHILIP SCHAFF (1819 —), HORACE BUSHNELL (1802 —), GEORGE B. CHEEVER (1807 —), GEORGE W. BETHUNE (1805-1862), WILLIAM H. FURNESS (1802 —), ORVILLE DEWEY (1794 —), JOHN HENRY HOPKINS (1792-1868), GEORGE W. DOANE (1799-1859), FRANCIS WAYLAND (1796-1865), JAMES MCCOSH (1811 —), W. G. T. SHEDD (1820 —), MARK HOPKINS (1802 —), W. S. PLUMBER, (1802 —), CHARLES P. KRAUTH (1823 —), HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813 —), NEHEMIAH ADAMS (1806 —), HENRY W. BELLOWS (1814-1882), ROBERT COLLIER (1823 —), STEPHEN H. TYNG (1800 —), FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK (1797-1863), THEODORE D. WOOLSEY (1801 —), EDWARD AMASA PARK (1808 —), ANDREW P. PEABODY (1811 —), EDWARD H. CHAPIN (1814 —), PHILIPS BROOKS, etc.

Historians.

America, like every other country, has produced her triad of historians — BANCROFT, PRESCOTT, and MOTLEY. The greatest historian of the affairs of this country is GEORGE BANCROFT (1800 —). By diligent study and careful reflection, he prepared himself for his great work, *The History of the United States*. The first volume was completed in 1834, the last in 1874, the author during the interval having been actively engaged in the affairs of government as Secretary of the Navy and as Minister to England and Prussia.

Mr. Bancroft was born at Worcester, Mass. He entered Harvard at thirteen, and, having graduated, went to Göttingen, where he studied two years, travelling afterwards through Europe, and returning to America one of the most accomplished scholars of the age.

PRESCOTT, already mentioned as contemporary with Irving, wrote his *History of Ferdinand and Isabella, Conquest of Mexico*, and *Conquest of Peru*, before 1850. His last work, *The History of the Reign of Philip the Second*, he was engaged in writing at the time of his death in 1859.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814-1877) was born at Dorchester, Mass. Like Bancroft, he was educated at Harvard, studied two years at Göttingen, and twice filled the office of foreign minister, once to Austria and once to England. His first work was *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, which, on its first appearance in 1856, became instantly popular. This was followed by the *History of the United Netherlands*. In 1874 he published *The Life of John of Barneveld*.

Other historians are RICHARD HILDRETH (1807-1865), author of a *History of the United States*. BENSON J. LOSSING (1813 —), whose works are both history and travel, wrote a *Field-Book of the Revolution*, a *History of the War of 1812*, *Pictorial History of the Civil War*, etc. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS (1812 —), a *History of the War between the States*, *Tracing Its Origin, Causes, and Results*, etc. FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823 —) is author of *The Conspiracy of the Pontiac*, *The Jesuits of America*, *The Discovery of the Great West*, *The Pioneers of France in the New World*, etc. JOHN GORHAM PALFREY (1796 —) wrote a valuable *History of New England*. JOHN GILMARY SHEA (1824 —), a *History of Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes*, *The Catholic Church of the United States*, *Legendary History of Ireland*, etc. GEORGE TICKNOR (1791-1871), the learned predecessor of Longfellow in Harvard, wrote a *History of Spanish Literature*. The two brothers, JACOB (1803 —) and J. S. C. ABBOTT (1805 —), have written numerous entertaining histories for old and young.

Biographers.

JARED SPARKS (1794-1866), besides his principal works, *The Life of Washington* and *The Life of Franklin*, and *Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution*, edited a series of American biographies (twenty-five volumes). JOHN FOSTER KIRK (1824 —), Prescott's private secretary, has written a history of *Charles the Bold*. GEORGE TICKNOR, besides the *History of Spanish Literature*, wrote the *Life of Prescott*, and earlier the *Life of Lafayette*. JAMES PARTON (1822 —) has been a popular biographer, most of his sketches appearing in the pages of one or the other of the magazines. In the department of biography there was no more genial writer than JAMES T. FIELDS.

Periodical Literature.

Numerous periodicals were started during the last century. None took permanent standing until the middle of this century, and none in the early part of it had an age exceeding ten years excepting the "Port-Folio," published in Philadelphia by Dennie, from 1801 to 1825, and one or two others. From 1803 to 1808 the "Literary Magazine" in Philadelphia was published by Chas. Brockden Brown. "The Monthly Anthology," from 1803-1811, in Boston. "The Monthly Register" (Charleston, 1805) was the first Southern periodical. "Atkinson's Casket" (Philadelphia 1821-1839) was displaced by "Graham's Magazine." The "Southern Liberty Gazette" was established in 1825; "The New York Mirror," edited for the most part by George P. Morris and N. P. Willis, from 1823 to 1842. The "Gentleman's Magazine" (Philadelphia, 1837-1840) by Burton and Edgar A. Poe. The "Dial" (Boston, 1840-1844) was edited the first two years by Margaret Fuller, and afterwards by Emerson. The "Knickerbocker Magazine," founded in New York by C. T. Hoffman in 1832, continued in existence until 1860; "Putnam's Monthly" (New York) from 1850-1857, and again from 1867-1869; "Harper's New Monthly Magazine," New York, 1850; the "Atlantic Monthly," Boston, 1857; "Scribner's Monthly" ("The Century Illustrated Magazine"), New York, 1870. Others more recently established are "The Galaxy" (New York), "Lippincott's" (Philadelphia), "Old and New" (Boston), "The Overland Monthly" (San Francisco), and the "Lakeside Monthly" (Chicago). "Our Continent" is a weekly periodical established in 1882 by Albion W. Tourgée. Magazines consisting of reprints from foreign periodicals or writings are "Littell's Living Age" (Boston, 1844), and the "Eclectic Magazine" (New York, 1844).

The first Review started in this country was the "American Review," by Robert Walsh, in Philadelphia, 1811-1813. The more permanent "North American Review" was started in Boston by Tudor, 1815, "The American Quarterly Review" (Philadelphia, 1827-1837), "The Southern Review" (Charleston, 1828-1832), "The Western Review" (Cincinnati, 1828-1830), etc., etc. Periodical literature for children is represented by the "Young Folks' Magazine," "St. Nicholas," "The Wide

Awake," "The Youth's Companion," etc., etc. Periodical Religious literature is also copiously supplied, representing every denomination in the country.

Journalism is represented by HORACE GREELEY (1811-1872), founder of the "New York Tribune;" JAMES GORDON BENNETT (1800-1872), founder of "The New York Herald;" HENRY J. RAYMOND (1820-1869), founder of "The New York Times." EDWIN L. GODKIN (1831 —) established "The Nation" (New York), 1865. GEORGE D. PRENTICE (1802-1870), for forty years editor of the "Louisville Journal," was among the most distinguished journalists of his day. He was also a poet and wit of high order.

Encyclopedists.

Those who have done for this country that which the Chambers' brothers in England did for the universe of letters, are DR. JOSEPH THOMAS, of Philadelphia, whose *Gazetteer and Universal Dictionary of Biography and Mythology* are of incalculable value to every reader and student; the DUYCKINCK brothers of New York, who published in 1856 an *Encyclopædia of American Literature*; S. A. ALLIBONE (1816 —), author of a *Critical Dictionary of English Literature*, and of *British and American Authors*; R. W. GRISWOLD (1815-1857), author of *Poets and Poetry of America*.

Essayists, Critics, and Miscellaneous Prose Writers.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN (1813-1871), like LOWELL one of the most genial of critics, by his appreciation of excellence, his refined poetic sympathies, and his liberal culture did an inestimable work for American literature. E. P. WHIPPLE (1819 —), who ranks with Tuckerman as a critic and essayist, lacks the genial sympathy of the former, but is candid and sincere.

REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822 —) is a delightful writer for young and old. Some of his works are *The Man without a Country*, *My Double and How He Undid Me*; *If, Yes, and Perhaps*; *Ten Times One*; *Ninety Days' Worth of Europe*, *Philip Nolan's Friends*, etc., besides numerous *Sermons* and stories for children. *How to Do It* contains what all young people desire to know.

COLONEL T. W. HIGGINSON has written *Atlantic Essays*, *Out-Door Papers*, *Oldport Days*, *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, *Young Folks' History of the United States*, *Malbone* (a novel), etc.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824 —) has long been known in literature. Some of his most popular works are the *Potiphar Papers* (a social satire), *Prue and I*, *Trumps*, etc.

DONALD G. MITCHELL ("Ik Marvell") wrote *Dream Life*, *Reveries of a Bachelor*, *My Farm at Edgewood*, *Seven Stories*, etc.

"GAIL HAMILTON" (Mary Abigail Dodge, 1838 —) wrote *A New Atmosphere*, *Gala Days*, *Woman's Wrongs*, *Country Living*, *Wool Gathering*, *Battle of the Books*, *Women's Work and Worthlessness*, etc.

HENRY D. THOREAU (1817-1862), an original thinker and writer, was born at Concord, but eschewing the cultured society of his native town, chose the woods for his habitation, and building for himself a house fifteen feet long by ten feet wide, he observed nature, read and matured, and wrote his reflections. His works are *Walden, or Life in the Woods*; *The Maine Woods*, *Cape Cod*, *A Yankee in Canada*, *Walking*, *Autumnal Tints*, *Wild Flowers*, etc.

EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882) stands in a realm of his own creating. So entirely unique are his writings, and so broad and universal his mind, that he cannot with propriety be classed in any one department of literature. Poetry was the very essence of his nature, yet he cared but little for the poet's art. In his prose essays he became the teacher of teachers. He kindled thought, and that by a stroke as rapid as a flash of lightning. His phrases--spasmodic, irregular, sometimes inharmonious--were results of a process of thought unexpressed to the reader, but as natural to the philosophic mind as elaborated thoughts to a less gifted writer, hence the aphorisms, the epigrammatic style of philosophers. They coin the precious thought and it becomes common currency.

Emerson was born in Boston and graduated at Harvard. The most of his life was spent at Concord, Mass. He started in life as a Unitarian minister, but left the pulpit in 1832. After travelling in Europe he entered the lecturing field. His first

orations were *Man Thinking* and *Literary Ethics*. His first essay, *Nature*, made thoughtful men and women think more profoundly. His published works are several volumes of lectures and poems, *Representative Men*, *English Traits*, *The Conduct of Life*, *Society and Solitude*, *Letters*, *Social Aims*. "*Parnassus*" was a selection of poems compiled from many years' reading.

It is impossible to estimate the value to his generation of Emerson's life and teachings. He was as careless of his own fame as Shakespeare was of his. Yet it is not difficult to foresee that to coming generations his wisdom will be treasured as that of the sage, the seer, and the poet. As Ben Jonson sang of Shakespeare :

"He was not for an (one) age, but for all time."

Our literature, as it stands, is an inheritance without blemish or stain. No poet has left an impure thought, no immorality of conduct has been sanctioned by an American novelist. Nothing lives but that which will ennoble and refine.

Illustrations of the Literature of the Age of Emerson.



LONGFELLOW.

CHILDREN.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With the light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
That reaches the trunk below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall-stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,

* The poem consists of nine stanzas.

Such an old mustache as I am,
Is not a match for you all !
I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon,
In the round-tower of my heart.
And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away !

THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornament of rhyme.
Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.
In the elder days of Art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere.
Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.
Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time—

Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary.
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary.
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.
Thy fate is the common fate of all:
Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

(Translated from the German of Uhland.)

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow.

"Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear from those lofty chambers
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?

"The winds and the waves of ocean
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.

"And saw'st thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth in rapture
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!"

From THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

[Translated from the German.]

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blonde is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;

For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song.

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

SANDALPHON.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air,—
Have you read it,—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the angel of Prayer?

How erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial, he waits,

With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire

With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,

With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless

To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore,
In the fervor and passion of prayer;

From the hearts that are broken with losses,
 And weary with dragging the crosses
 Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
 And they change into flowers in his hands,
 Into garlands of purple and red;
 And beneath the great arch of the portal,
 Through the streets of the City Immortal,
 Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
 A fable, a phantom, a show,
 Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
 Yet the old mediæval tradition,
 The beautiful, strange superstition,
 But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
 And the welkin above is all white,
 All throbbing and panting with stars;
 Among them majestic is standing
 Sandalphon, the angel, expanding
 His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
 Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,
 That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
 The golden pomegranates of Eden,
 To quiet its fever and pain.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

From GREEN RIVER.

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
 I steal an hour from study and care,
 And hie me away to the woodland scene,
 Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
 As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
 Had given their stain to the wave they drink;
 And they whose meadows it murmurs through,
 Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

* * * * *

Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away. . .
And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur or fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveller singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead:
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and
stood

In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;

But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on
men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and
glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are
still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

From THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weapon'd throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again;
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

Beside a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
 Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
 While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
 I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
 A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
 I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,
 And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
 There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
 His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
 He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
 Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
 I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the golden day,
 And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
 A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
 A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
 Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh, glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
 Oh, crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
 Oh, breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
 Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
 But still the sun shines round me: the evening bird sings on,
 And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
 In the soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
 The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout.
 Oh, frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the greensward strows
 Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
 The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride.
 Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
 And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
 And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
 As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
 Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
 Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
 And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
 I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

J. G. WHITTIER.

FROM THE CRISIS.

[Written on learning the terms of the treaty with Mexico.]

. . . O Vale of Rio Bravo! let thy simple children weep,
 Close watch above their holy fire let maids of Pecos keep;
 Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines,
 And Algodones toll her bells amidst her corn and vines,
 For lo! the pale land-seekers come, with eager eyes of gain,
 Wide scattering, like the bison herds on broad Salada's plain.

* * * * *

Forever ours! for good or ill, on us the burden lies,
 God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across the skies;
 Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom turn the poised and trembling scale?
 Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber Wrong prevail?
 Shall the broad land o'er which our flag in starry splendor waves,
 Forego through us its freedom, and bear the tread of slaves?

The day is breaking in the East of which the prophets told,
 And brightens up the sky of time, the Christian Age of Gold;
 Old Might to Right is yielding, battle-blade to clerkly pen,
 Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs stand up as men.
 The isles rejoice together, in a day are nations born,
 And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stamboul's Golden Horn.

Is this, O countrymen of mine! a day for us to sow
 The soil of new-gained empire with slavery's seeds of woe?

* * * * *

Great Heaven! Is this our mission? End in this the prayers and tears,
 The toil, the strife, the watchings of our younger, better years?
 Still as the Old World rolls in light, shall ours in shadow turn,
 A beamless chaos, cursed of God, through outer darkness borne?
 Where the far nations looked for light, a blackness in the air,—
 Where for words of hope they listened, the long wail of despair.

The crisis presses on us; face to face with us it stands,
 With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands;
 This day we fashion destiny, our web of fate we spin,
 This day, for all hereafter, choose we holiness or sin.

From the SONG OF THE FREE.

If we have whispered truth,
 Whisper no longer;
 Speak as the tempest does,
 Sterner and stronger.
 God and our charter's right,
 Freedom forever!
 Truce with oppression,
 Never! O, never!

From SNOW-BOUND.

—So all night long the storm raved on:—
 And, when the second morning shone,
 We looked upon a world unknown,
 On nothing we could call our own.
 Around the glistening wonder bent
 The blue walls of the firmament,
 No cloud above, no earth below,—
 A universe of sky and snow!
 The old familiar sights of ours
 Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
 Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
 Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
 A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
 A fenceless drift what once was road;
 The bridle-post an old man sat
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,

In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.
 A prompt, decisive man, no breath
 Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
 Well pleased, for when did farmer-boy
 Count such a summons less than joy?
 Our buskins on our feet we drew;
 With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
 To guard our necks and ears from snow,
 We cut the solid whiteness through.

* * * * *

We reached the barn with merry din,
 And roused the prisoned brutes within.
 The old horse thrust his long head out,
 And, grave with wonder, gazed about.
 The cock his lusty greeting said,
 And forth his speckled harem led;
 The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
 And mild reproach of hunger looked.
 The horned patriarch of the sheep,
 Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
 Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
 And emphasized with stamp of foot.

* * * * *

As night drew on, and from the crest
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
 The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
 From sight beneath the smothering bank.
 We piled, with care, our nightly stack
 Of wood against the chimney-back;
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
 And on its top the stout back-stick;
 The knotty forestick laid apart,
 And filled between with curious art
 The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
 We watched the first red blaze appear;
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
 On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
 Until the old rude-fashioned room
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom.
 O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
 As was my sire's that winter's day,

How strange it seems, with so much gone
 Of life and love, to still live on!
 Ah, brother! only I and thou
 Are left of all that circle now,—
 The dear home faces whereupon
 That fitful firelight paled and shone.
 Henceforward, listen as we will,
 The voices of that hearth are still;
 Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
 Those lighted faces smile no more.
 We tread the paths their feet have worn,
 We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees
 And rustle of the bladed corn;
 We turn the pages that they read,
 Their written words we linger o'er,
 But in the sun they cast no shade,
 No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor!
 Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
 (Since He who knows our need is just),
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

* * * * *

We sped the time with stories old,
 Wrought puzzles out and riddles told,
 Or stammered from our school-book lore,
 "The chief of Gambia's golden shore."

* * * * *

Our father rode again his ride
 On Memphremagog's wooded side;
 Sat down again to moose and samp
 In trapper's hut and Indian camp.

* * * * *

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
 Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
 Told how the Indian hordes came down
 At midnight on Cochecho town,
 And how her own great-uncle bore
 His cruel scalp-mark to four-score.
 Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
 So rich, and picturesque, and free,
 (The common unrhymed poetry

Of simple life and country ways,)
 The story of her early days.—

* * * * *

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks.

* * * * *

Next the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home,—
Called up her girlhood memories—
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.

* * * * *

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful, and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise,
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings!

* * * * *

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,

Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.

FROM THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

The time of gifts has come again,
And on my northern window-pane,
Outlined against the day's brief light,
A Christmas token hangs in sight.
The wayside travellers, as they pass,
Mark the gray disk of clouded glass;
And the dull blankness seems, perchance,
Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see
The perfect grace it hath for me;
For there the flower, whose fringes through
The frosty breath of autumn blew,
Turns from without its face of bloom
To the warm tropic of my room,
As fair as when beside its brook
The hue of bending skies it took.

So from the trodden ways of earth
Seem some sweet souls, who veil their worth,
And offer to the careless glance
The clouding gray of circumstance.
They blossom best where hearth-fires burn,
To loving eyes alone they turn
The flowers of inward grace, that hide
Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,
My half-immortal flower, from thee!
Man judges from a partial view,
None ever yet his brother knew;

The Eternal Eye that sees the whole
May better read the darkened soul,
And find, to outward sense denied,
The flower upon its inmost side.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial—

The charcoal frescoes on its walls,
Its door's worn still, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter's sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
 I hate to go above you,
 Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
 "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing;
 Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss
 Like her—because they love him.

MY TRIUMPH.

The autumn-time has come;
 On woods that dream of bloom,
 And over purpling vines
 The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,
 The hazel's gold is paling;
 Yet over head more near
 The eternal stars appear!

And present gratitude
 Insures the future's good,
 And for the things I see
 I trust the things to be.

* * * *

Let the thick curtain fall;
 I better know than all
 How little I have gained,
 How vast the unattained.

* * * *

Others shall sing the song;
 Others shall right the wrong,—
 Finish what I begin,
 And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they?
 Mine or another's day,

So the right word be said,
And all life sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave and free.

* * * * *

Ring bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own.

LONGFELLOW'S LAST BIRTHDAY.

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday,

With his books and his pleasant pictures
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him;

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,

Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell,
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young ;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the Summoning Angel
Who calls God's children home !

And to him, in a holier welcome,
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master :
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

From THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever twixt that darkness and that light.

* * * * *

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

FROM THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

A LETTER

*From Mr. Ezekiel Biglow of Jaalam to the Hon. Joseph T. Buckingham,
Editor of the Boston Courier, inclosing a poem of his son, Mr. Hosea
Biglow.*

JAYLEM, June, 1846.

MISTER EDDYTER: Our Hosea wuz down to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin sarjunt a struttin round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin and fifin arter him like all nater. the sarjunt he thout Hosea hed n't gut his i teeth cut cos he looked a kindo's though he'd jist come down, so he ca'lated to hook him in, but Hosy wood n't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck onto his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin up and down on his shoulders and figured onto his coat and trousis, let alone wut nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fli-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee's gut the chollery or suthin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosy he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur, bein he haint aney grat a shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson wuz drefle tickled with 'em as i hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit.

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you have it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no further
Than my Testyment fer that;
God hez sed so plump and fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to get up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint a follerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in his sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,

Guv'ment aint to answer fer it,
 God'll send the bill to you.
 Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
 Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
 Ef it's right to go amowin'
 Feller-men like oats an' rye?
 I dunno but wut it's pooty
 Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
 But it's curus Christian dooty
 This ere cuttin' folks's throats.

FROM A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

There's Emerson first, whose rich words every one
 Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on.
 * * * * *
 There are persons mole-blind to the soul's make and style
 Who insist on a likeness 'wixt him and Carlyle;—
 To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer.
 Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the rarer.

* * * * *
 C. shows you how every-day matters unite
 With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night,—
 While E., in a plain preternatural way,
 Makes mysteries matters of mere every day.

* * * * *
 To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords
 The design of a white marble statue in words.

* * * * *
 There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified
 As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignifed
 Save, when by reflection, 't is kindled o' nights
 With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
 He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation.
 There's no doubt that he stands in supreme ice-olation
 Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
 But no warm applauses come peal following peal on.
 He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on.
 Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
 But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm.
 If he stir you at all, it's just, on my soul,
 Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

* * * * *

But, my dear little bardlings, don't prick up your ears,
 Nor suppose I would rank you and Bryant as peers;
 If I call him an iceberg, I don't mean to say
 There's nothing in that which is grand in its way.
 He is almost the one of your poets that knows
 How much grace, strength, and dignity lie in repose.
 If he sometimes falls short, he is too wise to mar
 His thought's modest fulness by going too far;
 'T would be well if your authors would all make a trial
 Of what virtue there is in severe self-denial,
 And measure their writings by Hesiod's staff,
 Which teaches that all has less value than half.

There's Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart
 Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart,
 And reveals the live man, still supreme and erect,
 Underneath the bemummying wrappers of sect.

* * * * *
 Let his mind once get head in its favorite direction,
 And the torrent of verse bursts the dam of reflection.
 While borne with the rush of the metre along,
 The poet may chance to go right or go wrong,
 Content with the whirl and delirium of song.

* * * * *
 Our Quaker leads off metaphysical fights,—
 For reform and whatever they call human rights;
 Both singing and striking in front of the war,
 And hitting his foes with the mallet of Thor.

* * * * *
 All honor and praise to the right-hearted bard
 Who was true to the voice when such service was hard;
 Who himself was so free, he dared sing for the slave
 When to look but a protest in silence was brave.

There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare
 That you hardly at first see the strength that is there.

* * * * *
 There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
 Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge;
 Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters
 In a way to make people of common sense damn metres;
 Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
 But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind.

Who—but, heyday! Messieurs Mathews and Poe,
 You mustn't fling mud-balls at Longfellow so.
 Does it make a man worse that his character's such
 As to make his friends love him (as you think) too much?
 Why there is not a bard at this moment alive
 More willing than he that his fellows should thrive;
 While you are abusing him thus, even now
 He would help either one of you out of a slough.

* * * * *

Deduct all you can, that still keeps you at bay,
 Why he'll live till men weary of Collins and Gray.
 What! Irving! thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain!
 You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
 And the gravest sweet humor that ever was there
 Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair.
 Nay, don't be embarrass'd, nor look so beseeching,
 I sha'n't run directly against my own preaching,
 And, having just laugh'd at their Raphaels and Dantes,
 Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;
 But allow me to speak what I honestly feel;—
 To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
 Throw in all of Addison minus the chill,
 With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
 Mix well, and, while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
 The "fine old English gentleman;"—simmer it well;
 Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
 That only the finest and clearest remain:
 Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
 From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves;
 And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
 A name either English or Yankee—just Irving.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
 And busily all the night
 Had been heaping field and highway
 With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
 Bore ermine too dear for an earl,
 And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
 Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make to fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE BOYS.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.

Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white*, if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed—
And these are white roses in place of the red.

*We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course, it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" What's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book.
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray !
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May !
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

AUTUMNAL DREAMS.

When the maple turns to crimson,
And the sassafras to gold ;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster in the wold ;
When the moon is lapped in vapor
And the night is frosty cold ;

When the chestnut-burs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail,—
With the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail ;

Through the rustling woods I wander
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her that still is dear ;
She is near me in the autumn,
She the beautiful is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer,
When the weary winds are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can hear her on the hill—
In the splendor of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill.

For the shores of Earth and Heaven
Meet and mingle in the blue :
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew,
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

So I think when days are sweetest,
And the world is wholly fair,

She may sometime steal upon me
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom
And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to meet her, ah! to meet her
And to hold her gently fast
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me—
That were happiness at last;
That were bliss beyond our meetings
In the autumns of the Past.

IN WINTER.

The valley stream is frozen,
The hills are cold and bare,
And the wild white bees of winter
Swarm in the darkened air.

I look on the naked forest:
Was it ever green in June?
Did it burn with gold and crimson
In the dim autumnal noon?

I look on the barren meadow:
Was it ever heaped with hay?
Did it hide the grassy cottage
Where the skylark's children lay?

I look on the desolate garden:
Is it true the rose was there?
And the woodbine's musky blossoms,
And the hyacinth's purple hair?

I look in my heart, and marvel
If Love were ever its own,—
If the spring of promise brightened,
And the summer of passion shone.

Is the stem of bliss but withered,
And the root survives the blast?
, Are the seeds of the Future sleeping
Under the leaves of the Past?

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Have I passed through Death's unconscious birth,
In a dream the midnight bare?
I look on another and fairer Earth:
I breathe a wondrous air!

A spirit of beauty walks the hills,
A spirit of love the plain;
The shadows are bright, and the sunshine fills
The air with a diamond rain!

Before my vision the glories swim,
To the dance of a tune unheard;
Is an angel singing where woods are dim,
Or is it an amorous bird?

Is it a spike of azure flowers,
Deep in the meadows seen,
Or is it the peacock's neck, that towers
Out of the spangled green?

Is a white dove glancing across the blue,
Or an opal taking wing?
For my soul is dazzled through and through,
With the splendor of the spring.

Is it she that shines as never before,
The tremulous hills above,—
Or the heart within me, awake once more
To the dawning light of love?

T. B. READ.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tann'd reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellow'd, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seem'd farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hew'd
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile arm'd in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seem'd to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew,—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—
Silent till some replying wanderer blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charm'd the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east,
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croak'd the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage-loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sail'd slowly by—pass'd noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this,—in this most cheerless air,
 And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
 Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
 Firing the floor with his inverted torch,

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
 The white-hair'd matron, with monotonous tread,
 Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
 Sat like a Fate, and watch'd the flying thread.

* * * * *

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
 Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
 Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
 Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapp'd, her head was bow'd ;
 Life drooped the distaff through his hands serene,
 And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
 While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

There are gains for all our losses,
 There are balms for all our pain,
 But when youth, the dream, departs,
 It takes something from our hearts,
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
 Under manhood's sterner reign ;
 Still we feel that something sweet
 Followed youth, with flying feet,
 And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
 And we sigh for it in vain ;
 We behold it everywhere,
 On the earth and in the air,
 But it never comes again.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

From THE IVORY CARVER.

Silently sat the artist alone
 Carving a Christ from the ivory bone.
 Little by little, with toil and pain
 He won his way through the sightless grain,
 That held and yet hid the thing he sought,
 Till the work stood up a growing thought,
 And all around him, unseen yet felt,
 A mystic presence forever dwelt,
 A formless spirit of subtle flame,
 The light of whose being went and came,
 As the artist paused from work, or bent
 His whole heart to it with firm intent.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

THOUGHT.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
 Feeling deeper than all thought;
 Soul to soul can never teach
 What unto itself was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
 Man by man was never seen;
 All our deep communing fails
 To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
 Mind with mind did never meet;
 We are columns left alone
 Of a temple once complete.

* * * *

Only when our souls are fed
 By the fount which gave them birth,
 And by inspiration led,
 Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
 Swelling till they meet and run,
 Shall be all absorbed again,
 Melting, flowing into one.

W. W. STORY.

From THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

How art thou freely obedient unto the poet or speaker,
 When in a happy hour thought unto speech he translates.
 Caught on the words' sharp angles flush the bright hues of his fancy.
 Grandly the thought rides the words as a good horseman his steed.

Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to hailstones,
 Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower.
 Now in a two-fold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,
 Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along;
 Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in triplicate syllables,
 Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on;
 Now, their voluminous coil intertangling like huge anacondas,
 Roll overwhelmingly onward sesquipedalian words.

JOHN G. SAXE.

From THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

Of all the notable things on earth,
 The queerest one is the pride of birth
 Among our "fierce democracy!"
 A bridge across a hundred years,
 Without a prop to save it from sneers,
 Not even a couple of rotten *peers*,
 A thing for laughter, jeers, and sneers
 Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
 Germans, Italians, Dutch, and Danish,
 Crossing their veins until they vanish
 In one conglomeration!
 So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
 No Heraldry Harvey will ever succeed
 In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
 Your family thread you can't ascend,
 Without good reason to apprehend
 You may find it *waxed* at the farther end
 By some plebeian vocation!

Or, worse than that, your boasted line
 May end in a loop of stronger twine,
 That plagued some worthy relation.

HAWTHORNE.

From THE OLD MANSE.

If ever my reader should decide to give up civilized life,—cities and houses,—let it be in the early autumn. Then Nature will love him better than at any other season, and will take him to her bosom with a more motherly tenderness. I could scarcely endure the roof of the old house above me in those first autumnal days. How early in the summer, too, the prophecy of autumn comes! Earlier in some years than in others. Sometimes even in the first weeks of July. There is no other feeling like what is caused by this faint, doubtful, yet real perception—if it be not rather a foreboding—of the years' decay, so blessedly sweet and sad in the same breath.

* * * * *

I have forgotten whether the song of the cricket be not as early a token of autumn's approach as any other—that song which may be called an audible stillness; for though very loud and heard afar, yet the mind does not take note of it as a sound, so completely is its individual existence merged among the accompanying characteristics of the season. Alas for the pleasant summer time! In August the grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever and as green; the flowers gleam forth in richer abundance along the margin of the river and by the stone walls and deep among the woods; the days, too, are as fervid now as they were a month ago; and yet, in every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine, we hear the whispered farewell and behold the parting smile of a dear friend. There is a coolness amid all the heat, a mildness in the blazing noon. Not a breeze can stir, but it thrills us with the breath of autumn. A pensive glory is seen in the far, golden gleams, among the shadows of the trees. The flowers—even the brightest of them, and they are the most gorgeous of the year—have this gentle sadness wedded to their pomp. The brilliant cardinal flower has never seemed gay to me.

MRS. STOWE.

From UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."
 And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the

glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces towards them, Topsy, with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Donno nothin' bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled you that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva, sadly; "but had you any brother or sister, or aunt, or—"

"No, none on 'em—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try and be good, you might—"

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I war ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you, if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger—she'd 's soon have a toad touch her! There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin! I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"Oh, Topsy, poor child, I love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder; "I love you because you have n't had any father, or mother, or friends; because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I sha'n't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake—it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears—large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed—while the

beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do—only more, because he is better. He will help you to be good; and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel forever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy! *you* can be one of those spirits bright Uncle Tom sings about."

"O, dear Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva!" said the child; "I will try; I never did care nothin' about it before."

St. Clare, at this instant, dropped the curtain. "It puts me in mind of mother," he said to Miss Ophelia. "It is true what she told me; if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did—call them to us, and *and put our hands on them.*"

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes," said Miss Ophelia, "and it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me; but I did n't think she knew it."

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clare; "there's no keeping it from them. But I believe that all the trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the substantial favors you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart; it's a queer kind of a fact, but so it is."

"I don't know how I can help it," said Miss Ophelia; "they *are* disagreeable to me—this child in particular—how can I help feeling so?"

"Eva does, it seems."

"Well, she's so loving! After all, though, she's no more than Christ-like," said Miss Ophelia; "I wish I were like her. She might teach me a lesson."

"It would n't be the first time a little child has been used to instruct an old disciple, if it *were* so," said St. Clare.

H. W. BEECHER.

FROM PROGRESS OF THOUGHT IN THE CHURCH.

The future is not in danger from the revelations of Science. Science is truth; Truth loves the truth. Changes must come and old things must pass away, but no tree sheds its leaf until it has rolled up a bud at its axil for the next summer.

Navigation does not cease when correct charts supersede faulty ones;

nor husbandry, when invention supplies new implements superseding old ones; nor manufacturing, when chemistry improves texture and color; nor governments, when Reform sweeps away bad ones and exalts the better. Religion is not destroyed because a new philosophy of religion takes precedence of the old. Positive faith may stagger while old things are passing away. To give a rambling vine a new support, men prune back its long and leafless stems; but the root is vital. New growths spring with vigor. Our time is one of transition. We are refusing the theology of Absolute Monarchy—of Divine Despotism—and framing a theology consistent with the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.

MRS. JACKSON.—“H. H.”

THE SECRET OF CONTENT.

The other day, as I was walking on one of the streets of Newport, I saw a little girl standing before the window of a milliner's shop. It was a very rainy day. The pavement of the sidewalks on this street is so sunken and irregular that in wet weather, unless one walks with very great care, he steps continually into small wells of water. Up to her ankles in one of these wells stood the little girl, apparently as unconscious as if she were high and dry before a fire. It was a very cold day, too. I was hurrying along, wrapped in furs, and not quite warm enough even so.

The child was but thinly clothed. She wore an old plaid shawl and a ragged knit hood of scarlet worsted. One little red ear stood out unprotected by the hood, and drops of water trickled down over it from her hair. She seemed to be pointing with her finger at articles in the window, and talking to some one inside. I watched her for several moments, and then crossed the street to see what it all meant.

I stole noiselessly up behind her, and she did not hear me. The window was full of artificial flowers, of the cheapest sort, but of very gay colors. Here and there a knot of ribbon or a bit of lace had been tastefully added, and the whole effect was remarkably gay and pretty. Tap, tap, tap, went the small hand against the window-pane, and with every tap the unconscious little creature murmured, in a half-whispering, half-singing voice: “I choose *that* color.” “I choose *that* color.” “I choose *that* color.”

I stood motionless. I could not see her face, but there was in her whole attitude and tone the heartiest content and delight. I moved a little to the right, hoping to see her face without her seeing me, but the slight movement caught her ear, and in a second she had sprung aside

and turned toward me. The spell was broken. She was no longer the queen of an air-castle decking herself in all the rainbow-hues which pleased her eye. She was a poor beggar-child, out in the rain, and a little frightened at the approach of a stranger. She did not move away, however, but stood eyeing me irresolutely, with that pathetic mixture of interrogation and defiance in her face which is so often seen in the prematurely-developed faces of poverty-stricken children.

"Are n't the colors pretty?" I said. She brightened instantly. "Yes, ma'am; I'd like a gown of that blue color." "But you will take cold standing in the wet," said I. "Won't you come under my umbrella?" She looked down at her wet dress suddenly, as if it had not occurred to her before that it was raining. Then she drew first one little foot and then the other out of the muddy puddle in which she had been standing, and moving a little closer to the window, said, "I'm not going home just yet, ma'am. I'd like to stay here a while."

So I left her. But after I had gone a few blocks the impulse seized me to return by a cross street and see if she were still there. Tears sprang to my eyes as I first caught sight of the upright little figure, standing in the same spot, still pointing with the rhythmic finger to the blues and reds and yellows, and half chanting under her breath as before: "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color."

I went quietly on my way without disturbing her again. But I said in my heart, "Little messenger, interpreter, teacher, I will remember you all my life!" Why should days be ever dark, life ever be colorless? There is always sun; there are always blue and scarlet and yellow and purple. We cannot reach them, perhaps, but we can see them; if it is only "through a glass" and "darkly," still we can see them. We can "choose" our colors.

It rains, perhaps, and we are standing in the cold. Never mind. If we look earnestly enough at the brightness which is on the other side of the glass, we shall forget the wet and not feel the cold. And now and then a passer-by who has rolled himself up in furs to keep out the cold, but shivers, nevertheless, who has money in his purse to buy many colors, if he likes, but, nevertheless, goes grumbling because some colors are too dear for him,—such a passer-by, chancing to hear our voice, and see the atmosphere of our content, may learn a wondrous secret—that pennilessness is not poverty and ownership is not possession; that to be without is not always to lack, and to reach is not to attain; that sunlight is for all eyes that look up, and color for those who "choose."

EMERSON.

EACH AND ALL.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
 I leave it behind with the games of youth."—
 As I spoke, beneath my feet
 The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
 Running over the club-moss burrs;
 I inhaled the violet's breath;
 Around me stood the oaks and firs;
 Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of deity:
 Again I saw, again I heard,
 The rolling river, the morning bird;—
 Beauty through my senses stole;
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

FROM USES OF GREAT MEN.

I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty. He has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light and in large relations; whilst they must make painful corrections, and keep a vigilant eye on many sources of error. His service to us is of like sort. It costs a beautiful person no exertion to paint her image on our eyes; yet how splendid is that benefit! It costs no more for a wise soul to convey his quality to other men. And every one can do his best thing easiest.

FROM SHAKESPEARE, THE POET.

If it need wit to know wit, according to the proverb, Shakespeare's time should be capable of recognizing it. . . . Since the constellation of great men who appeared in Greece in the time of Pericles, there was never any such society; yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe. Our poet's mask was impenetrable. You cannot see the mountain near. It took a century to make it suspected; and not until two centuries had passed after his death, did any criticism that we think adequate begin to appear.

This power of expression, or of transferring the inmost truth of things into music and verse, makes him the type of the poet, and has added a new problem to metaphysics.

The finest poetry was first experience: but the thought has suffered a transformation since it was an experience.

From BEHAVIOR.

Life expresses: . . . Nature tells every secret once. In man she tells it all the time. The visible carriage or action of the individual, as resulting from his organization and his will combined, we call manners. What are they but thought entering the hands and feet, controlling the movements of the body, the speech, and behavior?

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love,—now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.

* * * * *

Manners must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. 'Tis good to give a stranger a meal or a night's lodging; 'tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion. We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light. Special precepts are not to be thought of; the talent of well-doing contains them all. Every hour will show a duty as paramount as that of my whim just now; and yet I will write it, that there is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you by all angels to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Love the day; do not leave the sky out of your landscape.

From NATURE (Beauty).

All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world; some men even to delight. This love of beauty is taste. Others have the same love in such excess, that, not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is art.

The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. This element I call an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is

one expression for the universe. God is the All-fair. Truth and goodness and beauty are but different faces of the same All. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and eternal beauty, and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must stand as a part, and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of nature.

FROM SELF-RELIANCE.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age.

* * * * *
Whoso would be a man must be a Nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind.

* * * * *
What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think. . . . It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.



SYLLABUS.

No period was ever marked with such progress as the last fifty years.

A nation's literature is its priceless possession.

Our writers are our benefactors.

The great poets of America are Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, etc.

Longfellow might be termed the people's poet.

Bryant, one of the earliest of American poets, was the poet of Nature.

Whittier is eminently the poet of Humanity.

James Russell Lowell is wit, poet, and critic combined.

O. W. Holmes is noted as a humorist.

The poetry of Saxe is characterized by keen wit.

Bayard Taylor, R. H. Stoddard, T. B. Read, and George H. Boker may be classed among a younger set of writers.

Bayard Taylor was poet, traveller, and novelist; but eminently a poet.

Thomas Buchanan Read's poetry gave great promise of excellence.

George H. Boker is more distinguished for his dramatical poems.

Richard Henry Stoddard is poet and critic combined.

J. G. Holland was more successful as a novelist than as a poet.

Poets of Western life and dialect are "Joaquin" Miller, Bret Harte, John Hay, W. W. Carleton, Charles G. Leland, etc.

Among later poets who have equally distinguished themselves in criticism are J. T. Trowbridge, T. B. Aldrich, and E. C. Stedman.

Hawthorne was the finest novelist of the country.

No novel was ever so popular as Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

A new order of novel was ushered in with Theodore Winthrop's *John Brent*.

Among later novelists are Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Edward Eggleston, Julian Hawthorne, William Dean Howells, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Henry James, Jr., Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen, etc.

The tendency of the times seems to be towards short stories and sketches. Among such writers are James T. Fields, Mrs. Jackson, ("H. H. ;") Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, Frank R. Stockton, etc.

The humorous writings are distinctively American.

Among scientific and educational writers are Agassiz, Leidy, Hitchcock, Draper, John Fiske, Francis Wayland, Horace Mann.

Theology is widely represented. In the universal progress of ideas, varying religious opinions are tolerated.

The great American historians are Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley.

Bancroft wrote a *History of the United States*.

Prescott wrote *The History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, *The Conquest of Mexico*, *The Conquest of Peru*, and *The Reign of Philip Second*.

Motley wrote *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, *History of the United Netherlands*, and *The Life of John of Barneveld*.

Other historians are Lossing, Parkman, Palfrey, Shea, Stephens, Greeley, the Abbott brothers, etc.

Biographers are numerous. George Ticknor, James T. Fields, John Foster Kirk, James Parton, etc.

Periodical literature has been well represented in this country. No magazine had permanence until the middle of this century.

Prominent journalists were Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, George D. Prentice, etc.

Encyclopædists are Dr. Joseph Thomas, Duyckinck brothers, Allibone, Griswold, etc.

As essayists and critics, among the first are Lowell, Tuckerman and Whipple.

Among miscellaneous writers, critics, etc., are Edward Everett Hale, T. W. Higginson, G. W. Curtis, Gail Hamilton.

Henry D. Thoreau was a hermit philosopher.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was one who inhabited "a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty."



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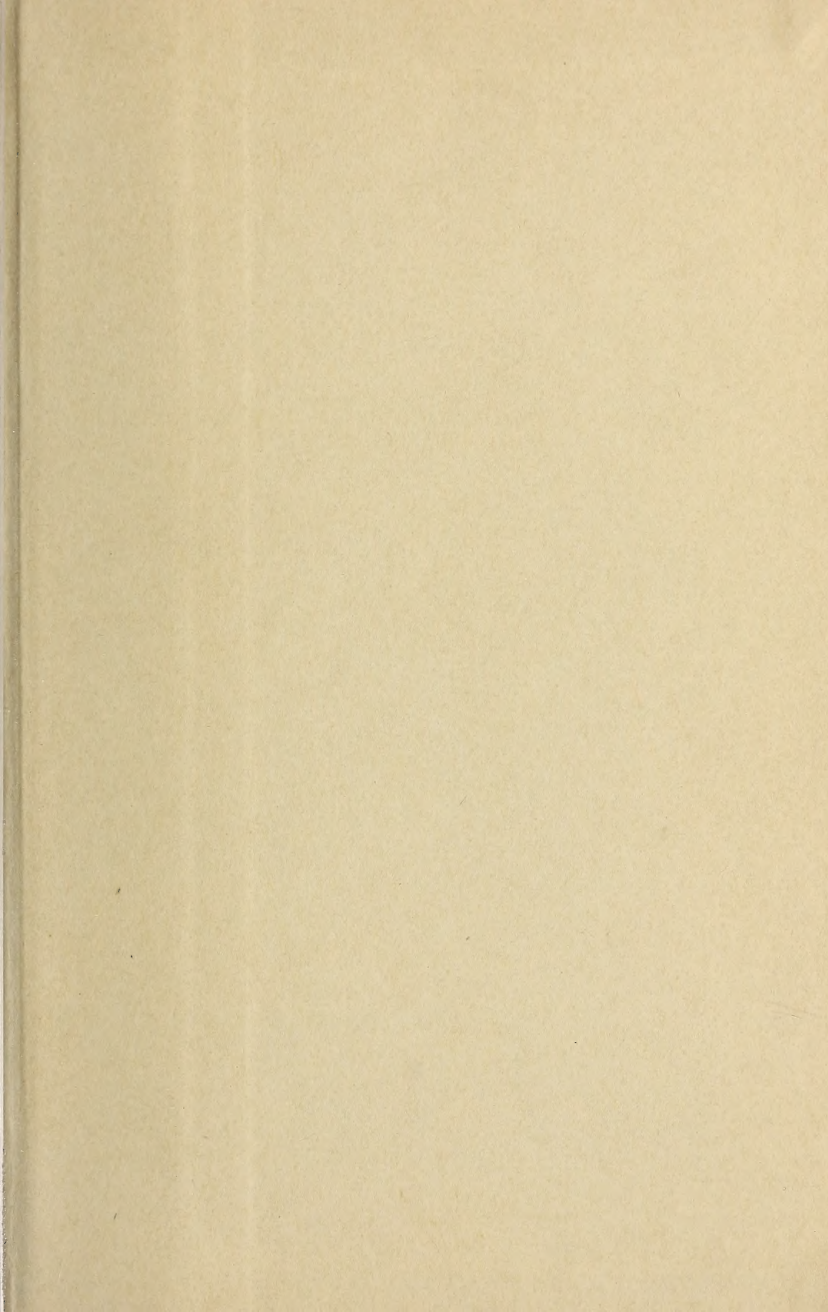


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